BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

Vol. 3: No. 4

APRIL 1931

In this issue—

SYLVIA THOMPSON

Lady DRUMMOND HAY

ARMINE von TEMPSKI

CONINGSBY DAWSON

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

GORDON BECKLES

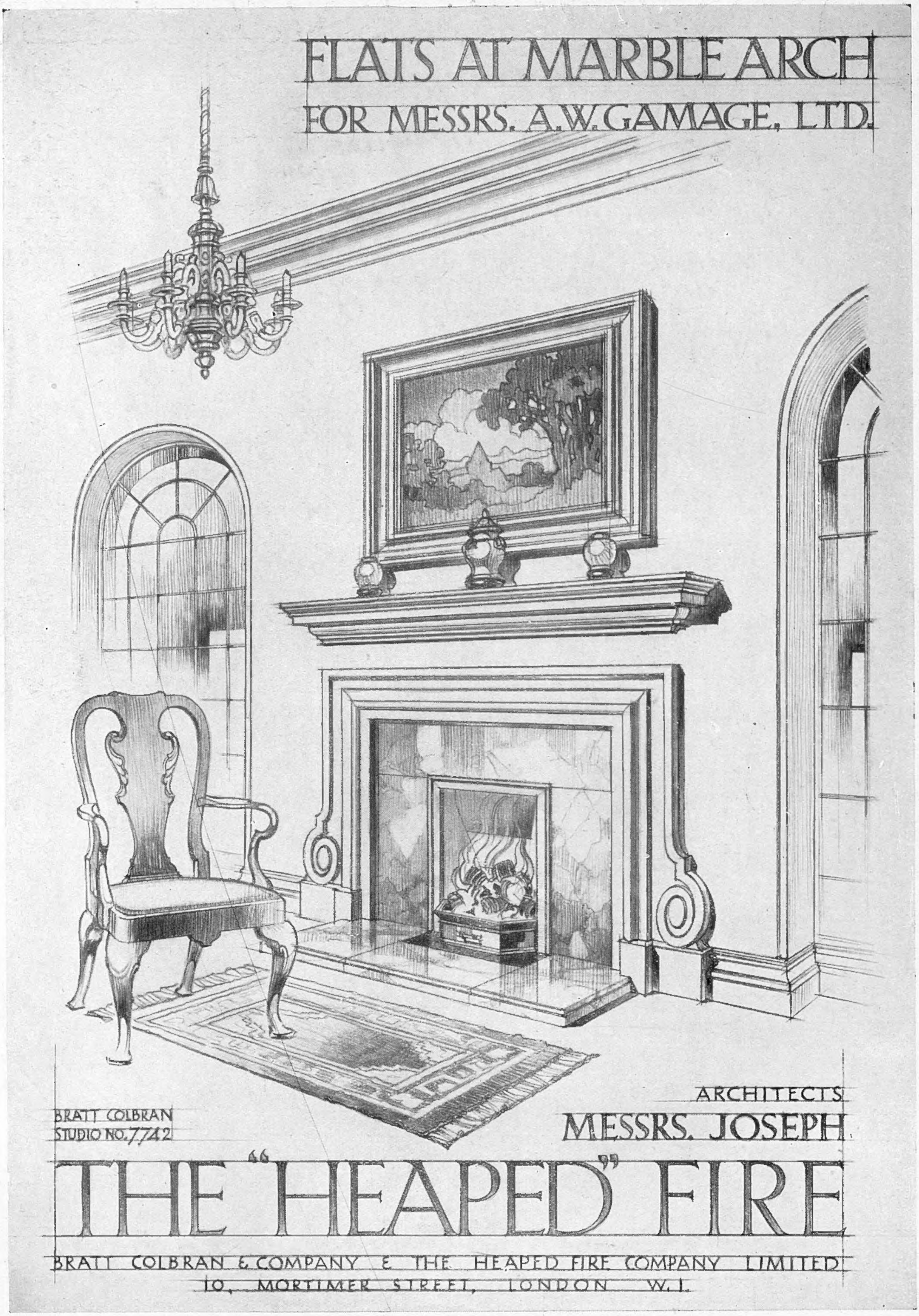
MILDRED CRAM

F. MATANIA, R.I.

SAX ROHMER

HANNEN SWAFFER, etc.

1/-



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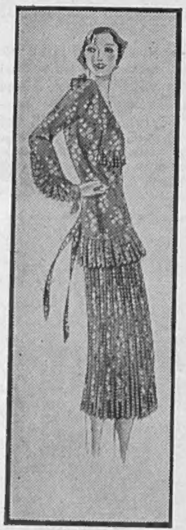
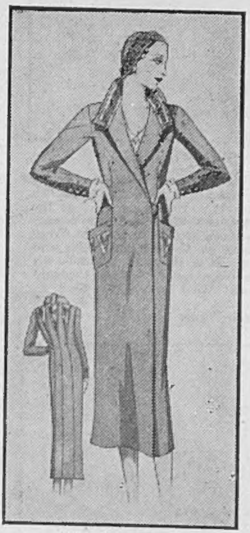


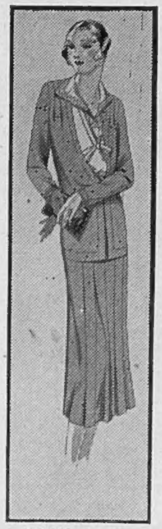
"the ritz"

very springlike and fresh is this little frock in printed - crepe - de - chine with its pleated flounce at the hips, and using pleats for the skirt and to trim collar and sleeves. in many designs and colours. **10/6** monthly
cash 3½ gns.



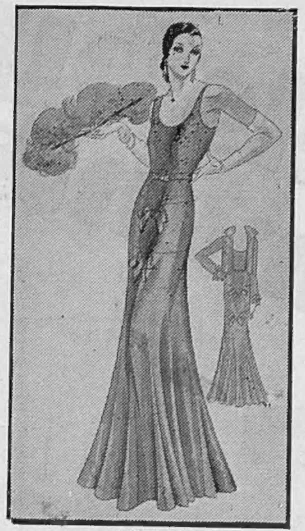
"the devonshire"

a fine woollen diagonal weave coat has inlet trimming on collar back and pockets of genuine rock seal in natural beige tones. lined throughout. in new red and other shades. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.



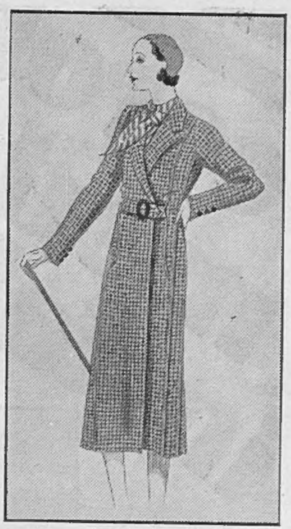
"bond street"

a trim little three-piece jacket suit in suede crepe has its coat and pleated skirt in the new deep red, with the blouse in white trimmed with red stitchings on the novel tie collar. the cardigan type coat is trimmed with self bandings. also in other shades. **10/6** monthly
cash 3½ gns



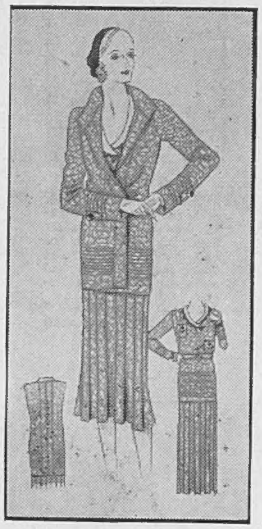
"l'opera"

a delightful evening ensemble in supple satin excel shows the moulded line of a perfectly designed frock and sponsors the matching jacket with a novel stand-up collar. self loops are used as trimming. in many colours and black. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.



"montgomery"

for general wear this smart tweed coat will give every satisfaction. perfectly tailored, it has an all-round belt that slots through self strappings at sides. lined throughout with crepe-de-chine. **13/6** monthly
cash 4½ gns.

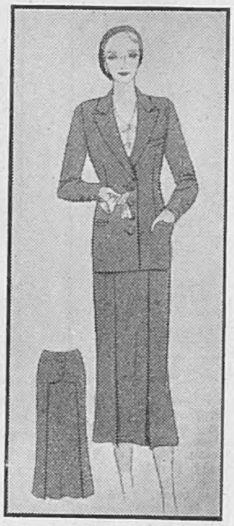


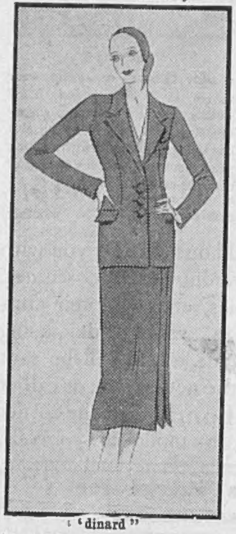
"sharon" (*at left*)

ensemble of red light-weight woollen weave with a white fleck in basket design. the frock has box-pleated skirt, while tucks are used as trimming both on the hip yoke, sleeves and coat. frock has crepe-de-chine collar and cuffs. also in other shades. **19/6** monthly
cash 6½ gns.

"hotchkiss" (*at right*)

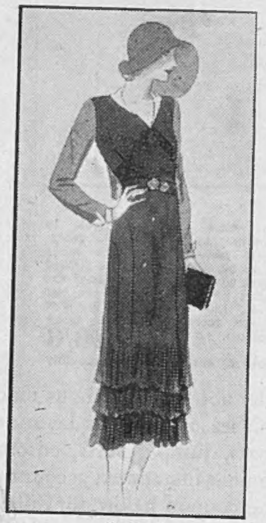
a trim tailored costume in brown suiting shows a smartly hip - yoked and pleated skirt. double-breasted coat, having four-button fastening. coat lined throughout with crepe-de-chine. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.





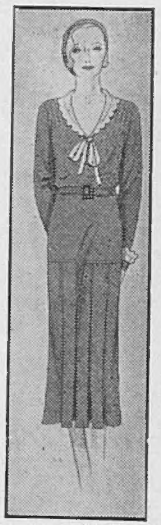
"dinard"

the black costume is always a favourite, and this model is made of fine wool velour. cut with the longer coat that is now being worn, single-breasted, and having pleats at the left side of the skirt. coat lined with crepe-de-chine. **13/6** monthly
cash 4½ gns.



"adele"

the bolero motif appears on this charming style in its little jacket style bodice edged with a pleated ruffle, ruffled pleated flounces on the skirt. the little bow cuffs and tiny collar are in white. made in silk georgette in several shades, lined throughout in self. **13/6** monthly
cash 4½ gns.



"brunhilde"

a smart feather-weight tweed weave frock in smart red and brown mixture. has a dainty finish in its collar and cuffs of crepe-de-chine. also in other shades. **9/-** monthly
cash 3 gns.

the newest styles for this season are being shown by corot of bond street, and may be purchased on their convenient instalment account plan. here one may choose delightful day and evening gowns, ensembles, costumes, coats, suits, etc., in designs that are smart and becoming and that are most reasonably priced. if it is not possible to call at the new showrooms in yardley house, 33, old bond street (corner of stafford street) and choose a corot model for yourself, send the coupon below for illustrations and details.

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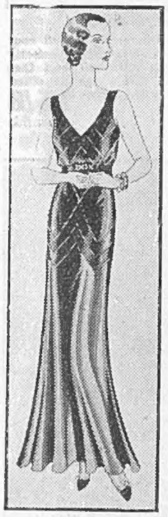
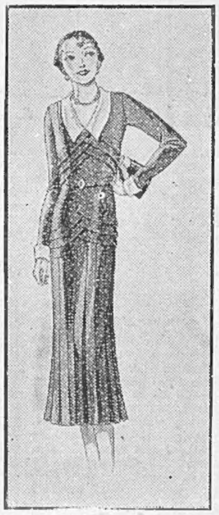


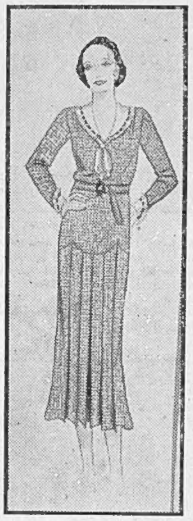
"daphne"

an evening gown in supple art. satin, cut on the new empire lines with the higher waist. the skirt is fully flared. in many new pastel shades. also black. **12/-** monthly
cash 4 gns.



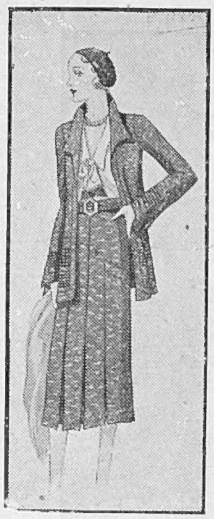
"albany"

a distinctive afternoon frock comes in the new printed flamengo in black and white. flat tucks give the new line to bodice and hips. collar and cuffs of white satin. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.



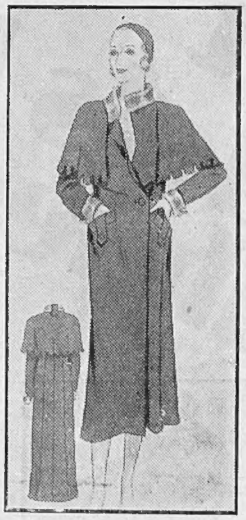
"auguste"

a trim little street frock in a sheer woollen weave in green with basket fleck in white. collar and cuffs with frilled edge and rouleau of green are in cream georgette. also other shades. **9/-** monthly
cash 3 gns.



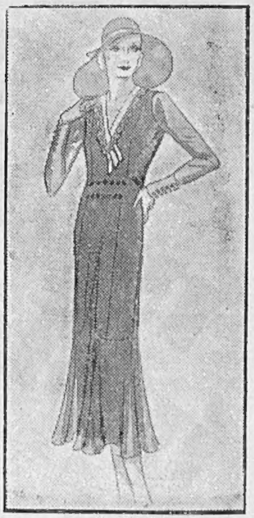
"zorika"

the three-piece ensemble for spring is shown here in this model of flecked wool crepe with a blouse in white that is worn tucked in under the belted skirt. touches of faggoting trim the georgette collar and cuffs, and the novel pleated skirt and matching jacket are new. in many shades. **19/6** monthly
cash 6½ gns.



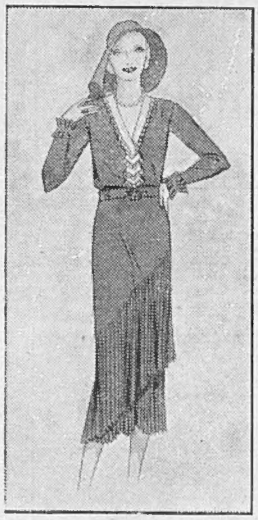
"paris-plage"

a coat in the new deep navy is made of a novelty woollen weave. the swing cape at the shoulders with its turreted edge is most becoming, and the trimming on the straight collar and cuffs is of the natural gazelle fur in beige tones. lined throughout. also in other shades. **21/-** monthly
cash 7 gns.



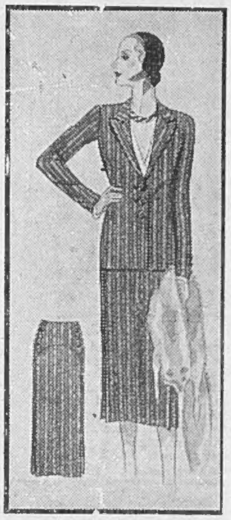
"lolita"

a smart afternoon frock in all silk georgette, uses self loops and covered buttons cleverly placed on front and sleeves as its trimming. cut with flared skirt and having plastron collar of beige georgette, trimmed with lace. lined throughout self. many colours. **13/6** monthly
cash 4½ gns.



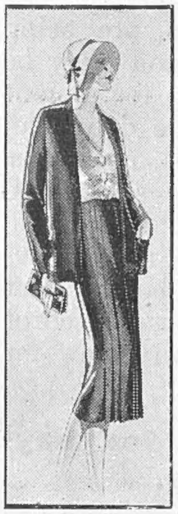
"cherie"

a smart afternoon frock in heavy quality suede georgette has a clever line made possible with the use of a pleated flounce of self that encircles the skirt and is raised to the left side. the flat plastron collar is of beige georgette. in many colours. **10/6** monthly
cash 3½ gns.



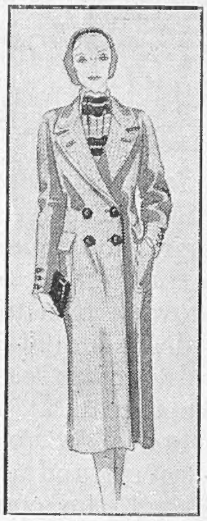
"clevedon"

a slim tailleur or spring wear comes in a pin-striped black suiting in a three-button, single-breasted style. perfect fitting, this has the skirt designed with a fitting yoke, and has a coat lining of crepe-de-chine. also in other materials. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



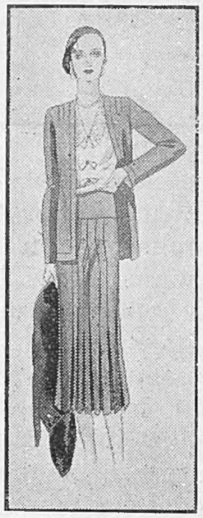
"la mode"

a practical three-piece suit is comprised of a cardigan jacket and pleated skirt in black satin with a blouse in white suede crepe, trimmed with black stitching and buttons. bindings on coat are of reversed satin. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



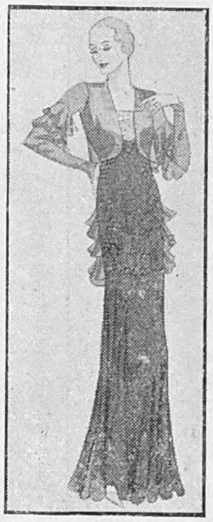
"wilmington"

a smart spring coat in beige mixture tweed has waistline defined by a half belt at the back. can be buttoned close to the neck if required. lined throughout crepe-de-chine. **13/6** monthly
cash 4½ gns.



"claudette"

a three-piece suit, has its effectively pleated skirt and cardigan jacket in wool crepe and has a sleeveless blouse in suede crepe in either beige or white. in blue, red, green, or brown. **10/6** monthly
cash 3½ gns.



"cocktail"

evening gown of black silk georgette uses a yoke of pink taffeta veiled with beige lace as a note of relief at the neck. the frilled motif of the skirt is again repeated on the sleeve of the short jacket in georgette. lined throughout. **24/-** monthly
cash 8 gns.

why not let this famous model house supply you with this season's newest day and evening gowns, costumes, coats, jumper suits, ensembles, etc., on their convenient instalment account plan. write to-day, using the coupon below, for full details, which will be sent together with illustrations of the new styles, or call at the new showrooms, **33, old bond st.,** at the corner of stafford st., and choose a corot model for yourself.

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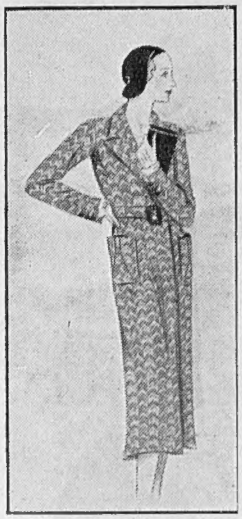
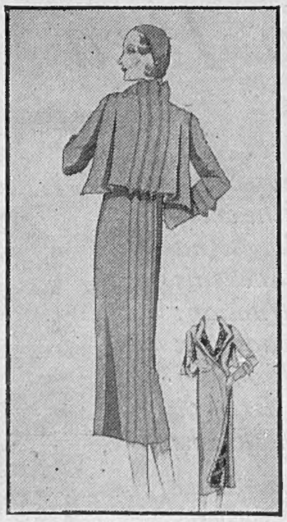
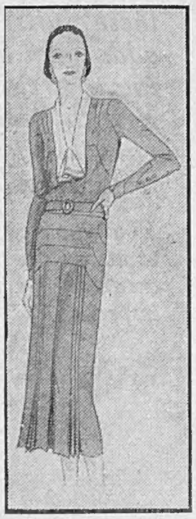


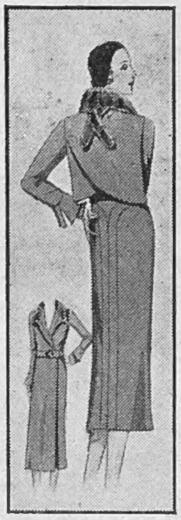
"esmond"
a tweed coat in a weight suitable for present wear is a smart tailored model in brown and beige tones, all-round belt, and two large patch pockets. lined crepe-de-chine.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



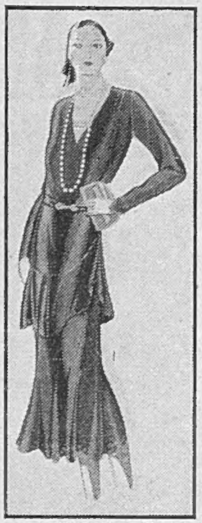
"minerva"
plaid trimmings are quite the smartest, and we have this in a coat of fancy woollen weave in a deep red tone. with plaid silk in toning shades as a facing. the swing cape with its strappings of self that are also carried down the back is worth notice. also in one or two other shades. unlined
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



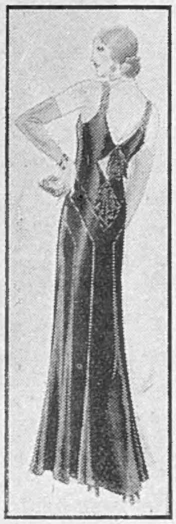
"iris"
a smart street frock in flat wool crepe introduces grouped pleats. a tight-fitting sleeve and trim self belt are also of note. in a new red shade, with georgette collar and jabot in cream, also in one or two other shades.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



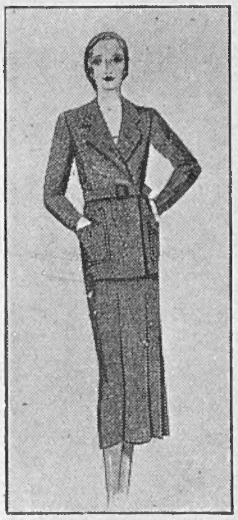
"marquise"
this unusually styled coat with its double curved cape at the back, is of fine wool romain, with its collar and tab at back in flat fur fabric. all-round belt that fastens with a buckle. in black only, unlined.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



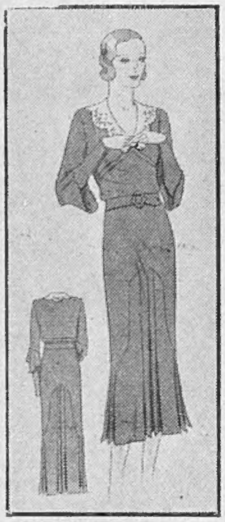
"la duchesse"
a cleverly designed afternoon frock in black satin is specially suited to the rather larger than average figure. the skirt with its shaped flounces gives a slim line. the inset vestee is of pink georgette.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



"la valse"
a very elegant evening gown in heavy satin excel shows the novel line of the back decolletage emphasised by self bows. shoulder straps of diamante add to the chic of this style in black and colours.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly

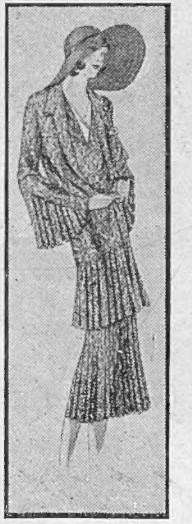


"dartmoor"
brown and beige small checked tweed has been used to make this costume designed for sports or general wear. perfectly tailored, it shows a coat with all round self belt, and two patch pockets, and a skirt with fitting hip yoke and flat pleats, coat lined crepe-de-chine.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly

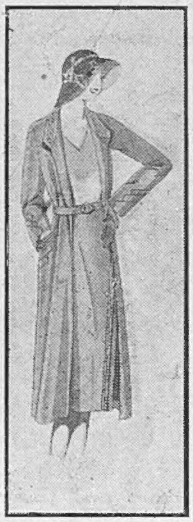


"pipsi"
sheer wool crepe gown for present wear. its cut is perfect and the detail on the embroidered georgette collar, wing sleeves, and panel of pleats raise it above the ordinary. in a deep red, and in one or two other shades.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly

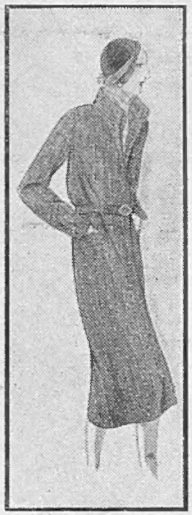
smartness can be yours to-day if you will take advantage of the corot payment by instalment plan. by this system you can purchase the latest corot model afternoon and evening gowns, costumes, coats, ensembles, etc., and pay for them by convenient monthly instalment account payments. these are styles specially designed and made by corot, and bearing the hall mark of smartness, yet they are offered at prices hitherto unheard of. why not call at **the new corot showrooms. at yardley house, 33, old bond st.,** (piccadilly end, corner of stafford street) and choose a corot model for yourself. if this is not possible send the coupon below for full details and illustrations of the latest styles.



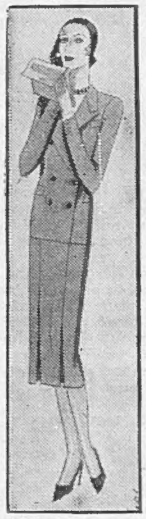
"dejeuner"
a printed crepe de chine ensemble for summer wear is comprised of a smart little sleeveless frock over which is worn a long-sleeved jacket in the new length. pleated flounces appear on both coat and frock. in many prints and colours.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



"michael"
pastel tweeds are very new for this season, and this two-piece suit in a new spring green with three-toned selvedge as a trimming on the wrap over skirt, collar, cuffs and back coat. also in other pastel tones
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"aintree"
a fancy blue wool tweed mixture coat shows a rather sporting line with all-round belt and two capacious patch pockets and has the popular stitched, stand-up collar. lined throughout. also in other shades.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



"clifford"
a trim double-breasted costume in either navy or black serge is sure to find a place in the wardrobe of the smart woman. it is cut on the slim neat lines so much demanded, shows the skirt with two inverted pleats at front, and neat slit pockets in the coat. coat lined with crepe-de-chine.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly

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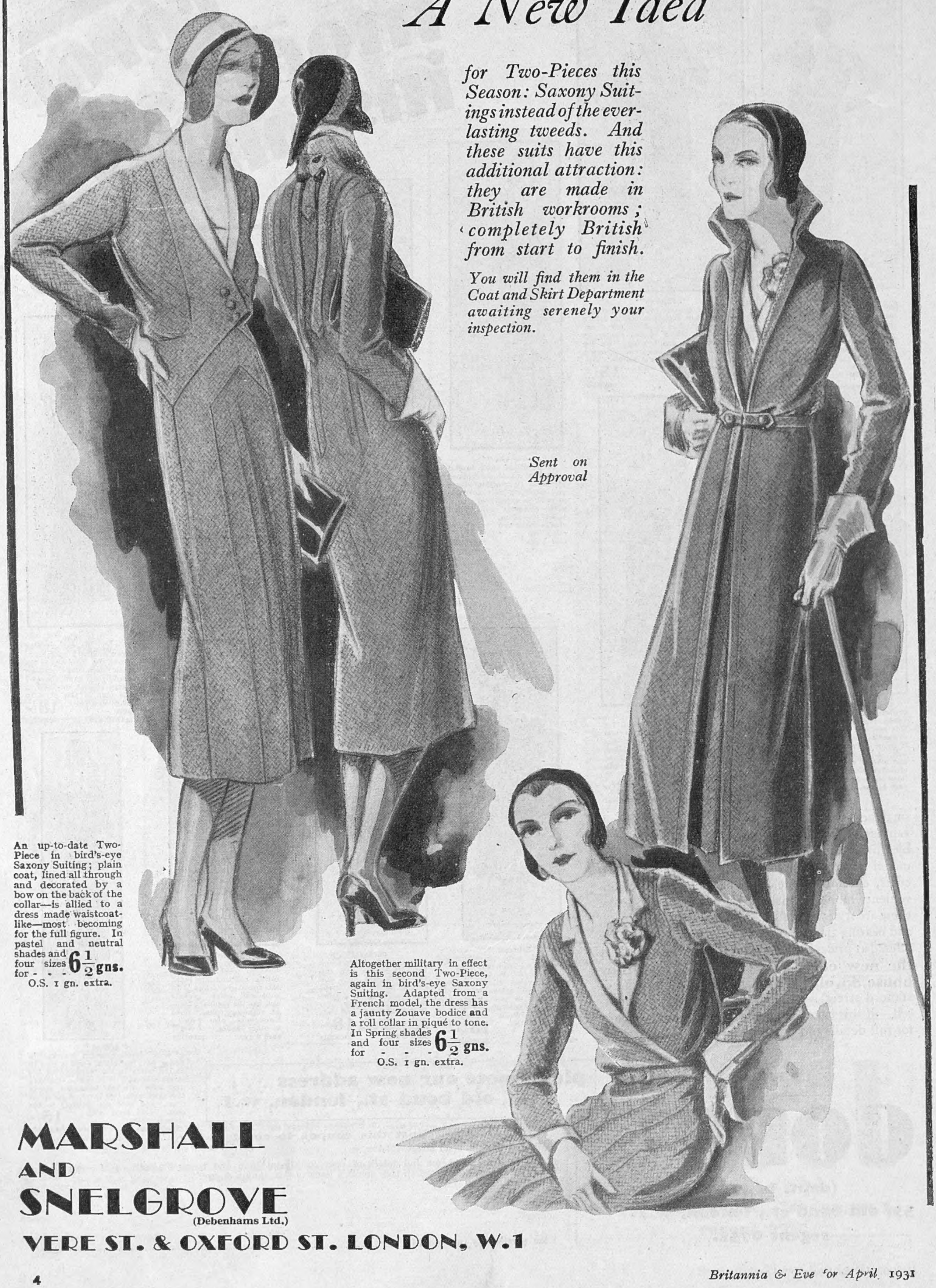

A New Idea

for Two-Pieces this Season: Saxony Suitings instead of the everlasting tweeds. And these suits have this additional attraction: they are made in British workrooms; completely British from start to finish.

You will find them in the Coat and Skirt Department awaiting serenely your inspection.

Sent on Approval

An up-to-date Two-Piece in bird's-eye Saxony Suiting; plain coat, lined all through and decorated by a bow on the back of the collar—is allied to a dress made waistcoat-like—most becoming for the full figure. In pastel and neutral shades and four sizes for - - - **6½ gns.**
O.S. 1 gn. extra.

Altogether military in effect is this second Two-Piece, again in bird's-eye Saxony Suiting. Adapted from a French model, the dress has a jaunty Zouave bodice and a roll collar in piqué to tone. In Spring shades and four sizes for - - - **6½ gns.**
O.S. 1 gn. extra.

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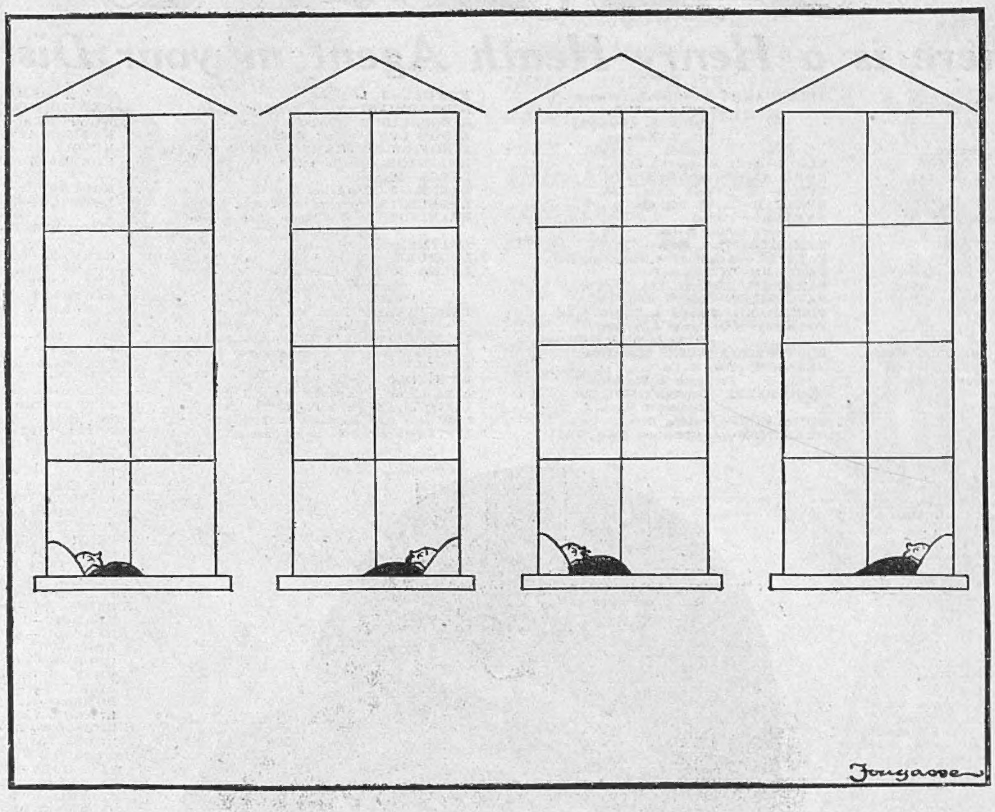
LONDON—WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

CLUBLAND

London's Clubland, haunt of brave women and fair men, behind whose closely-guarded portals lies a fairyland of the imagination; where, as dusk falls, the men repair to men's clubs, the women to women's clubs, and the mixed (I suppose) to mixed clubs—

This is indeed a hallowed area. From the very windows shown above did Johnson, Sterne, Thackeray, Gainsborough, Palmerston and John Stuart Mill—or other gentlemen of the same name—look out upon London . . . though from an unwritten law of clubland, never from the same window at the same time. Here, in the Members' Smoking Room, Milton (or someone very like him) wrote "Paradise Lost," and, upstairs in the Silence Room, "Paradise Regained"; while "O, for the wings of a dove" was originally dedicated to the Club Steward, and first saw light of day in the Complaints Book.

And that is Clubland—the merry clatter of the black balls in the box, and the tinkle of ice in the tumbler (in those few clubs where ice has been brought to the notice of the Committee).

There's no doubt whatever that Clubland, and what it stands for, plays a great part in the home-life of this city—this great city of London, where, as no doubt you know, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA **TURKISH** **EGYPTIAN**

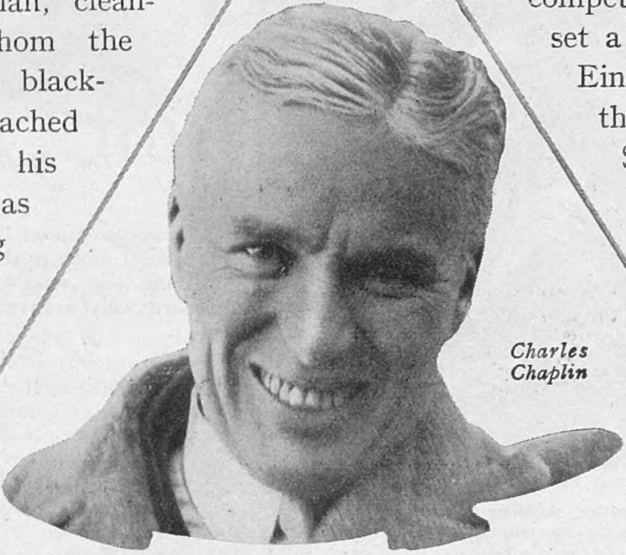
BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. III., No. 4 *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* April. 1931

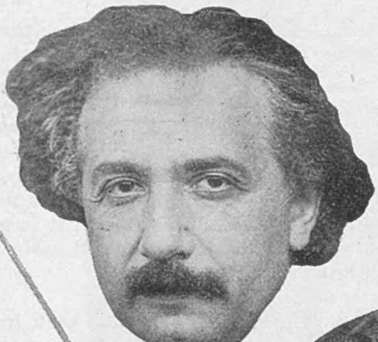
Editorial

Some New Thing . . .

WHAT will the Season, which will be upon us at the end of this month, do without a "lion"? For the lion has had his roar and tens of thousands have gazed their fill on him. He has not been so very terrible—lovable, indeed, rather than awe-inspiring. A grey-haired, timid little man, clean-shaven and smiling, whom the world knows better as a black-wigged little man, moustached and rather grave. Yet his power is as undeniable as his cleverness in choosing a Lenten and non-festal time in which to descend on London, a time not clogged up with Ascot and Ranelagh and Royal garden-parties and Public School and University cricket matches and the like. Not that Mr. Charles Chaplin would not have taken precedence of them all, but he played for safety with infinite shrewdness, and did not risk a clash. For London in the time of summer is like Athens in the time of St. Paul, and its citizens are for ever seeking after some new thing. What new celebrity can be found who, after this flat-footed monarch of the world, will not come as an anticlimax? The demand is ever growing more strenuous and more exacting. If the 'nineties were satisfied with a long-haired pianist or a dusky potentate, the nineteen-thirties would swiftly tire of either, in the improbable event of their being accepted for the rôle at all. Once more the films have made the competition keener, until they have set a well-nigh impossible standard. Einstein might sit on Charlie's throne, though not for long. Stalin would certainly be some new thing in bourgeois England, and would reign longer if less comfortably. New, too, would be Mussolini. Honoured indeed would be the hostess who, dreaming of the impossible, could in very truth persuade both of them to sit at the same dinner-table.



Charles Chaplin

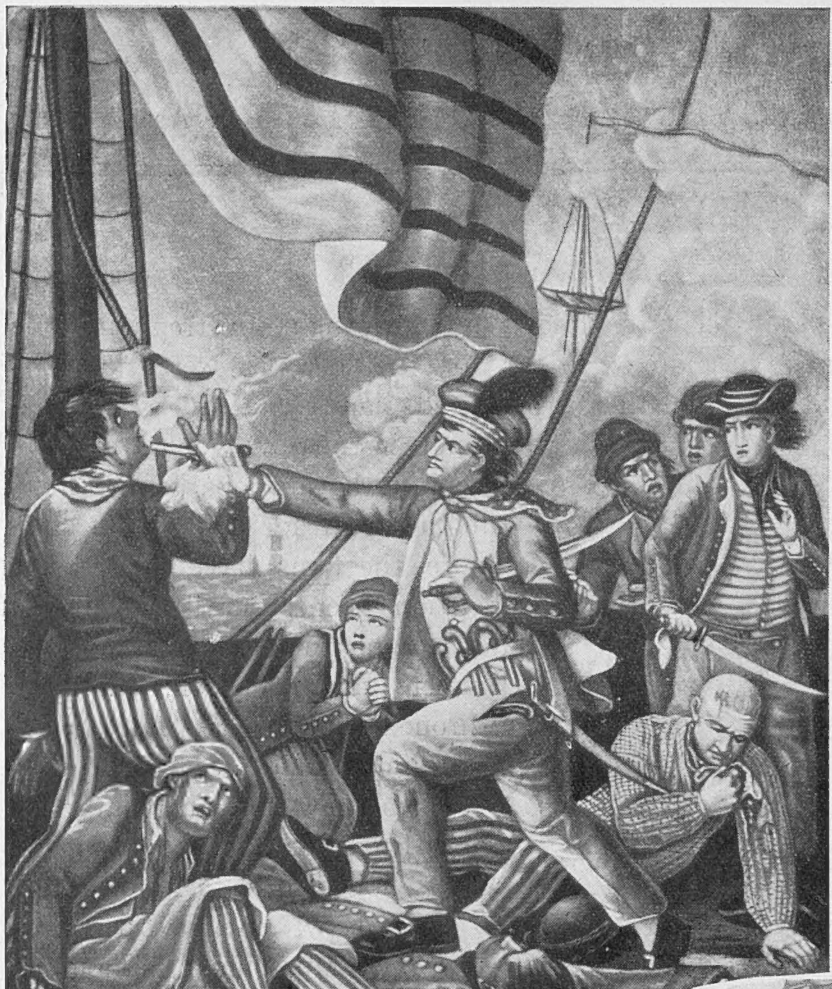


Einstein

Stalin

Mussolini

For to seek after something new is not a reprehensible aim, however long the search. St. Paul did not regard it with favour; but St. Paul had no guests to amuse. Hedonism was not his line of philosophy. He did not worry about the success or failure of dinner-parties, and his epistles to the Ephesians and others of his acquaintance contain no invitations of the social sort. Yet these have their importance.



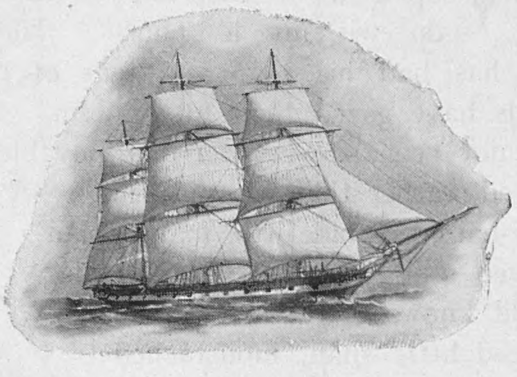
Paul Jones, the famous American naval commander, shooting a sailor who had attempted to strike his colours in an engagement. (Reproduced from a mezzotint by courtesy of The Parker Gallery)

Mut

A STUDY of the section headed " Ship News " in that most absorbing and comprehensive survey of human progress, Palmer's " Index to the *Times*," cannot but lead to the conclusion that mutiny on the high seas is among the declining forms of crime. During the eighteen-fifties, 'sixties and 'seventies items of news referring to " mutiny "—often " mutiny and murder "—on board this, that or the other ship appear fairly frequently; but as the years go on they become progressively rarer, until in the present century, with one notable exception, to be referred to later, they are practically non-existent.

The fact is by no means surprising. The wonder is, rather, that under the old dispensation such affairs were not commoner than they were. Conditions of life at sea, even so recently as sixty or seventy years ago, often afforded at once obvious incentives to disaffection and the opportunity to translate it into deeds of violence. Bad food, scant pay, unseaworthy ships, lack of decent accommodation, long and monotonous voyages, and absolute power, almost of life and death, wielded by brutal and tyrannical officers, were factors all too frequently present in the seaman's existence: while, on the other hand, bold and unscrupulous men who could contrive to get the ship into their hands stood a very fair chance of escaping capture. In the days of the buccaneers, and even later, they could and generally did " take to the Main," either on their own account or in company with one of the many pirate leaders, and enjoy a merry, if a short, life under the Jolly Roger until it came to its customary end at Execution Dock. To the modern mutineer no such opportunities would be open. The oddly shrunken world of to-day contains few regions so wild that the hand of the law cannot reach them. Every port would be closed to him, and it would probably be only a matter of days, in the present state of modern communications, before he would find himself laid safely by the heels.

But the psychology of mutiny, when one comes to consider it, is a very curious thing. Many as were the genuine and bitter grievances under which ships' companies often laboured, both in the old Navy and in the mercantile marine, very few of the outbreaks of which complete records exist are traceable to real brutality or tyranny.



The " Madagascar "—missing in 1853

There seems, on the whole, reason to believe that the seaman of the old school often had an odd sort of liking for a severe officer, provided that, like the schoolmaster, he was a " just beast." Bligh of the " Bounty," though he was undoubtedly a capricious and domineering man, does not seem to have been unusually severe according to the standards of the time. But he had a faculty for rubbing men the wrong way, for making them dislike him, they hardly knew why; and it seems, more often than not, to be precisely this faculty which makes the unpopular officer. I once heard of a well-known commander in the " Loch " line of clipper ships—he was one of those upon whom was bestowed the sobriquet " Bully " —who confided to a brother skipper that he had found the mainstay of his ship nearly sawn through. " You know," he added, " that's a terrible thing to happen in a man's ship. It is not as if I didn't treat the men fairly." I dare say he did, poor man. They simply didn't like him, that was all!

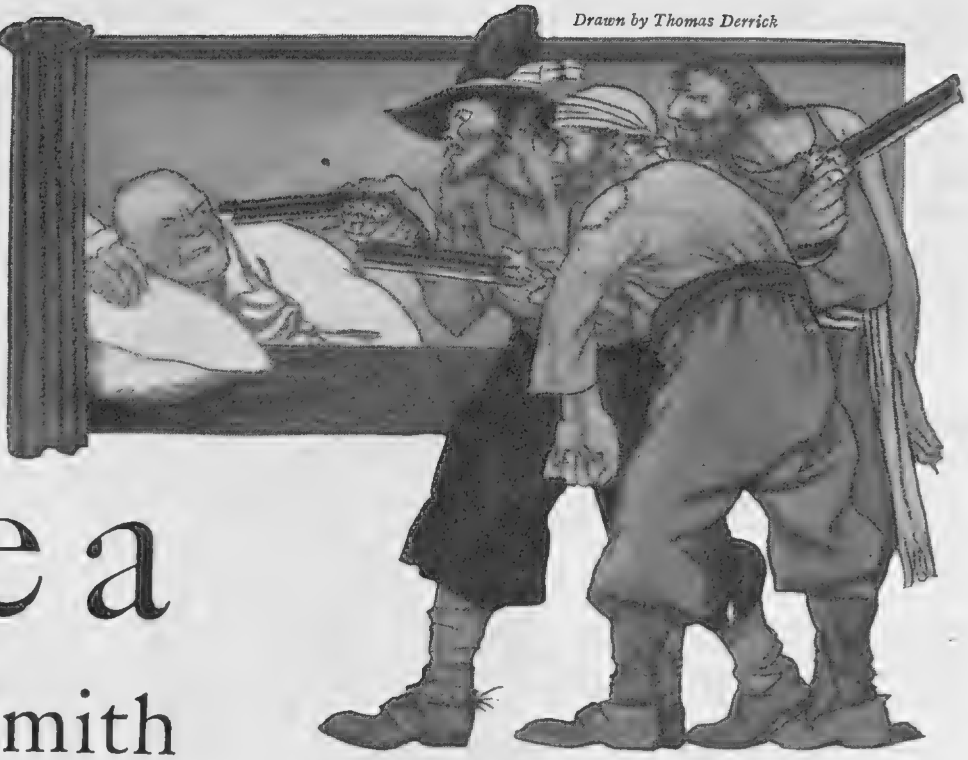
MUTINY, as will be seen from the instances which follow, may be directly brought about by a variety of causes. But there must always be present two—nearly always there are three—predisposing elements. Firstly, there must be a certain amount of ill-feeling, reciprocal or otherwise, between officers and crew. Secondly, there must be the opportunity to carry out the mutiny successfully. And, thirdly, there will very often be found some one individual who, by reason of greater ability, better education, or merely greater ferocity than his fellows, has the driving force to translate into action discontent which would otherwise go no further than vague grumbling, the two outstanding examples of the type being Fletcher Christian of the " Bounty," and Richard Parker, the ringleader of the outbreak at the Nore in 1797. Every mutiny must have a leader, even if it is only to take the mild form met with in certain " hungry " ships of last century, of committing the day's rations to the deep under the nose of the captain!

To the ever-present danger of treachery from within the records of the early navigators bear eloquent witness.

iny at Sea

By C. Fox Smith

Drawn by Thomas Derrick



Magellan, Drake, and Cavendish were all faced with it: and the last voyage of Henry Hudson ends with perhaps the most dramatic story of mutiny in the history of the sea.

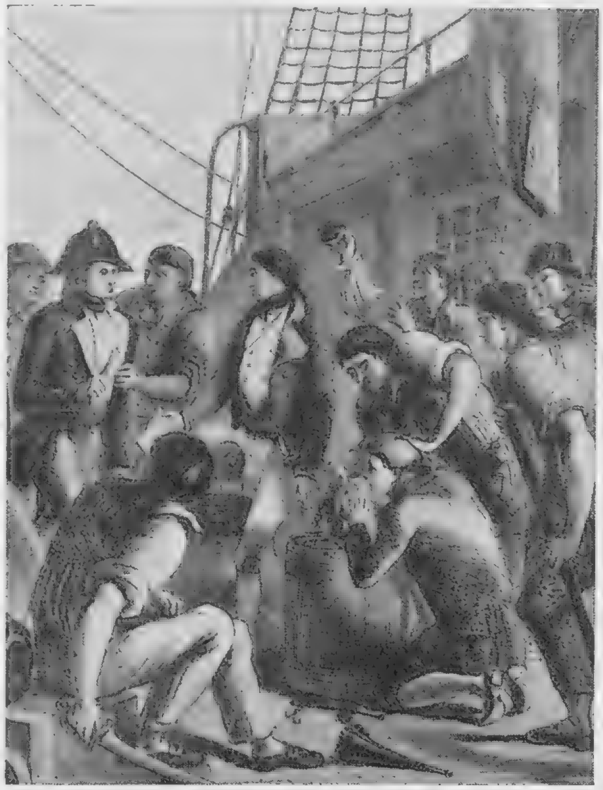
THE hardships of the long voyage had already provided fertile soil in which the seeds of disaffection might flourish; but in the end Hudson, like Bligh two centuries later, owed his downfall to a disgraced favourite. He had taken with him in the "Discovery" one Henry Greene, a wastrel, born of respectable parents, to whom the navigator had for some reason taken a fancy. This young fellow enjoyed Hudson's favour for some time, until, finding him out in some piece of double-dealing, he became as much averse to him as he had formerly been friendly. Greene accordingly threw in his lot with certain of the crew who were ill-disposed towards their captain, and on Saturday, the 23rd of June, 1611, the plot bore fruit.

From the plain unadorned language of the contemporary narrative of Abacuk Prickett, a looker-on though not an active participant in the mutiny, the last dramatic scene stands out clear and vivid: the great navigator, as he emerged unsuspecting from his cabin, seized and bound, and thrust, with his son and certain sick men of the crew, into the "shallop" in the cold Arctic dawn. It had been the intention of the mutineers to keep the carpenter, one Philip Staffe, on board, since he might be useful to them. But he, to his eternal honour, would have none of their company, preferring "for the love of the Master to go down into the 'shallop,' rather than with such villainies to accept of likelier hopes." So passed Henry Hudson and his companions from the knowledge of living men into the fog and frost of the cold Polar seas, where, as the sailor legend runs, he steers his boat forever with his ghostly crew, striving to find that North-West Passage he sought as a living man.

As to the mutineers, their treachery brought them to no good. Greene and Wilson, the ringleaders, were wounded by Eskimos and perished miserably. Just, another of the principals, died of starvation on the voyage home, and only half a dozen survived to see English land again. Of these, three were ultimately brought to trial, but—perhaps rightly—acquitted.

Advertisements for privateers' crews during the eighteenth century wars containing such inducements as the following: "Now is the Time, My Boys, to board the rich Spanish galleons!" and "It is requested that none but brave stout-hearted men that are desirous to enrich themselves will apply," were likely to produce a fairly "tough" stamp of seaman, and it is not surprising that a good many privateer captains had trouble with their crews.

"Why Not," of Bristol, to which the last-quoted announcement refers, was not without experiences of the kind; for a few weeks after she sailed she returned to port, "having been brought back by crew," and her gunner was convicted "for having piratically made a revolt in the said ship."



A prelude to mutiny. Seamen complaining of their rations previous to the Mutiny at the Nore

Dampier, that extraordinary blend of the dreamer and the pirate, whose long, rather mournful face in the National Portrait Gallery is so astonishingly unlike the accepted type of the freebooter, had more than one experience of mutiny during his privateering voyages. He seems to have been one of those people already referred to, with a capacity for putting men's backs up. Perhaps on the whole we should be thankful for it, since had it been otherwise, one Alexander Selkirk might never have been put ashore upon the island of Juan Fernandez, and generations of British boys would have been the poorer for knowing not "Robinson Crusoe."

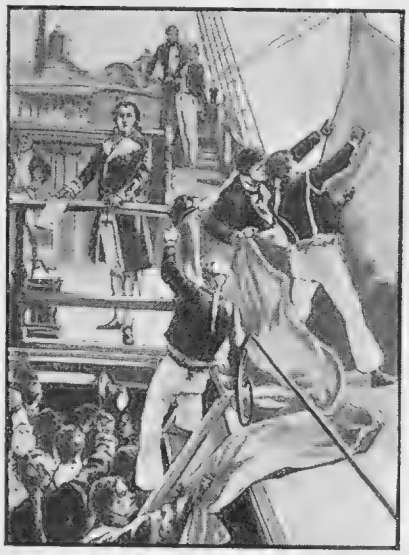
Woodes Rogers's account of his cruising voyage round the world in the "Duke" and "Duchess" abounds in instances of insubordination, some of them distinctly entertaining, the reason being that he would not make a prize of a Swedish ship which was spoken off Madeira, to the great disgust of men who were "eager to enrich themselves."

Prompt measures, however, soon restored order. One man was flogged, ten more put in irons, some begged the captain's pardon, and "others," says Rogers in his account of the voyage, "I was forced to wink at." The next outbreak was in the "Duchess," the leader being one of the mates, William

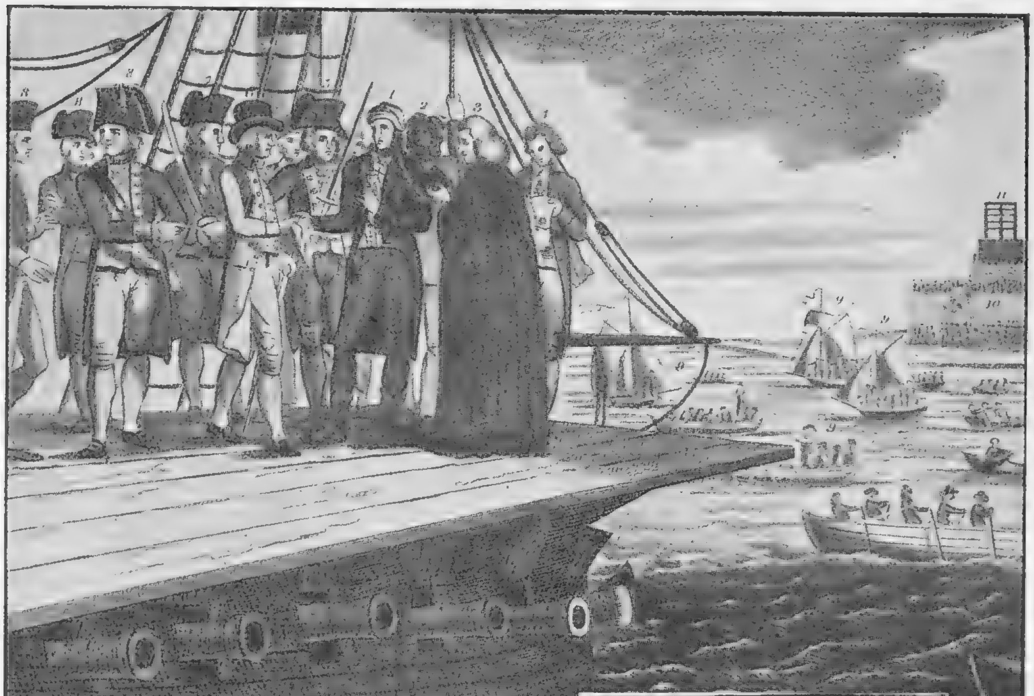
Page, who was thereupon ordered to exchange ships with a man from the "Duke." This he refused to do, and the upshot was that after a highly undignified rough-and-tumble with Captain Cooke, the second in command, Page jumped overboard, only to be duly rescued, lashed to the main gears of the "Duke" and "soundly drubbed."

THE "packet rats" who formed the crews of the smart American sailing vessels which were the prototypes of the modern Atlantic greyhound were perhaps the toughest material ships' officers have ever had to deal with. Rough and ready discipline, enforced with fist, boot and belaying pin, was the order of the day in these ships; and Captain Samuels, of the famous packet ship "Dreadnought," gives in his autobiography a lively if somewhat highly coloured account of his handling of a gang of mutineers known as "The Bloody Forty."

The captain had been warned before the ship left Liverpool that some of his crew were out to "give him a swim." Accordingly, his first step was to go through their chests and have the points of the knives found there broken off. This was done not without a good deal of muttering; but a little later the trouble began in earnest, with the flat refusal of the watch to comply with the order to haul taut the mainbrace.

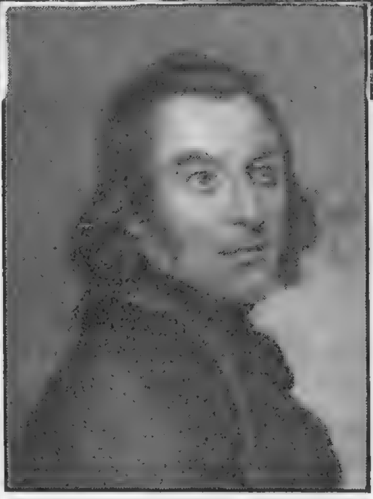


Mutineers hauling down the red flag on the "Royal George" at Spithead



The Fate of a Mutineer

Richard Parker, the ringleader of the mutiny at the Nore, being hanged on board the "Sandwich" on Friday, June 30th, 1797. (Reproduced by courtesy of The Parker Gallery)



Richard Parker

The situation was extremely critical, for some of the emigrants on board were inclined to side with the mutineers, and if the skipper had shown any sign of weakness all would have been lost. But the Old Man faced them boldly, with a revolver in each hand, and, knowing that he was as good a shot with the left as the right, the rebels discreetly withdrew to their own quarters. There they remained for three days, responding with yells and curses to all orders to return to duty, the captain in his turn retaliating by cutting off supplies of food and water. The ship in the meantime had to be worked by the officers and boys, some of the passengers later lending a hand. The weather luckily was fairly fine, since in real "Western Ocean weather" the hands available could not have handled the big topsails and courses.

However, a few days of short commons cooled the mutineers' courage considerably, and after an abortive attack on the provision stores they began to trickle aft one by one and make their peace. The last to give in was a big Liverpool Irishman, Finnigan by name, but after he had been knocked head over heels by the skipper down the forecastle scuttle, and spent a few hours in the "sweat box" in irons, he also decided to throw in his hand.

The Old Man then proceeded to harangue them like a Dutch uncle, winding up with an extempore prayer, and for the rest of the passage all was peace.

MANY are the untold tales of violence and bloodshed which may lie hidden beneath the terse records of missing ships, and one such, revealed many years afterwards, is believed to account for the disappearance when homeward bound from Australia in 1853 of Green's Blackwaller "Madagascar." The fact that the ship carried an unusually large consignment of gold-dust—nearly 70,000 ounces—supplied a strong motive, and her sailing had been delayed for a month through the arrest on board of two men believed to have been concerned in the robbery of a gold escort. After her disappearance many rumours were current in Australia as to the character of some of her crew and passengers, and it was very generally believed that her end was due to foul play.

Many years afterwards a story was published in the Colonial papers, to the effect that a woman in New Zealand had told a clergyman on her deathbed the whole truth about the tragedy. Her tale was that a mutiny had broken out in the South Atlantic; the captain and all his officers were killed, and the passengers battened down, with the exception of herself—she was nurse to a passenger's children—and the rest of the younger women. The ship was then fired and the mutineers, having secured the gold, took to the boats.

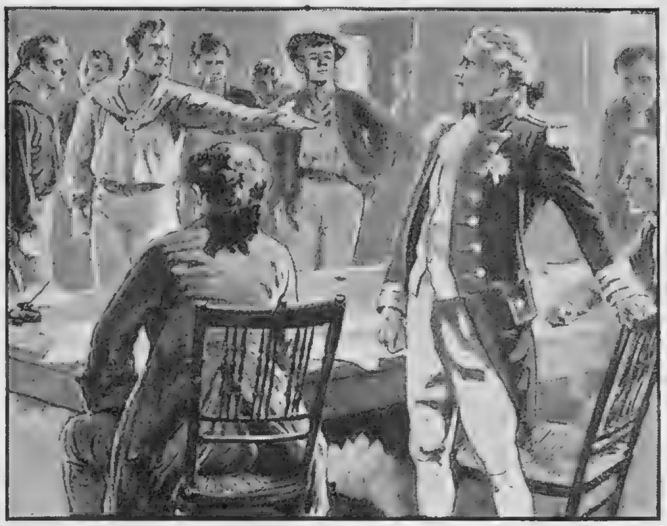
Like nearly all such criminals, however, they were dogged by misfortune. All the boats but one were lost, the eleven occupants of which barely got ashore with their lives on the Brazilian coast. The last of the cargo of gold-dust was lost in the surf. All but three of the boat's occupants fell victims to yellow fever. Of the two remaining men, one was hanged at San Francisco and the other's ultimate fate was not known.

The story admits of a certain amount of doubt—the actual name of the clergyman, so far as I know, has never been mentioned, nor is it certain that there was a nurse among the passengers—but it undeniably coincides with the rumours which went the round at the time of the vessel's disappearance, and, except as a newspaper sensation, an an invention it would have been singularly pointless.

ONE of the strongest arguments against the truth of the "Madagascar" story is the fact that the Blackwallers carried very large ships' companies, of whom in such circumstances a considerable proportion would certainly remain loyal; and that, in view of the large consignment of gold on board, special precautions would surely have been taken to guard against any attempts upon it.

Nevertheless, granted the element of surprise, two or three desperate men can soon have a ship at their mercy ; and in this connection may be mentioned the singular case of the American full-rigger " Frank N. Thayer " in June, 1886. Among her crew were two Indian coolies, who one morning—being, it is surmised, under the influence of some brain-destroying drug—suddenly attacked and killed the two mates with the long knives which they carried. They then killed and wounded several seamen, and for some time the whole ship's company of seventeen or eighteen men were completely terrorised, unable to realise that the mutiny was the work of two men. Finally one of the madmen jumped overboard, and the other followed suit, but not before he had gone below and set fire to the ship's cargo of hemp. It was impossible to check the flames, so the seventeen survivors, who included the captain's wife and child, took to the boats and arrived after a hazardous voyage at St. Helena.

The motive of avarice which may have resulted in the loss of the " Madagascar" was almost certainly responsible for one of the most celebrated mutinies in sea history—the case of the " Flowery Land."



A deputation of sailors threatening their officers during the Mutiny at the Nore in 1797

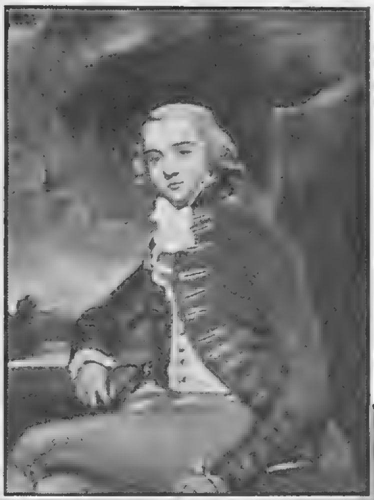
LATE on the evening of the 2nd of October, 1863, a party of seafaring men presented themselves at a farm near the Brazilian coast, stating that they were castaways from an American ship which had sunk a hundred miles from land when bound to Bordeaux with guano, and that they had been five days in the boats. Whether the farmer quite liked the look of his visitors is not recorded ; at all events, he gave them shelter for the night and sent them on in the morning to the nearest town. Here two of the party gave their companions the slip, and, having sought out a man who understood English, unfolded to him a strange and terrible story.

They were the survivors of the British ship " Flowery Land," which had sailed from St. Katherine's Dock in July with general cargo for Singapore. Among other things she carried a number of bags of metal counters polished to look like sovereigns ; these were stowed in the cabin, and the tale had gained currency on board that the ship contained a valuable consignment of gold.

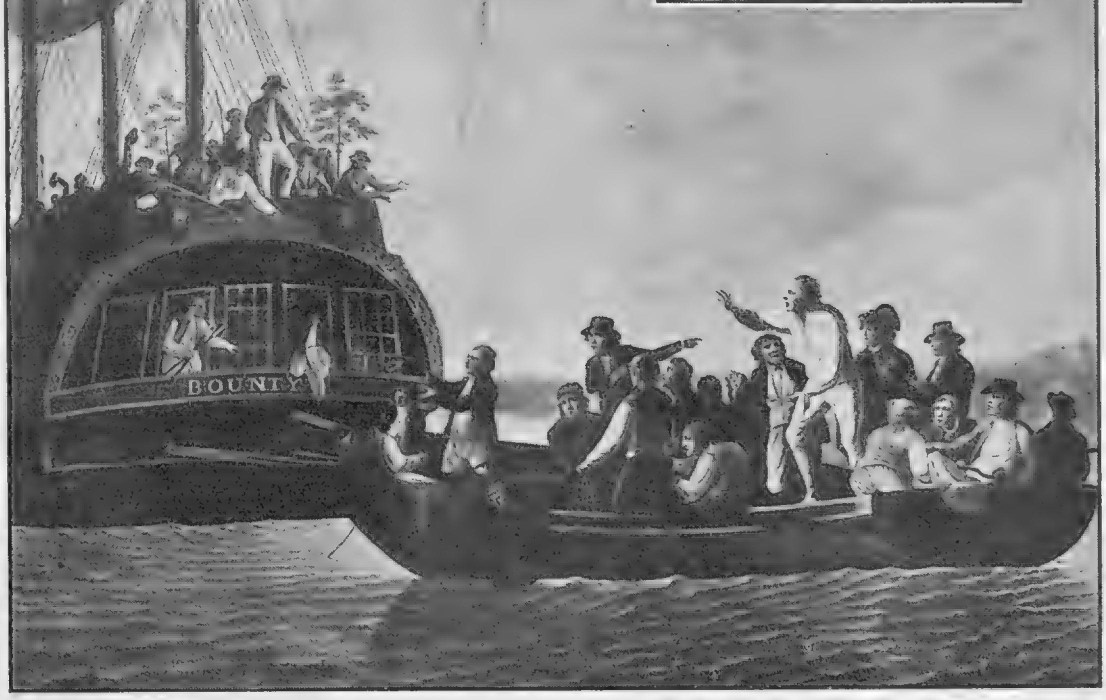
This most romantically named vessel was not, on the whole, a " happy " ship. She had an easy-going skipper, rather fond of the bottle, and a couple of hard-case mates—never a desirable combination. She seems to have been a " hungry " ship, though not exceptionally so for those days ; and it is certainly rather suggestive that she had signed on as ruffianly a collection of forecastle hands as could be well imagined. Six of them were typical Filipino half-breeds—swarthy, brutish and almost animal in appearance. There were also a Levantine named Vartos or " Watto," and a Greek, Carlos. A Slavonian and a negro, neither of whom took any part in the mutiny, made up the crowd. She also carried three Chinese—cook, steward, and lamp-trimmer—and a boy of seventeen, Jimmie Early, the carpenter, a Norwegian named Andersen, and a French bosun, Candereau ; truly as polyglot a company as one could hope to find.

IN the early morning of September 10th, the ship being in lat. 19 S., long. 39 W., and the day calm and fine, young Jimmie Early, who was keeping his look-out on the forecastle head, heard the voice of the mate, Mr. Karswell, calling " Help ! Murder ! " Running on to the poop, he saw a gigantic mulatto named Blanco standing over the prostrate body of the mate, which he was savagely hammering with a marline-spike, while others stood guard over the cabin companion. Early at once ran to rouse the carpenter, who hastened to the scene without waiting to huddle on his clothes. But one of the mutineers laid him out with a blow from a handspike, and, seeing that they were hopelessly outnumbered, Early and Andersen retreated to the deckhouse, where they locked themselves in.

The mulattoes now went below, and after a brief struggle stabbed the skipper and his brother, who was making a voyage as a passenger. The second mate, Taffir by name, was all this time sleeping soundly, but the scuffle at last aroused him, and he came out of his cabin to find the captain lying in his blood on the saloon floor. He then climbed the companion to the poop, and after a (*Continued on page 98*)

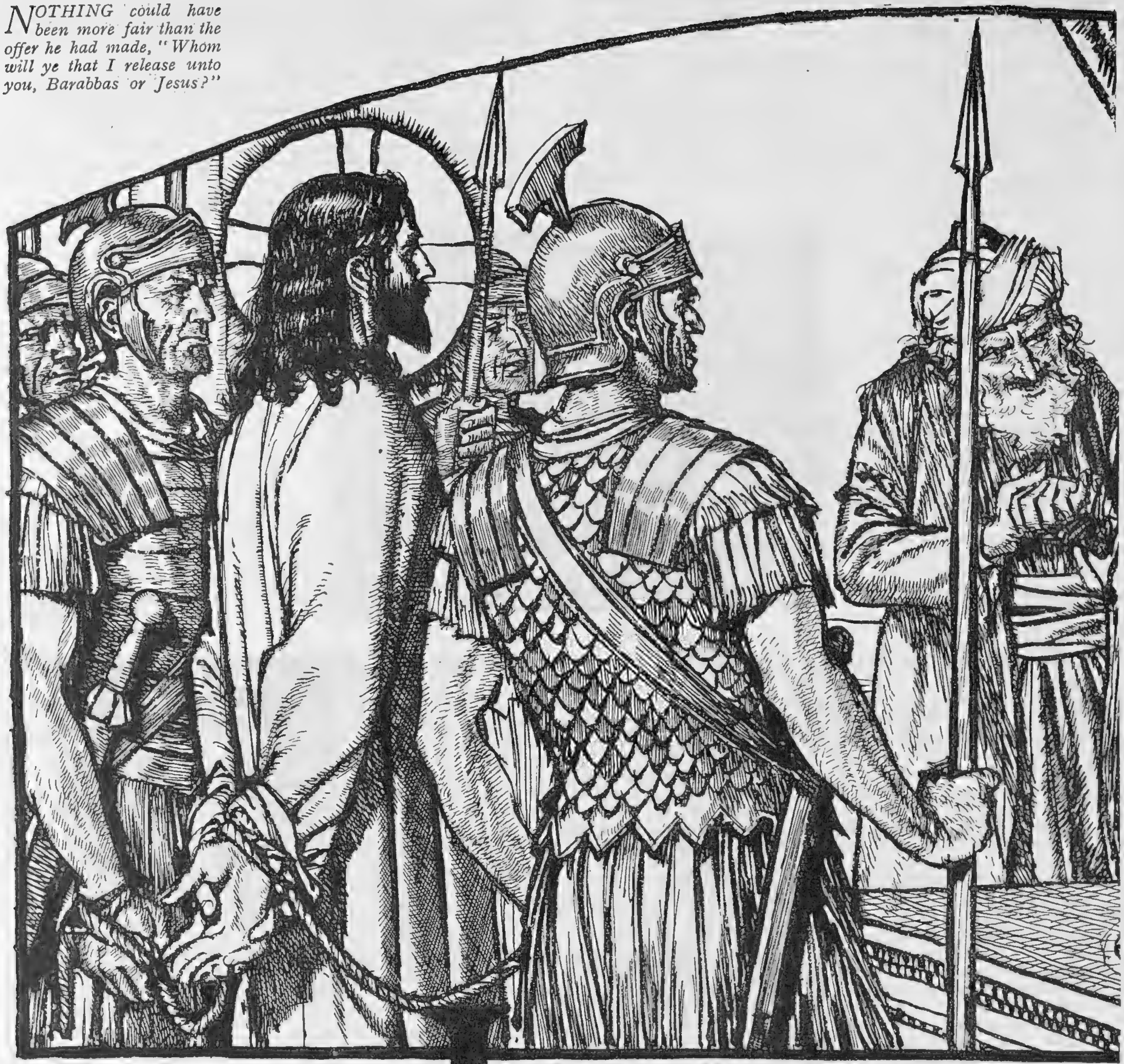


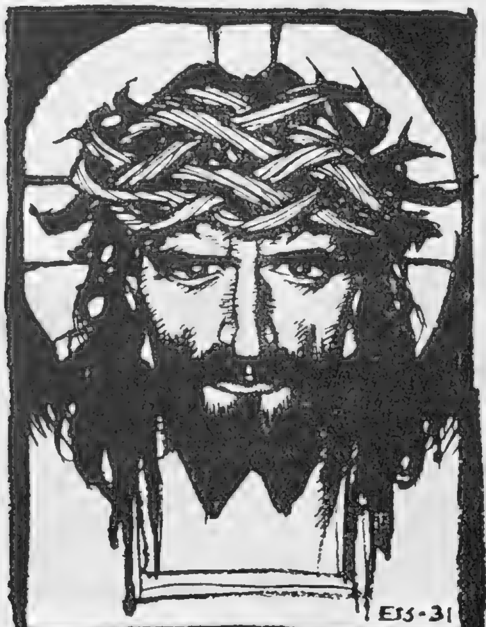
A PORTRAIT of Bligh of the " Bounty " as a young man. A victim of a famous mutiny and the hero of a boat journey almost as famous. The story of his life has been published in a book entitled " Bligh of the 'Bounty,' " published by Messrs. Philip Allan & Co., Ltd., from which this portrait has been reproduced



Bligh being cast off from the " Bounty." (*Reproduced by permission of The Parker Gallery*)

NOTHING could have been more fair than the offer he had made, "Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus?"





Jesting

Illustrated
by
Edmund J.
Sullivan,
R.W.S., A.R.E.

"EVERYONE that is of the truth heareth my voice," his strange prisoner had informed him.

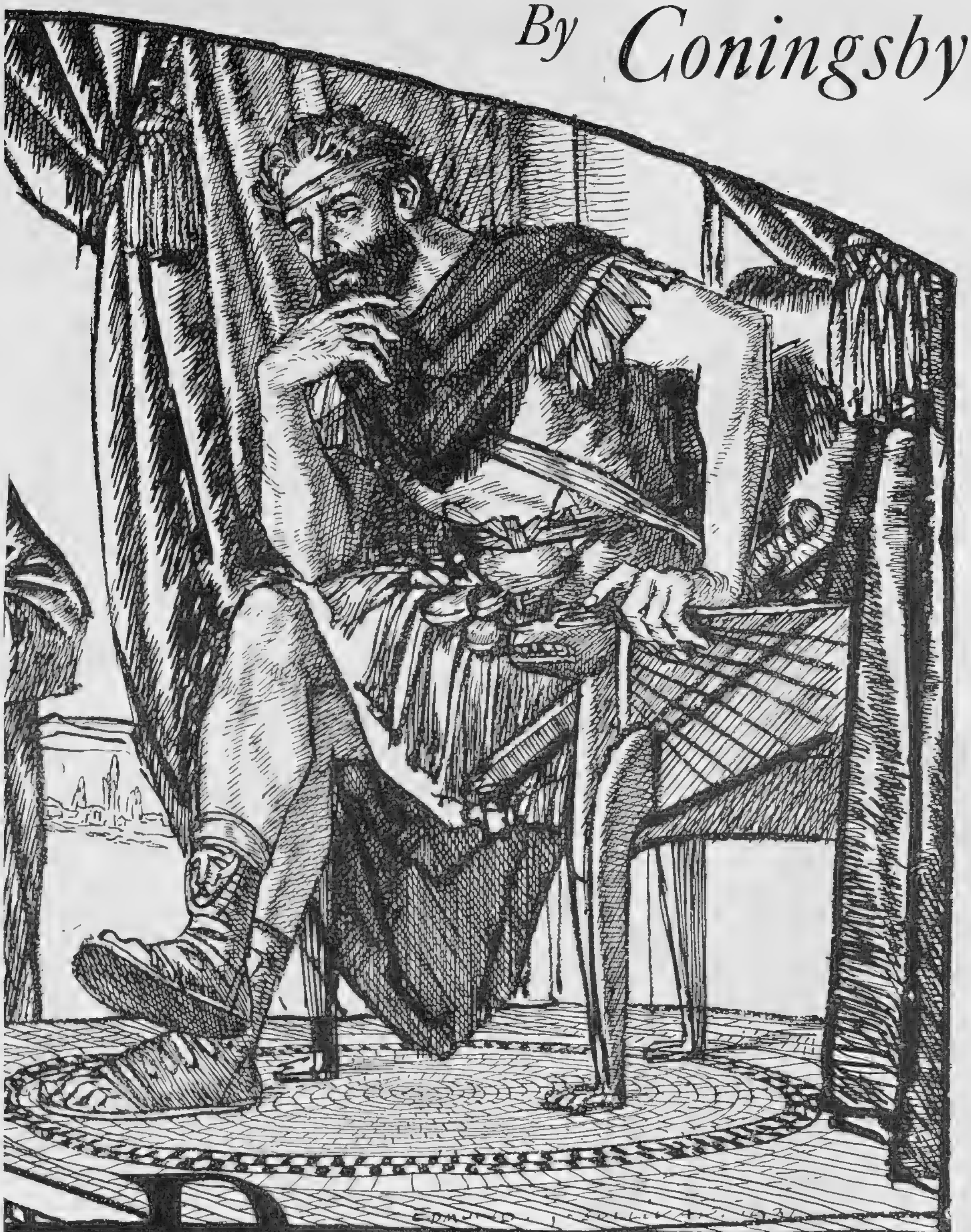
And he, half in jest, had retorted, "What is truth?"

Truth for him on that fatal day had worn the garb of expediency; he had condemned an innocent man to avoid a riot.

Instead of street-disorders which soldiers could have quelled, he was now faced by an indignant revolt of nature. Earthquakes. A pall of darkness. Sun, moon and stars quenched. Buildings tottering. Cemeteries burst open. Rumours that persons long dead had been seen walking. Such phenomena might be coincidences. To the troubled conscience of Pilate they betokened the revenge of the gods.

Sleeplessly from the roof of his palace he had watched the diabolical fate that had overtaken him. He had striven to persuade himself that he had acted for the best. His wife's dream had been his only warning. Nothing could have been

By Coningsby Dawson



How Peace came to him who wore the Seamless Garment of the Galilean

Pilate

more fair than the offer he had made, " Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas or Jesus?" He had never imagined that the chief priests would choose a robber. But there had been no mistaking the shout that had greeted his clemency: " Away with this man and release unto us Barabbas."

Too late he would willingly have forfeited half his power to retrieve the false step. Above all things he longed to be popular.

Worst of all he was frightened—as frightened as a superstitious child. He had doubled the guard about the tomb where his victim was buried. The Pharisees had prompted him to this precaution. In a mood to be credulous, he had lent a ready ear when they approached him whispering, " Sir, we remember that that deceiver said while he was yet alive, ' After three days I will rise from the dead.' "

Since then the thought that he might be forced to hold converse with a man whom he had murdered had become a nightmare. He had made continual enquiries with regard to the sepulchre in which Jesus had been laid. Again and again he had been assured that Arimathea's garden, in which the sepulchre stood, was strangely quiet. The panic of upheaval had swept by it. Scarcely a leaf had been ruffled.

And still he feared. He could scarcely give his fear a name. It communicated itself to others as though he had declared himself guilty. If the opinion of his guilt were to spread, he foresaw what would be the result. Herod and the chief priests, forgetting their share in the tragedy, would make him the scapegoat. Already his wife shrank from him. Even his slaves recoiled from his contact.

Because he could not endure the repulsion he occasioned, he had retired to the roof of his palace, whence like a man of stone he gazed down on calamity.

THE third day of his suspense! Did hope deceive him? Along the eastern horizon—praise be to Zeus!—the darkness was clearing. Surely he could sleep now! Gathering his cloak about him, he stretched himself.

But sleep refused to come. Beneath closed eye-lids his brain continued the interminable argument.

He had washed his hands, publicly proclaiming, " I am innocent of the blood of this just person." A legal subterfuge! Had he in the rôle of Pro-Consul afforded the accused protection, the just person would be still alive. He had played politics. Herod had desired the death of this calm-eyed Jesus; acquiescence had made Pilate Herod's friend. And then to kill one man instead of many had seemed statesmanly. Had he shielded this wonder-worker, he would have precipitated disorders which might have led to massacres. Even in the light of what had happened, he acquitted himself; he had acted for the best.

Hurrying feet on the stairs—the fulfilment of his forebodings! The centurion of the guard was pouring out his tidings. The Jesus whom they had crucified was alive. The tomb in Arimathea's garden was empty. At the hour of dawn the huge rock that had blocked its entrance, had been pushed back. It had been pushed back from the inside, a blinding light flooding behind it. Jesus had stepped forth. The sentries had fled before his god-like majesty.

To Pilate's question as to where Jesus was now, the centurion could give no answer.

Gilding the domes of Jerusalem the sun was climbing. A novel freshness was in the air. The abnormality of nature in revolt had subsided. Necromancy seemed a trick for the deception of children. Assuming his wonted sternness, Pilate gave sharp orders for the arrest of the sentries.

But when the centurion had departed, he sank his head. He was fighting a god. He would gain nothing by punishing others. The injustice that rankled was that the god, having disguised himself as a mortal, had permitted himself to be condemned. If he were not to remain forever accursed, he must find this god and appease him.

Getting a new grip on himself, he went to the baths, after which he sat all day in judgment. No enemy must be given the chance to report to Cæsar that in the hour of crisis he had lost his serenity.

With the return of the sun and the resumption of official routine, he inclined to become sceptical. Gods were a legend. Everything would blow over. The only imperishable reality was the Roman Peace, which he administered. Nevertheless, he despatched messengers in all directions to have this Jesus or anyone who was impersonating him, apprehended. As a further precaution he had every soldier who had been placed in charge of Jesus, brought before him. That was how he accidentally discovered that the guard at Calvary had cast lots for the prisoner's seamless garment. Moved by an impulse he demanded that the soldier who had won it should deliver it into his keeping. He would restore it to Jesus, were he apprehended, as a peace-offering.

HIS duties as Pro-Consul completed, he rode back to his palace through streets streaked with evening in a mood to smile at his recent credulity. Earthquakes had happened before. They would happen again. This one was ended. Stars shone tranquilly. On encountering his wife, his optimism ebbed. His entire household, reflecting her horror, shunned him.

Pacing the roof, he was surrendering to depression when he bethought him of the seamless garment and fetched it out into the starlight. Did he imagine or did it actually glow with a pale luminosity? Tremblingly he disrobed and donned it. Instantly he became happy, as though the virtue of its former wearer flowed into himself. Flashes of words like memories, though he was certain he had never heard them, flickered across his mind: "Consider the lilies. Blessed are the pure in heart; they shall see God."

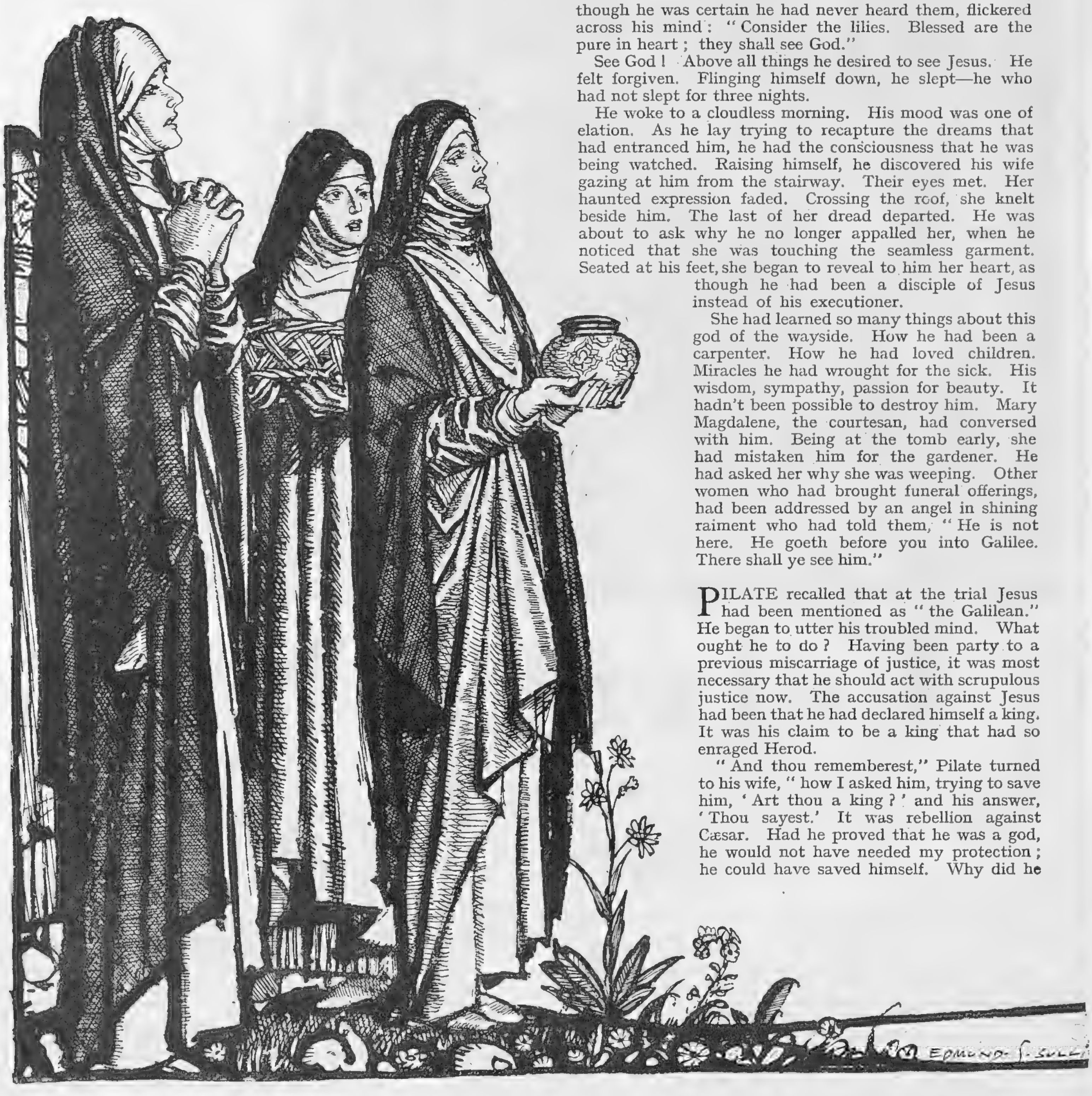
See God! Above all things he desired to see Jesus. He felt forgiven. Flinging himself down, he slept—he who had not slept for three nights.

He woke to a cloudless morning. His mood was one of elation. As he lay trying to recapture the dreams that had entranced him, he had the consciousness that he was being watched. Raising himself, he discovered his wife gazing at him from the stairway. Their eyes met. Her haunted expression faded. Crossing the roof, she knelt beside him. The last of her dread departed. He was about to ask why he no longer appalled her, when he noticed that she was touching the seamless garment. Seated at his feet, she began to reveal to him her heart, as though he had been a disciple of Jesus instead of his executioner.

She had learned so many things about this god of the wayside. How he had been a carpenter. How he had loved children. Miracles he had wrought for the sick. His wisdom, sympathy, passion for beauty. It hadn't been possible to destroy him. Mary Magdalene, the courtesan, had conversed with him. Being at the tomb early, she had mistaken him for the gardener. He had asked her why she was weeping. Other women who had brought funeral offerings, had been addressed by an angel in shining raiment who had told them, "He is not here. He goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see him."

PILATE recalled that at the trial Jesus had been mentioned as "the Galilean." He began to utter his troubled mind. What ought he to do? Having been party to a previous miscarriage of justice, it was most necessary that he should act with scrupulous justice now. The accusation against Jesus had been that he had declared himself a king. It was his claim to be a king that had so enraged Herod.

"And thou rememberest," Pilate turned to his wife, "how I asked him, trying to save him, 'Art thou a king?' and his answer, 'Thou sayest.' It was rebellion against Cæsar. Had he proved that he was a god, he would not have needed my protection; he could have saved himself. Why did he



so mislead me? And now he is again alive, proclaiming himself a king, doubtless. What am I to do? If I take no action, an insurrection may arise. If I send soldiers to bring him to me, he will escape them. Moreover, to compel a god to visit a mortal is blasphemy. I would that I dared go to him in person; but how can I face a god whom I have crucified?"

The more he talked, the more his imagination kindled fresh dangers. To take official notice of this supernatural occurrence would be to publish it broadcast. Feeling his way to a solution, he was proposing that discreet agents be sent to Galilee for the purpose of making enquiries, when his wife interrupted him. Who was more discreet than herself? Who held his interests closer to her heart? She clutched his knees, begging as a favour that she be entrusted with this errand.

After she had set out, he waited impatiently. Neither night nor day, lest men's terror of him should return, did he remove the seamless garment. In his anxiety at the delay, he despatched other messengers. No word came back. In Jerusalem rumours were rife. It was said that this Jesus, who had been crucified, had been seen sitting on green hillsides, surrounded by greater crowds than in his lifetime; that he was gathering new converts, among whom were Pilate's wife and his messengers.

AT last, in fear and trembling, Pilate determined to go himself. What he would do when he met Jesus, he had not planned. Travelling in a chariot, accompanied by an armed escort, he entered Galilee. At every halting place he gleaned more alarming details of the god whom he had failed to recognise. What would be the god's attitude? It could scarcely be other than hostile.

A blue lake. Sheep grazing. A hill dense with people, seated in rows, their faces tense with rapture. They were people of every sort and kind; beggars, patricians, soldiers, shepherds. Speaking to them companionably, as one friend to another, was the god who had suffered a felon's death. No one took the least notice of Pilate. The pomp of his arrival connoted nothing. Dismounting from his chariot and approaching the outskirts, he discerned his wife and his messengers among the listeners.

The words of the god reached him.

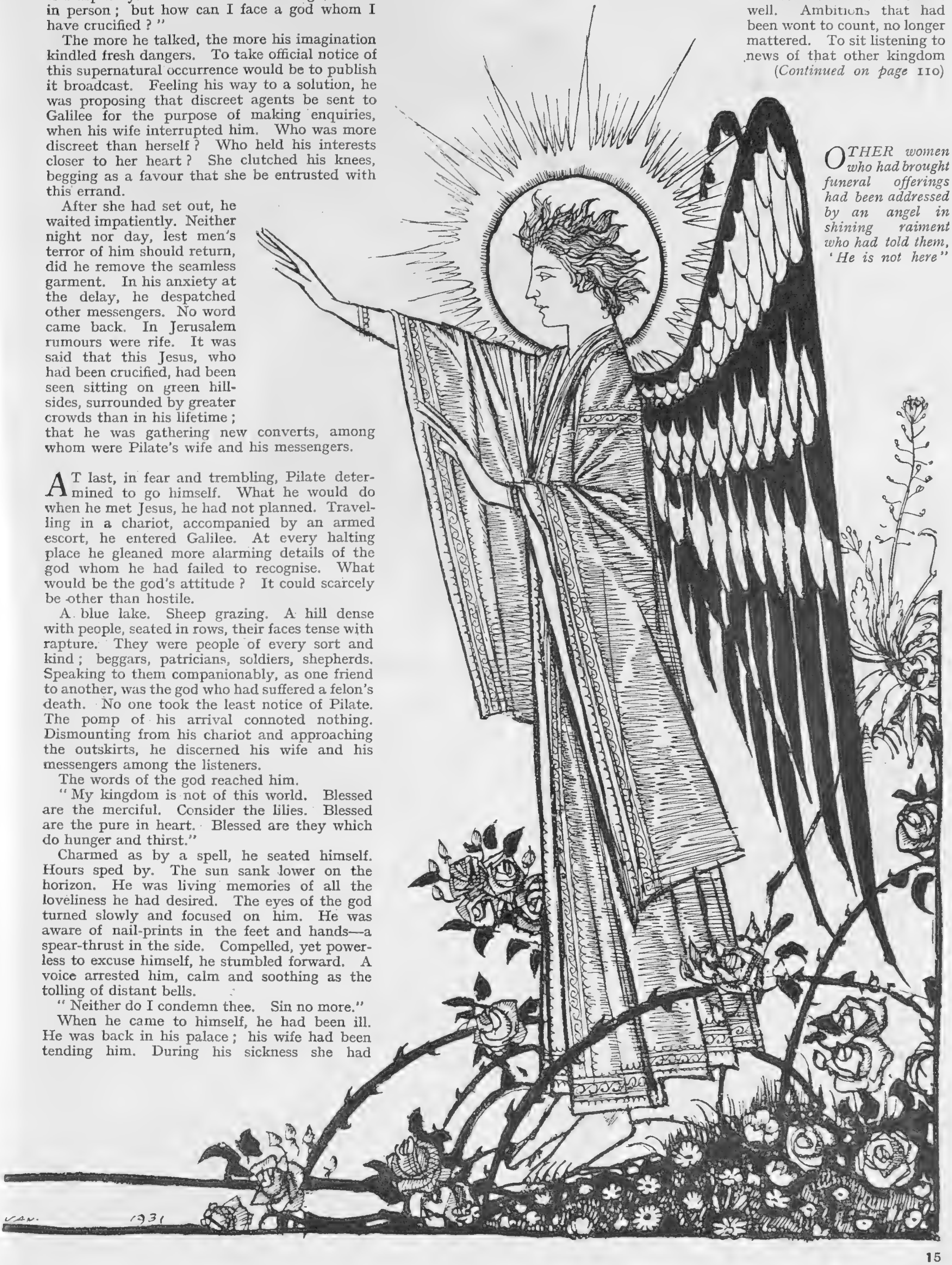
"My kingdom is not of this world. Blessed are the merciful. Consider the lilies. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst."

Charmed as by a spell, he seated himself. Hours sped by. The sun sank lower on the horizon. He was living memories of all the loveliness he had desired. The eyes of the god turned slowly and focused on him. He was aware of nail-prints in the feet and hands—a spear-thrust in the side. Compelled, yet powerless to excuse himself, he stumbled forward. A voice arrested him, calm and soothing as the tolling of distant bells.

"Neither do I condemn thee. Sin no more."

When he came to himself, he had been ill. He was back in his palace; his wife had been tending him. During his sickness she had wished to change his raiment; but even in his delirium he had fought against permitting the seamless garment to be taken from him. He longed to talk about Jesus, the sheer beauty of him, the gentleness of his forgiveness. He planned to revisit Galilee the moment he was well. Ambitions that had been wont to count, no longer mattered. To sit listening to news of that other kingdom

(*Continued on page* 110)

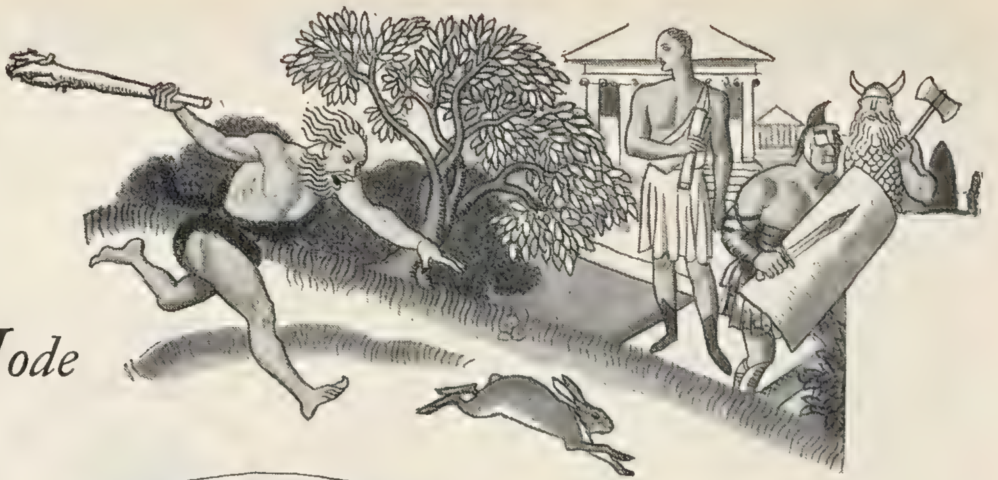


OTHER women who had brought funeral offerings had been addressed by an angel in shining raiment who had told them, 'He is not here'"

Ladies prefer . . .

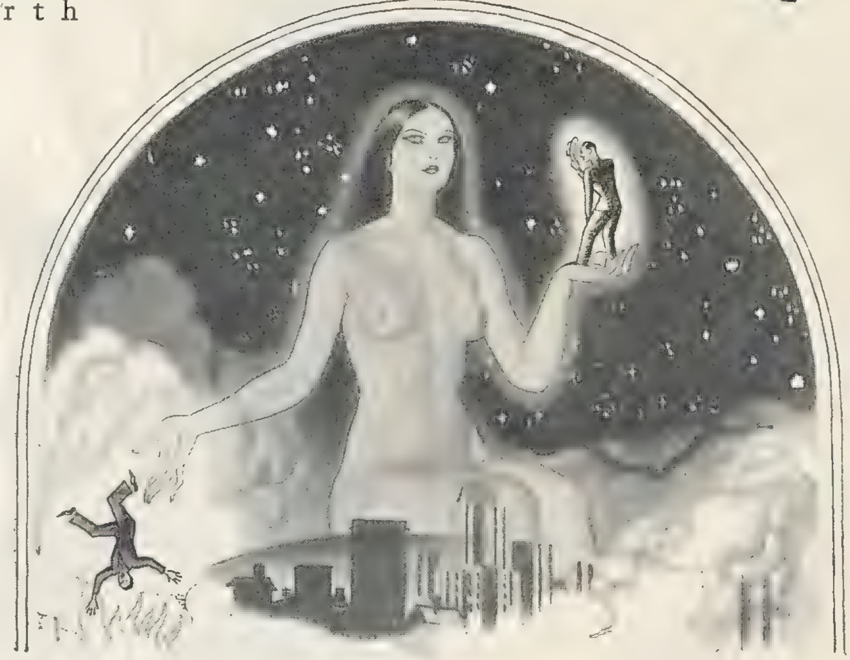
The Lover à la Mode

Illustrated by Illingworth



LADIES Prefer . . . ? I don't believe that we have ever even been asked. Someone ought to write a Gentlemen's Breviary to dispel such masculine illusions as "a man's a man for a' that" or "all nice girls love a sailor."

History may have revealed us as traditionally indifferent to the colour-schemes of our lovers, favouring dark with fair, even white locks, and especially the iron-grey-haired hero of strong, silent drama. But what few seem to realise is that Ladies Prefer the Lover *à la mode*, and that Fashions in Love depend on a purely feminine dictatorship. To offset, no doubt, the arbitrary dominion of male fashion tyrants in Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix.



> *"Fashions in Love depend on a purely Feminine Dictatorship"*

Artists, poets, satirists, have glorified, sung or ridiculed Period types of beauty down the ages, in futile effort or conviction that they were discovering or immortalising the Modern Woman of their epoch. Whereas it is the same Eve all the time. It is easier for a Brunette to indulge in thirty-shillings worth of Blonde than for the average citizen to aureole himself with the glamour of a Lindbergh or the sex-appeal of a Rudolph Valentino. Fortunate is the prototype of the idol of To-day's romance. What is there left for the *démodé* matinée idol, the movie-cowboy, or cave-man sheikh to do, except to wait for the swing of the pendulum back to popularity? Memory's kaleidoscope of out-of-date heroes is as uncomfortable and depressing as turning out the contents of an attic. Pre-war dresses and picture-postcards of Lewis Waller, for instance. They date.

IT is consoling, however, to reflect that mankind is incurably romantic. That we are. Civilisation, bleaching the colour from culture and tradition, stealing the crimsons and purples, golds and royal blues from the tapestry of our times, dyes itself in turn in the scarlet and silver of Gangland thrill, the azure of Aviation romance, the steel-greys, oil-greens and onyx-blacks of engineering Wonderland, embroidering the sombre tissue with lightning threads of controlled electricity. If not to replace the pageantry of Chivalry, romance of Monarchies and Courts, glamour of the old East, hareems and houris, what else does the trend of vicarious Cinema thrill—lurid, colourful, passionate, primitive—signify?

Representative heroes used to be the product of an epoch, the Gladiators of ancient Rome, Knights of Chivalry, Cavaliers of the Civil War, Gallants of the Eighteenth Century. Now they are the vintage of a decade. It is all because Ladies Prefer to vary their fashions in swifter succession. Fashions in dress, fashions in lovers.

Love itself has by no means been always "much the same"; our present conception of the term being, indeed, a development of only comparatively recent centuries. Individual love was an unknown quantity to primitive man, who "aspired to be no more than the flower which scatters its seed to the wind." Children knew no fathers. The result was a Matriarchy, or state of society in which woman was in practice as well as in theory the head of the family. Realising that he was entirely at the mercy of what Ladies Preferred, ancient man tried to undermine this supreme feminine authority through various Secret Societies.

Transition from Matriarchy to male supremacy was due in greatest part to man's physical advantage as year-round hunter and provider. Woman herself weakened her own position, and strengthened his, with increasingly exigeant demands for comfort and "luxury," only obtainable as spoils of the chase, by violence, or ingenuity of dawning creativeness.

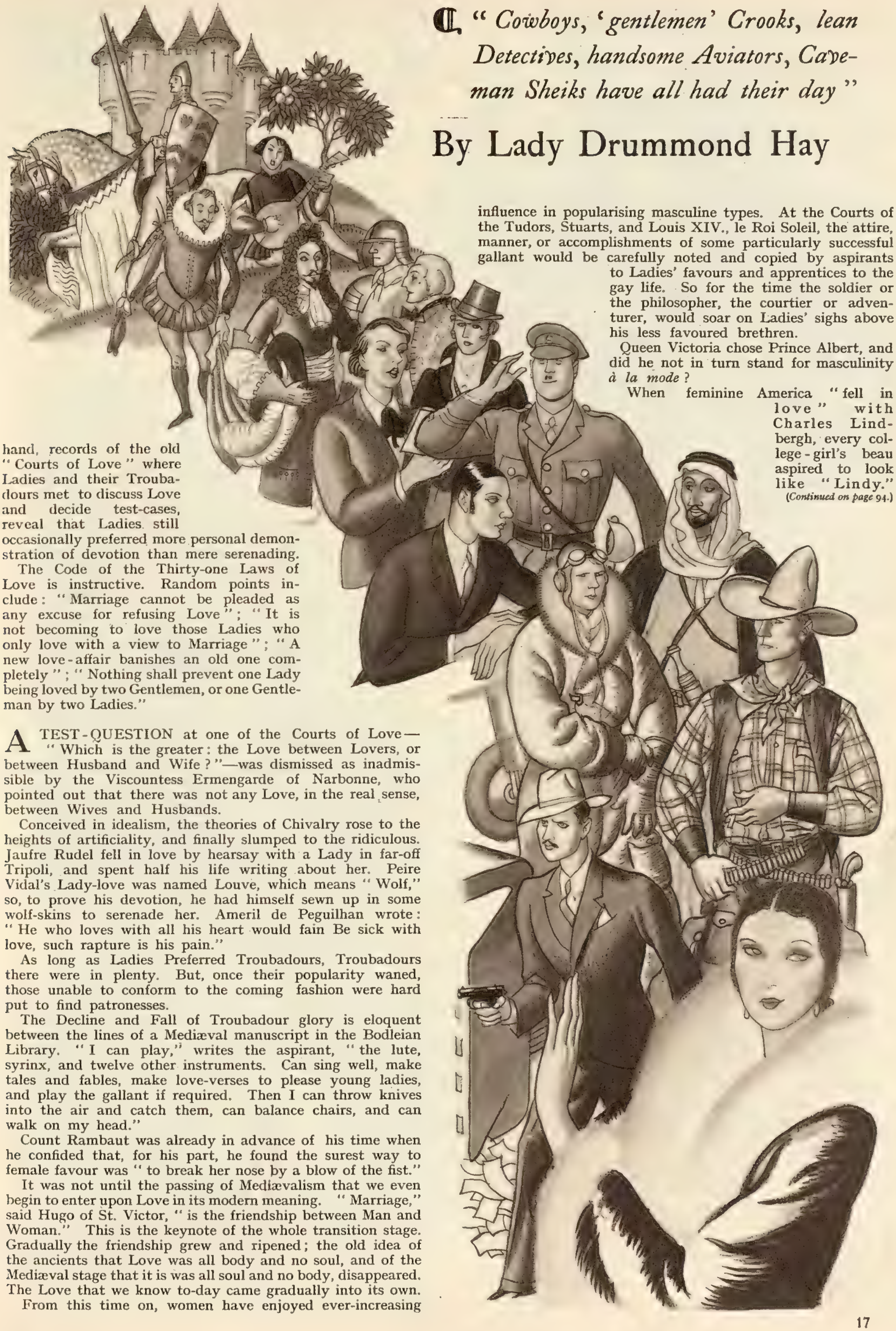
THE formality of marriage came much later, and was at first only regarded as a duty to the State. In several of the old Greek States it had to be made compulsory. No doubt to check a tendency to smugness amongst this new category of women known as "wives," contemporary writers pointed out that the wife "had no other task than to produce legitimate offspring, *and yet* she gave herself airs and graces," as being better than other women.

The influence of Christianity eventually completely revolutionised the status of woman. Initiated into new ideals, animated by new ideas, admitted to a spiritual equality, women took a decisive hand in moulding a new standard of masculinity. A few generations served to produce examples of the very perfect gentle Knight, and as Ladies found this innovation piquant, to say the least, the Age of Chivalry blossomed in all its idealism and artificiality.

Woman was now at once a divine being, so spiritual that she could not even be thought of in connection with a body, and at the same time a Devil's tool sent down by Satan to tempt man. On the one hand, we find the ideal of the Troubadour, crystallised in the "Leys d'Amors," to the effect that the Troubadour who even thought of a kiss committed an act of indecency, unfitting him forever for the society of true Troubadours. Bernard de Ventadour sang "I ask no more of my mistress than that she should suffer me to serve." On the other

¶ "Cowboys, 'gentlemen' Crooks, lean Detectives, handsome Aviators, Caveman Sheiks have all had their day"

By Lady Drummond Hay



hand, records of the old "Courts of Love" where Ladies and their Troubadours met to discuss Love and decide test-cases, reveal that Ladies still occasionally preferred more personal demonstration of devotion than mere serenading.

The Code of the Thirty-one Laws of Love is instructive. Random points include: "Marriage cannot be pleaded as any excuse for refusing Love"; "It is not becoming to love those Ladies who only love with a view to Marriage"; "A new love-affair banishes an old one completely"; "Nothing shall prevent one Lady being loved by two Gentlemen, or one Gentleman by two Ladies."

A TEST-QUESTION at one of the Courts of Love—"Which is the greater: the Love between Lovers, or between Husband and Wife?"—was dismissed as inadmissible by the Viscountess Ermengarde of Narbonne, who pointed out that there was not any Love, in the real sense, between Wives and Husbands.

Conceived in idealism, the theories of Chivalry rose to the heights of artificiality, and finally slumped to the ridiculous. Jaufre Rudel fell in love by hearsay with a Lady in far-off Tripoli, and spent half his life writing about her. Peire Vidal's Lady-love was named Louve, which means "Wolf," so, to prove his devotion, he had himself sewn up in some wolf-skins to serenade her. Ameril de Peguilhan wrote: "He who loves with all his heart would fain Be sick with love, such rapture is his pain."

As long as Ladies Preferred Troubadours, Troubadours there were in plenty. But, once their popularity waned, those unable to conform to the coming fashion were hard put to find patronesses.

The Decline and Fall of Troubadour glory is eloquent between the lines of a Mediæval manuscript in the Bodleian Library. "I can play," writes the aspirant, "the lute, syrinx, and twelve other instruments. Can sing well, make tales and fables, make love-verses to please young ladies, and play the gallant if required. Then I can throw knives into the air and catch them, can balance chairs, and can walk on my head."

Count Rambaut was already in advance of his time when he confided that, for his part, he found the surest way to female favour was "to break her nose by a blow of the fist."

It was not until the passing of Mediævalism that we even begin to enter upon Love in its modern meaning. "Marriage," said Hugo of St. Victor, "is the friendship between Man and Woman." This is the keynote of the whole transition stage. Gradually the friendship grew and ripened; the old idea of the ancients that Love was all body and no soul, and of the Mediæval stage that it is was all soul and no body, disappeared. The Love that we know to-day came gradually into its own.

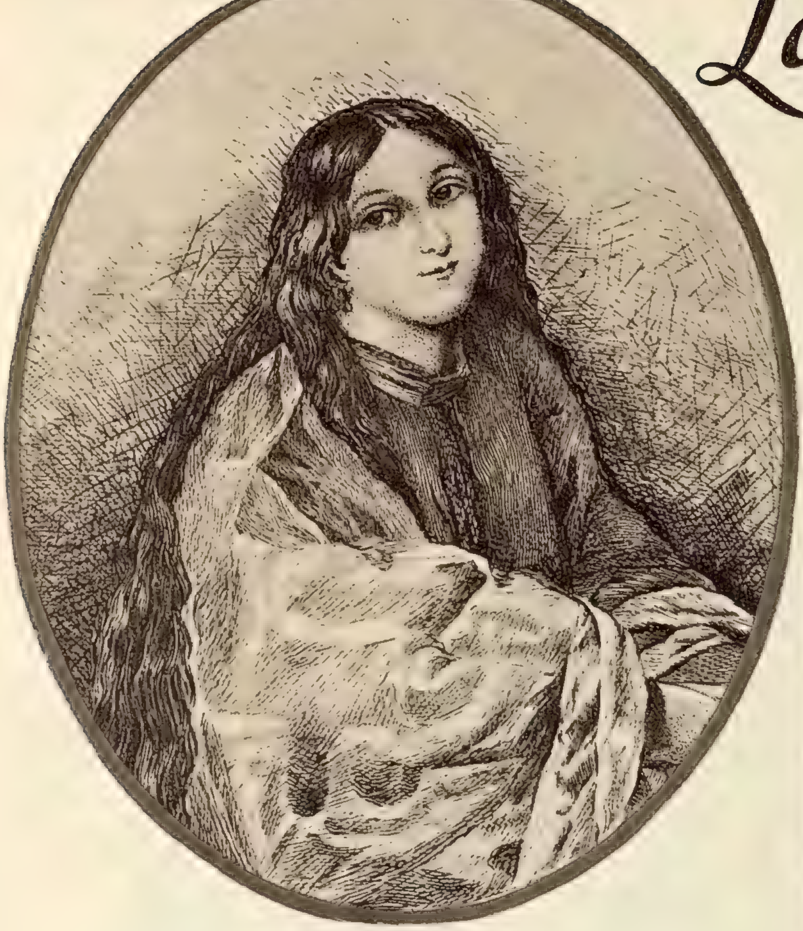
From this time on, women have enjoyed ever-increasing influence in popularising masculine types. At the Courts of the Tudors, Stuarts, and Louis XIV., le Roi Soleil, the attire, manner, or accomplishments of some particularly successful gallant would be carefully noted and copied by aspirants to Ladies' favours and apprentices to the gay life. So for the time the soldier or the philosopher, the courtier or adventurer, would soar on Ladies' sighs above his less favoured brethren.

Queen Victoria chose Prince Albert, and did he not in turn stand for masculinity *à la mode*?

When feminine America "fell in love" with Charles Lindbergh, every college-girl's beau aspired to look like "Lindy."

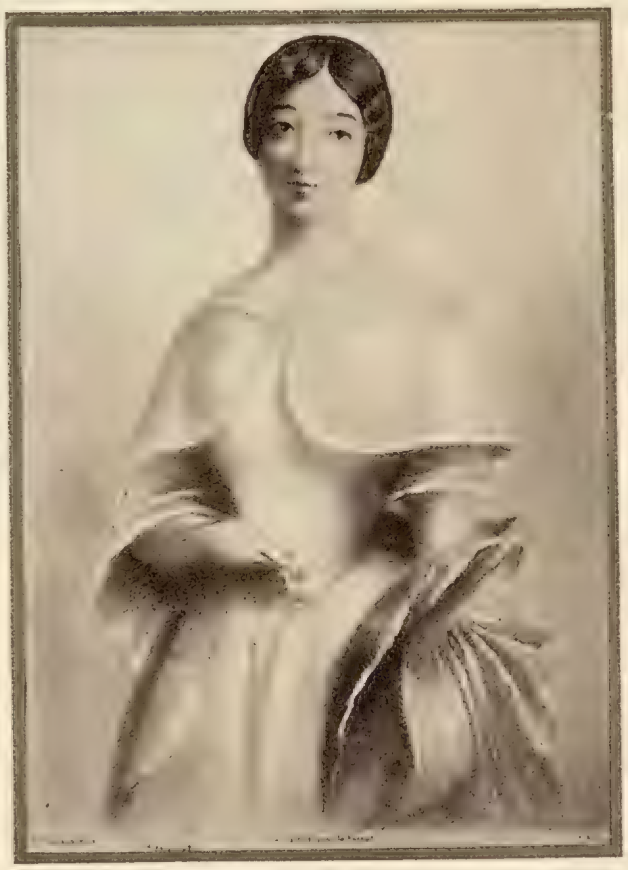
(Continued on page 94.)

La Dame *aux* Camélias



MARIE DUPLESSIS

An authentic but hardly flattering portrait of the lovely self-made creature with whom everyone, artist or aristocrat, fell in love. Her affair with Liszt in '45 was the talk and envy of "smart" Paris



"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS"

A portrait from an old French book describing the mixed descent of Marie Duplessis, and published after her early death

ALL through the winter of 1845-1846 Paris was talking of but one affair—the mad love, the extreme indiscretions, of Franz Liszt, "Prince of Pianists," and of Mademoiselle Marie Duplessis. The two handsome, fêted creatures were perfectly matched. Both had sprung from comparative obscurity to become conspicuous figures in the gay life of the boulevards. Both were spirited and high-strung as the smart horses which drew their carriage through the Bois. And both brought to their present passion the most romantic background. Who had not sighed ecstatically over Liszt's early attachment to the Comtesse d'Agoult, his regal munificence, and his audacious, almost legendary, contest with Thalberg? As for Marie Duplessis, what young aristocrat had not worshipped her, quarrelled over her, and smothered her in the delicate, odourless blossoms of her favourite flower—the camellia? Indeed, of all her famous suitors, Liszt was only the second to have won her good graces without presenting letters of nobility. Last year she had been squired about by young Alexandre Dumas, whose father, the famous novelist, was introducing him everywhere as a chip of the old block. Both Liszt and Dumas held the keys to the theatre, and perhaps, with her, this counted now for more than a title.

It was pretty to see Marie Duplessis in company with her latest admirer. She had a reputation of being difficult to please, and this composer charmed her by his scintillating paradox, by his leaping from idea to idea as if she could follow him anywhere, from the most refined elegance and artistry to the subtlest innuendo of naughtiness. And follow him she did. She adored him for his almost feminine instinct in the choice of a compliment, in the right nuance of flattery and seriousness; for his dark Hungarian beauty, and for his inexhaustible exuberance. He was the perfect foil for her. She herself, tall and slender, was the greatest beauty of the day. Her head was quite small, as if—Alfred de Musset had said—her mother had fashioned it thus in order to make it more carefully.

HER hair, black—whether naturally or not—was waved, and two broad bands, bordering her temples, tumbled down to be lost sight of behind her head, just barely revealing the tip-ends of ears from which she invariably hung stones worth a theatre's ransom. Her oval face was that of a sensuous angel. The brows and nostrils coquetted, while the lips, half-parted, seemed never to lose their expression of innocence and wonder. Everyone, artist or aristocrat, fell in love with her.

SHE was fickle. Count Fernand de Monguyon had for a time thought himself to be her sole admirer, but the story goes that one day he came madly into his club to search out an older member and draw him apart for counsel.

"My dear fellow," he complained. "Last week I gave Marie Duplessis a carriage and a little black spaniel. Now I have just seen the Duc de Guiche riding about in my carriage and airing my dog. It is the very limit! What should I do?"

"You have little choice," replied his calmer friend, who had been a diplomat and knew the art of measuring his advice to the calibre of the man to whom he gave it. "I see nothing for it but a good sword-thrust or a cutting epigram." No duel was fought. Marie Duplessis

The amazing Story of

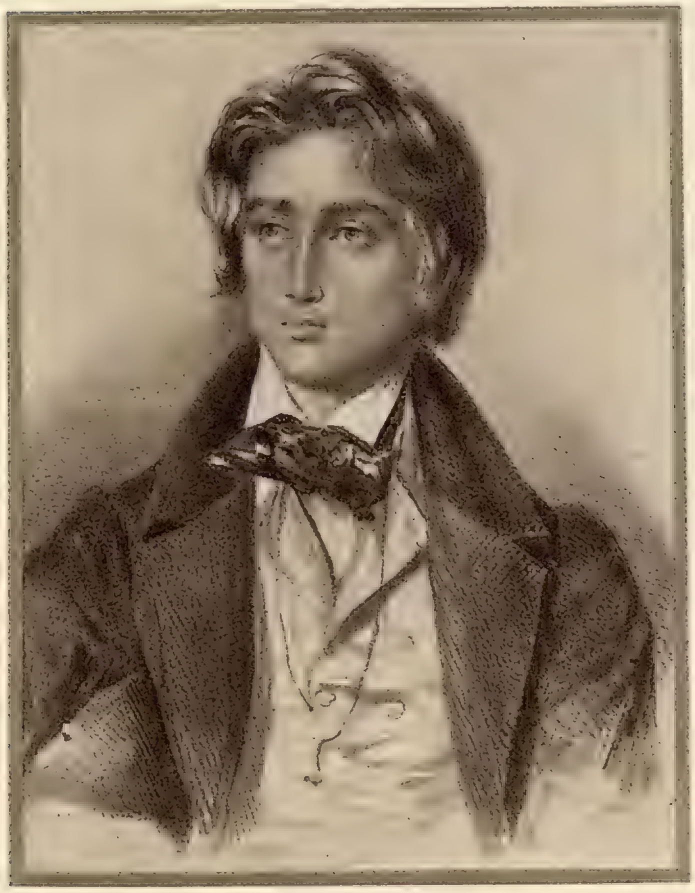
Marie Duplessis

the Waif *who* conquered P*aris* by her *dazzling* Beauty, *and* numbered *among her* Lovers F*ranz* Liszt, "P*rince* of P*ianists*," and Dumas *fils*, who romanticized *the* Story *of her* life in *his* book *and* play, "La D*ame* aux C*amélias*"

By W*illiam* Leon S*myser*

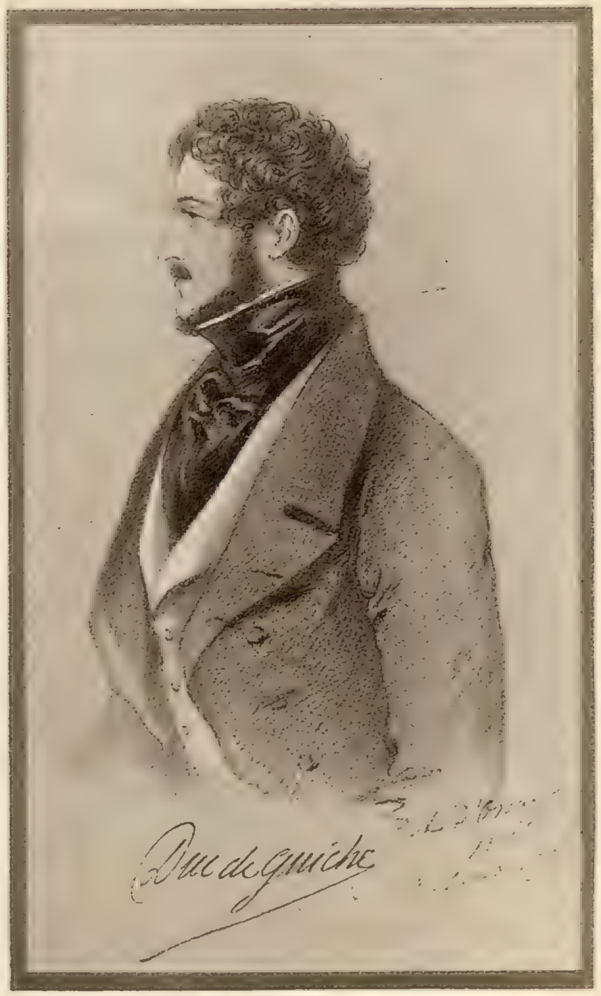
seems to have had a knack for composing differences between her lovers. In this sense she was not a dangerous woman. None of her lovers was ever killed in her pursuit. None of them was ever ruined by her extravagance. She knew, in her demands, how to combine the excessive with the practicable. Although she gave her frivolous contemporaries plenty to talk about, no actual scandal ever started in her apartment on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. She belonged to a generation of women who believed in holding men through charm rather than through exasperation.

She had met Liszt in a boulevard theatre where a very mixed society had come together for the first performance of a melodrama. Bored, she and a friend had left their loge to promenade in the lobby. She saw Liszt sitting with a young critic, Jules Janin, on one of the long benches close against the wall. Because she had often attended his concerts, she recognised him at once. Her decision to meet him was taken immediately. She waited until his eyes had come her way, and then, exquisitely gowned, confident, and with the poise of a princess, she moved towards him. Crossing the grimy floor, passing the bourgeois crowd, she raised the ruffled edge of her skirt as if to avoid a contamination. Although the gesture had revealed the tiniest foot in the world, and the shapeliest ankle which Lizst had ever seen, it was made so modestly that he could not possibly think ill of it. Marie Duplessis had taken her place beside him before he had even had time to ask Janin who she was. She spoke then, softly, yet her voice, cultured and modulated, carried to him across the roar of conversation, the stifled noises of the boulevard, and the raucous "cancan" played in some dance - hall just beyond the partition.



FRANZ LISZT

Marie's "great lover," the famous, fêted musician whose dark good looks and romantic gaiety matched her own. Marie's only unrequited love was the theatre



LE DUC DE GUICHE

The aristocrat who turned Cinderella into a Princess. One day he presented Marie to the Director of the Théâtre des Variétés, who recognized her as the ragged, penniless waif he had met twenty months previously shivering in the streets

"Ah, Monsieur, I have heard you play, and your music has made me dream."

That was all. Franz Liszt bent forward gallantly to cover his astonishment. He was used to compliments, yet this young person, by accosting him in so public a place, was sweeping aside every rule which he would have believed her bound to respect. He thanked her for her praise, however, and asked her what she thought of the abominable melodrama which they were seeing that afternoon. By her reply, she showed not only that she knew her theatre, but that she appreciated his skill in turning the conversation immediately from himself. While the *entr'acte* lasted, they spoke of the plays which had been presented during the season, of the latest music, of Gavarni's caricatures, of the hot sun of Italy—and in everything she showed herself exquisitely informed. When the *entr'acte* was over, they did not return to the play, but stayed on in the deserted lobby.

Someone opened and closed a door. The snap of a whip, the cry of a boulevard hawker, rushed in to them upon the sharp November air. The mysterious young woman coughed and drew a scarf across her bare shoulders. She suggested that they stand before the open fireplace at one end of the room and take advantage of its warmth. In the half-light and intimacy of the fire, she found a perfect setting for her languid voice. The flames glowed in the pearls that dangled from her ears. She seemed unreal. Her hands were gloved

Abbé, Paris

The well-known French actress and ballerina, Ida Rubinstein, as La Dame aux Camélias

as if some artist had painted them so. Liszt dared not stare into her face. Her attitude seemed to refuse familiarity, and, although she had spoken to him first, and had praised his music, their rôles were already those of a great lady and her suitor.

"May I not have the honour of seeing you again?" he asked.

"If you really desire it," she replied, "I shall see that, when next I entertain, some mutual friend will bring you."

Indeed, some weeks later, that exceptional man of the world, Dr. Koreff, the fashionable Prussian physician who passed in Paris for something of a gossip but very much of a necessity, stopped one evening for Liszt in his own carriage, and took him to call upon Marie Duplessis for the first time.

WHEN, months later, Liszt quitted Paris to continue his concert programme, she could not go with him, yet they made rendezvous. They sought some spot where neither of them might be recognised. Where in Europe could that be? There was not a famous Spa or watering-place but knew Marie Duplessis; not a capital but had applauded Liszt. They finally decided upon Constantinople. They should meet in Budapest and proceed together, incognito, to Stamboul, where they should find a villa above the Golden Horn, where he might compose and she inspire him. But mortality intervened. Marie Duplessis, who had burned the candle of her young life fiercely on the altar of Paris, fell too ill to travel so far. After a series of visits to the most renowned cures, which only served to exhaust her the more, she returned to a desperate round of gaiety at home, where, in a few months, she was snuffed out in spite of her game struggle to keep dancing and gay to the end.

Dorothy Wilding

Tallulah Bankhead in the title-rôle of the recent London revival of Dumas's famous play

"Paris is corrupt to the core," wrote Charles Dickens from Paris. "For some days now, all questions of politics, or of art, or of business, have been crowded out of the journals, which seem determined to discuss something of far greater importance—the romantic death of one of the glories of the *demi-monde*, the beautiful, the celebrated Marie Duplessis. One might believe it was a question of a national hero, or of another Jeanne d'Arc. They circulate about her the most outrageous legends. They say that she died of a broken heart. I, for my part, as a sensible Englishman gifted with a little common sense, think that she died of boredom and of satiety."

But the appeal of the Dame aux Camélias touched even the sceptical visitor from London. For all his good Victorian horror, Dickens could not keep himself from attending the sale of Marie Duplessis's effects.

"She left behind exquisite furnishings, a complete equipment of sumptuous jewels, and the most voluptuous of finery," he remarked. "You should have heard the applause when Eugene Sue bought her prayer-book!"

EVERYONE wished to purchase something which had belonged to her. Through life she had moved with a sort of mystery about her. Even to-day, when any object which she once possessed comes up for auction, as recently was the case at the Salle Drouot in Paris, the curious rush to see it, as if in the hope that it might tell them some secret not yet out. How can we reconcile the stamps and seals which she left, the crown of a countess, the seal of a duchess? Were they both false, or did she have the right to port them? Dumas *fils*, who has christened her the Dame aux Camélias and given her immortality, has not helped us to get nearer to her. He has, indeed, made the truth more difficult to ascertain, because he has not written the truth about her, but instead what he has wished to make believe the truth. Marie Duplessis had treated Dumas like a gigolo. He invented the great renunciations and romantic sentiments of his famous play as a sort of salve for his wounded vanity. Marie was much more of a realist and a woman of the world than he makes her out to be. To understand how much he had meant to her, really . . . or how little . . . one must go back to the beginning. And one must remember that Marie Duplessis was self-made.

Ambition dominated Marie Duplessis' life far more than any love for this special man or that. She wanted to mingle with the aristocracy. She wanted to find some sort of immortality on the stage. She wanted, Cinderella fashion, to live like a princess.

The wonder of Marie Duplessis is that she compassed all three of her ambitions. If her dreams were not realised exactly as she had dreamed them, that takes little away from the tribute we must pay her energy and self-discipline in working for them. She did not start with great riches or genius. Although at the time she lived the French peerage was being invaded from all sides, she possessed but one qualification for admittance: she had beauty. For the rest, she had been born of the most miserable parents, in the depths of the provinces, without a sou, without a ray of talent, without even a good name. She was christened Alphonsine Plessis. Within a year after her birth she was separated from both her mother and father, and sent to live with relatives who already were burdened with daughters of their own. But as if this were not enough, the load of evil heredity which pressed upon her promised nothing but shame and suspicion.

A prohibitionist might see her whole career as an outgrowth of the fact that her father was a congenital drunkard. Marie's family, in his direction, did not go back very far. She only knew that her grandmother was the worse sort of tippler and slattern which the countryside could boast, and that no one could tell her who her grandfather might have been. On her mother's side, Marie could not be proud of the misalliances, the bad marriages, and the forced marriages which disfigured four generations of passionate peasant life, and which it would require a Zola, or a Sudermann, or an Ivan Bunin, to relate. It was from her mother's family, however, that she came by her ambitions. Before the Revolution, her great-great-grandmother had been a Du Mesnil, and the Du Mesnils, although they had lost all their vast estates and been banished the court, were old stock, feudal seigneurs of the *ancien régime*, and honest, if short-sighted, noblemen. The story, step by step, from the original seduction of this Mademoiselle Du Mesnil down to the marriage of her great-granddaughter with the illegitimate offspring of a hag, could not have been inspiring. Alphonsine Plessis closed her ears to it, and only remembered that in her veins she had a few drops of good blood. She resolved to take whatever she could from life. Nothing could be too good for her ancestral heritage . . and nothing could ever adequately recompense her for having been born to parents who had lost it.

EDUCATION, Alphonsine Plessis had none. When she was old enough to take care of the cows she was sent out into the fields. Had she stayed at this sort of thing she might at least have grown solid and strong, but the bad blood in her led her astray almost before she had started. Before the poor girl was fourteen she had been disgraced and banished the house of her benefactrice as a contagion which must not spread to the rest of the brood. Her father, who was a peddler, happened along and picked up his daughter as a stock in trade. His treatment of her led the country-folk to demand that he give her up and leave town, but before the demand could be acted upon he had skipped up to Paris and disposed of her there.

"Paris," he said, "is big, and unfortunately they have no drum there with which to drum in lost objects. In Paris I lost my daughter."

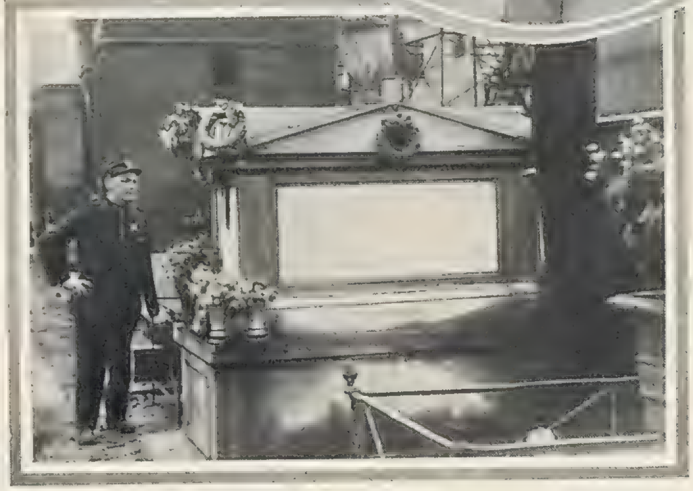
Nobody believed him, but at least the scandal had been taken away. Perhaps in Paris nobody would notice Alphonsine Plessis. Perhaps all the girls in that centre of perdition were quite as bad.

Alphonsine was abandoned in the most dangerous city in the world. For a year she hungered and froze and slept out.

Dorothy Wilding

ANOTHER portrait of Tallulah Bankhead as the heroine of Dumas fils's play, which brought the author a fortune. Marie Duplessis's dream of stage triumphs never came true.

MANY celebrated actresses have played "La dame" in their day, including Sarah Bernhardt. Here (on left) is Olga Nethersole as the picturesque heroine, a portrait taken from a souvenir of 1899



THE tomb of Marie Duplessis in the cemetery at Montmartre. Flowers are frequently placed on this tomb by Parisians in memory of the heroine of Dumas's famous novel and play

When, perhaps twenty months later, she was presented by the Duke de Guiche to an admiring director of the Théâtre des Variétés, the director suddenly recognised in the beautiful, pampered, elegant creature before him none other than the waif he had crossed one cold night on the Pont Neuf. Then, her beauty obscured by ragged clothes, tousled hair, and her hovering, suspicious air, she had been standing as near as possible to one of the warm portable stoves which potato vendors set up on the bridge during the coldest weather. The director had purchased some chips for her, and tossed her a kindly, vulgar, greeting as he passed on.

"A poor creature," he had thought, "of whom only a little care, a little protection, might create something . . . something . . ."

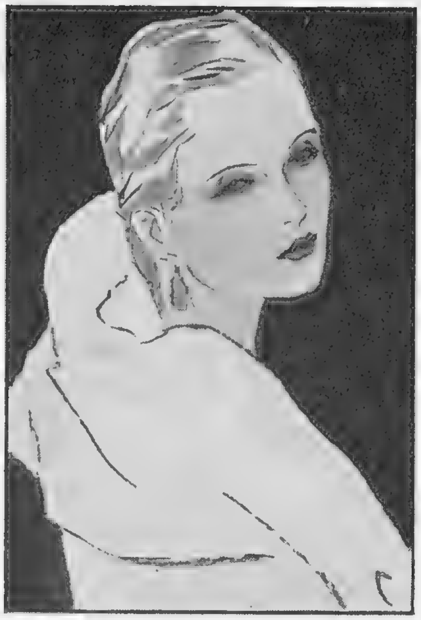
But the man of the theatre knew that in the metropolis such care and such protection were the rarest of the rare. He was so thunderstruck to see his waif of the Pont Neuf on the arm of a duke that he almost gave himself—and her secret—away. Another man of letters, who also knew Alphonsine Plessis when she was still a bit of human drift in the great city, was less discreet. He had been living on the left bank among the students, and he had come to know most of the midinettes, the grisettes, and the Alphonsines whom they played with. One afternoon, late in the spring, there came a knock at his door, and when he had opened it, he found the girl whom everyone in his quarter had learned to call "La Belle Normande."

"What you after?" he asked.

"Just cherries,"

(*Continued on p. 132*)

LUCKY



Kitty

WHEN Palmer came to Shanghai he was at the height of his power. Nothing he had ever attempted had failed. He was lucky. He was handsome. He was rich. And he was successful in love, in life and at cards.

He had been away from home for five years playing England's game in Russia. Now he appeared in Shanghai, a modern version of the god Jupiter: six feet four of him; two hundred and sixty pounds of him; and everyone said, "Heaven save us! Here's Palmer!" as if he were a thunderbolt or lightning let loose upon the defenceless earth.

In Shanghai he met Kitty Felixstone.

He was in particularly high spirits that evening because he had won several thousand pounds at the races. Palmer was favoured because he never took fortune for granted. Rather, he flattered her by never failing to acknowledge her most fleeting smile. As, for instance, the lucky chance that sent him to Barlow's party that night. He might otherwise have missed Kitty Felixstone.

Barlow gave curious parties. For one thing, he had a curious taste in people. A self-made man, he admired ladies. But they frightened him. Therefore he deliberately sought the society of women who looked like ladies, but had no troublesome or terrifying manners. He set the stage of his extraordinary house in Shanghai for lofty formalities that never materialised.

Palmer went, on this night, to Barlow's party because he was in a mood of reckless exaltation and self-esteem. He had come safely out of Russia. He was on his way to England, to his wife and son. A sober time of recapitulation lay ahead.

HE took Kitty Felixstone in to dinner. She looked at him directly and calmly out of eyes that were luminously grey. She was very pale, blonde, tall, incredibly slim. She wore grey with heavy ornaments of silver.

"How do you do?" she said.

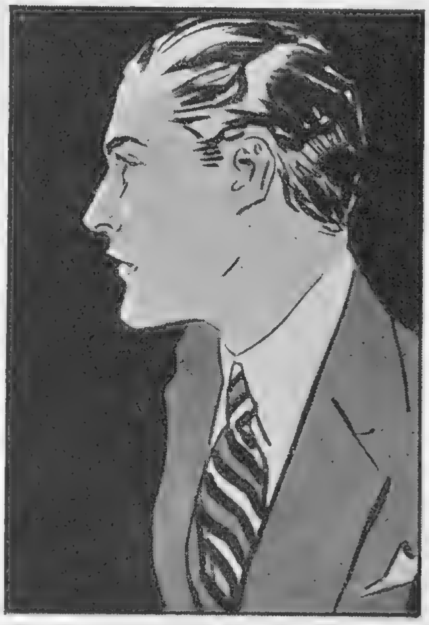
Palmer blushed—a habit becoming to his fame and his success. It was a trick of his to lean down from his great height to all pretty little women. He bent to them and they tip-toed to him.

This girl was tall. To look at her he held his head back, as he invariably did when addressing obstinate or dangerous men. He stared at her down his fine nose, as he did when confronted by political assassins or stubborn dictators.

He stalked beside her towards the dining room. Servants held back heavy draperies. Small tables set for two circled a shining black floor. An up-to-date jazz orchestra twittered behind gilt screens.

"Very amusing," Palmer said. "Very. Barlow's a clever chap. Eh?"

The blonde girl did not answer. She selected a savoury from the tray offered by a servant and began to eat with a certain deliberation. Her hands were slender and long and well tended. She had immature arms, the shoulders of a young girl. But her mouth was the mouth of a woman. Its generous fullness had been tempered. Palmer thought, "Too bad. It's too late. She might have been charming."



Leighton

"Will you dance?" he said.

She rose immediately as in obedience to a command. And, clasping her, Palmer felt her antagonism. This girl was being paid to dance with him, to amuse him. Yet she wasn't the usual sort; her voice, her proud look, the very texture of her skin . . . good blood, unmistakable!

Like most heavy men, Palmer danced well. In dancing he forgot the girl until she turned her head and said, "You're Sir Harry Palmer, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Lucky Palmer?" There was a trace of mockery in her voice. "You're the man who always wins!"

"Yes," he said, "that's true."

She watched him, tipping her head back. "You were born under a friendly star."

"No," he said. "I know what I want. I'm not afraid. I don't feel sorry for weak or silly people. And I make others take care of themselves. It's good for them. What my enemies call luck is only energy. I don't waste time over food or sleep or women."

"Oh," she said, "then don't waste time over me. I am here because I have to be; I am dancing because I have to dance. I'd prefer dinner."

He took her back to the table.

"I can't dance with a stick," he said. "If you don't like Barlow's parties, why did you come at all?"

"It's my business."

"You're a failure at it," Palmer said.

THEN she lifted her eyes and let him see her anger, her distaste, her bitterness—a look like the blinding turn of a light.

A servant brought them food, Chinese food served with Chinese implements. Kitty Felixstone handled the sticks dexterously.

"You've been in China a long time," Palmer said.

"I suppose you'd like to hear my story? You're the sort of man that wouldn't be interested in victory. I've lost. You know that. And you want to know why."

"Unlucky, eh?"

"Oh, no!" She smiled at him then. "Foolish. Too eager for life. Like a young bird that leaves the nest before it has learned to fly."

"That's your excuse," he said shortly.

"No. I have a better excuse than that."

She told him then, briefly and dispassionately, what had happened to her.

It seems that she was decently born, an orphan left penniless at eighteen. The usual scoundrel met her over the counter of the sweet-shop where she was employed and made love to her and at last induced her, with promises and protestations, to follow him out to British Borneo.

She arrived at Sandakan on a burning day to find him evasive. He had a post of sorts somewhere in the interior. Everything would be all right there. Quite in order. But he could not wait in Sandakan for a ceremony.

SHE found herself in a steaming jungle, living in a house without walls, a house on stilts. The man explained that he had a wife in England, a wife who hated Borneo, preferring the stale amenities of Hampstead Heath. He wanted the companionship of a fellow adventurer.

"And you stayed?" Palmer asked. "Liked him a bit?"

The girl nodded. Her thin hands twisted the stem of her glass. Yes, she had liked him. A lot. That she couldn't help. He was handsome in a trim military way, kindly, good-natured. They might have made a go of it in spite of her resentment, their isolation, the heat,

A *Story* of *Youth* and *the* Way *of the* World

By Mildred Cram

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

the threatening jungle. But officialdom reached out its long and righteous arm. The wives of the colony heard of it. The governor's lady. All down the line. They sent her out of the province—packing. She met with contempt and hatred. She wasn't wanted. Her man, afraid for his official skin, shipped her off. She returned to Sandakan alone.

"Why didn't you go back to England?" Palmer demanded. "One mistake doesn't rule a woman out of the game for ever, you know."

"I hadn't money enough," Kitty replied briefly.

Palmer laughed. "Excuses! Excuses! Why not tell me the truth?"

"But I want to go back!"

"To work in a sweet-shop?"

"Yes, if I had to. But I could do better. If I had a chance——"

"What do you mean, a chance?"

"Passage. A helping hand a little way. I could teach. I could run a girls' school. A school for bad girls, unfortunate girls, girls who've failed."

"Come, now!"

"I could! I understand them. I pity them. I know how to help them. I'm sure of it. I'm no fool. I've had an education. I can cook. I'm practical. I'm strong. Give me your hand, I'll show you!"

Rather startled, Palmer extended his hand. He was a man of great strength. But now this girl wrapped her slim fingers around his and squeezed—squeezed like steel pincers—until she hurt him. He winced involuntarily.

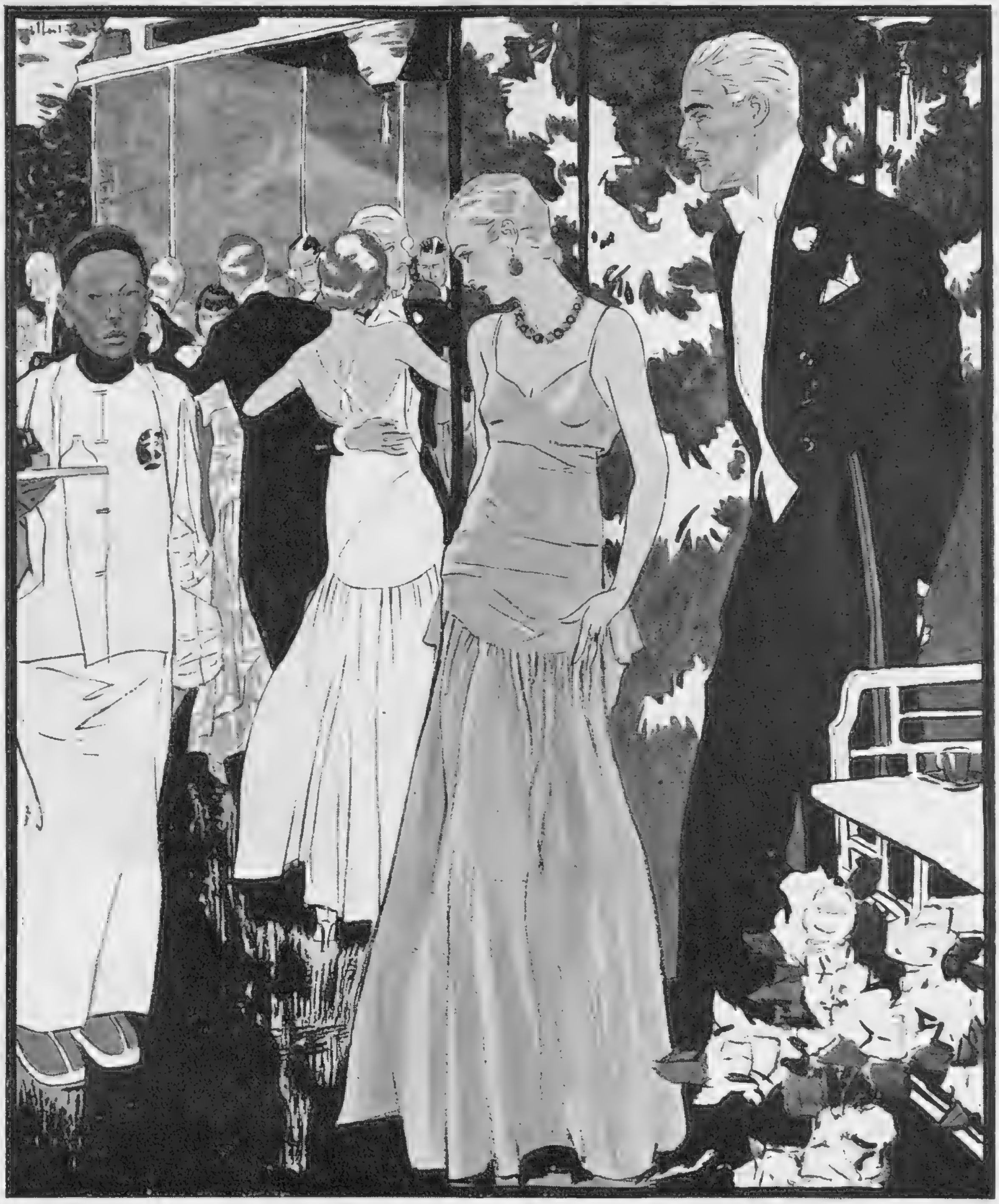
"Yes," he said, "you're strong. You could drive bad girls even if you couldn't teach them."

Suddenly he drew his hand away. He did not want to feel what unexpectedly he had felt. He had had his encounters with women. But he never involved himself in either the emotion or the consequences. Now he had happened upon the sort of woman he perhaps could not dismiss so easily. This woman demanded of him something more concretely generous than admiration, flattery or polite permanent dismissal.

He spoke to her in a dry voice, keeping his eyes lowered. His face flushed. He was not so much Jove or Jupiter as an overgrown boy embarrassed by sentiment. He told her that he'd pay her passage to England and see that she got the chance she wanted.

"I'm sailing to-morrow," he said. "You'll follow on the next steamer—that is, if you mean what you say."

She did not protest, nor flutter, nor weep. The only sign she gave that she had heard at all might have escaped him had he been less nervously aware of everything about her. She leaned forward and brushed the light fine-spun hair back from her forehead. Her mouth twisted a little.



"If you don't come," he said, "I'll know I put my money on a poor pony"

PALMER always spoke with great rapidity; his words tumbled over one another so that it was not always easy to understand what he said. He had a genuine distaste for going beneath the surface of feeling, yet he had never been known to evade the truth if it had to be spoken.

"I'm giving you this money because I like to take a sporting chance. Here it is. Three hundred pounds. Put it where it will be safe. It will get you back to England."

Lady Palmer

He jerked his head back.

"My wife and I will meet you there. I told you I'm lucky in everything. The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was my marriage. She happens to be the most wonderful woman in the world."

Kitty Felixstone's lips curled. "She would be," she said.

Palmer ignored this. "A woman without a trace of jealousy," he said. "Straight as a man—a good man. Reliable. Holds her tongue. Has faith. And lets me go, trusts me."

"Does she love you?"

"Yes."

Kitty Felixstone stirred the coffee. "And what will she say if I come? Will you tell her—who I am?"

"Of course. She'll be very nice to you. I promise you that. She'll help you."

"Oh."

Palmer smiled. It was the sort of smile women find maddening because it excludes them. Kitty Felixstone seemed not to notice nor to care.

"If you don't come," he said, "I'll know I put my money on a poor pony."

A month later when Palmer met his wife he plunged at once into the matter of this girl and his promise.

"I met her in Shanghai. She's a lady. She's proud."

"Proud?" Mary Palmer asked.

"In her own way."

"You say she wasn't to blame—for what happened in Borneo?"

"No. I invited her to come here. I told her you would help her."

"You trust me, don't you, Harry?"

"Rather!"

That was all. Mary glanced down at her own hands that she held characteristically clasped firmly together. The knuckles showed white. She was exerting pressure. But she continued to smile and her eyes were untroubled.

"Very well," she said. "I'll do what I can."

PALMER'S son Leighton was in Egypt with a group of archæologists from his university. He cabled home to his father that he might return any day. Palmer had not seen him for six years.

"I suppose he's a big chap by now."

"No," Mary said. "You'll be disappointed. He's rather slender, about my height. I like him. We're friends."

Palmer stalked about the estate admiring everything, stretching his legs. Mary had kept up the farm, the greenhouses, the stables. The place was just as Palmer had expected it to be.

He unpacked his trophies, and for long hours before the fire Mary listened to his wildly romantic, incredible adventures. Her tranquil house was all a clutter of icons and bear rugs, jewelled crosses and Chinese treasures, weapons, knives, banners and bronzes. Palmer's great booming voice filled the accustomed silence. The servants, their eyes brighter, hurried about their duties. The dogs were again permitted the house.

"It's like a cyclone," Mary thought. "Vulcan!"

He did not question her about herself. It was enough that she had not changed. Her figure remained slim and round as always. Her black hair, coiled smoothly, contained not a trace of grey. Palmer took these things for granted. He himself was in the pink: his waist, his knees, his hard, compact indomitable breast. God and goddess.

"Glad to have me back, are you?"

"Very," she said, smiling at him.

In the pleasant renewals of these first days at home Palmer put the thought of Kitty Felixstone aside. "She won't come," he said to himself. "She's that sort. They all say they want a chance; then they slip back again."

On the fifteenth he motored down to Tilbury docks to meet her ship.

"I'm bringing that girl back to-night," he said to Mary.

"Very well. I'll have the tower rooms ready."

"Sure you won't come along?"

"No. I've got work to do here. We're transplanting one of the hedges."

Palmer selected the most impressive of his cars. Seated at the wheel he was spectacular. He waved to Mary and was gone.

At last he was free to think forward to Kitty Felixstone. He realised that he had been concealing from himself the fear that she might not come. She was a link with the past that was already acquiring for him the glamour of distance. Home less than a month, he was growing restless: he craved the excitement of the Orient; he missed the army men, the exiles, the spies, the travellers, the suave and dangerous game of diplomatic hide and seek.

BUT when at last the formalities of landing were over and he realised that Kitty Felixstone had kept her promise, Palmer shut his mind down tight on China. This girl had come away from the cloying languors of the Orient, seeking England, seeking home.

Before Palmer could speak to her she stopped to say good-bye to a number of fellow passengers, pleasant people who surrounded her as if they were unwilling to let her go. When at last she came to Palmer her eyes were shining.

"Hello!" he said. "I've been waiting an hour."

"I'm sorry."

She had had a happy voyage, she said. At first she had kept to her cabin, not wanting to risk recognition; not wanting, in fact, to put people to the trouble of ignoring her. The passengers were mostly round-the-world tourists with a sprinkling of missionaries from far up the Yangtze. When at last she ventured on deck she found herself the object of affectionate attention and sympathy. They accepted her as the widow of a civilian employed as commissary officer—somewhere; she had been purposefully vague.

"I made friends," she told Palmer. "They invited me to visit them! See, my purse is full of cards!"

Palmer led the way to his car, for the first time troubled by its magnificent display of nickel and snakeskin.

"My wife expects you," he said awkwardly, unable to determine why she had smiled. "We live in Sussex. Not much of a drive, you know."

HE did not speak to her again until they were beyond the docks, in the country. He stopped on the crest of a hill because he wanted to see whether she would notice the fields, the fine old trees, the grazing cattle; whether it was home she wanted or himself. Women had followed him before, and he had made short shrift of them.

Palmer

"How green it is!" she said. "I had almost forgotten that summer could be like this!"

He started forward again, driving at top speed as if to escape the look he had surprised in her eyes.

Mary was waiting on the terrace, looking fresh and cool in one of her white linen dresses. Palmer did not hear what she said to Kitty Felixstone nor what Kitty Felixstone replied. He busied himself with the luggage, the two small bags and the battered hatbox which, Kitty explained, held all of her possessions.

When at last he turned, Mary was taking the girl to her rooms, the cheerful guest rooms in the tower. He stood, feet straddled, head back, and watched them mount the outside stone stairway. Something clutched at his heart: a sensation of foreboding, of disaster.

Mary returned and he looked at her with a flash of anxiety. The positions were reversed. He must wait for her to speak.

Characteristically, she did not keep him waiting: "She's very charming. I'm sorry, but I've forgotten her name—"

"Kitty Felixstone."

" Is it her real name, do you think ? "

" I don't know."

Mary regarded him thoughtfully. " While you were gone to-day I had a wire from Leighton. He's coming home."

" By George ! At once ? "

" He'll be here in a few days. He's flying ; with friends—Lablache and Lieutenant Abetti."

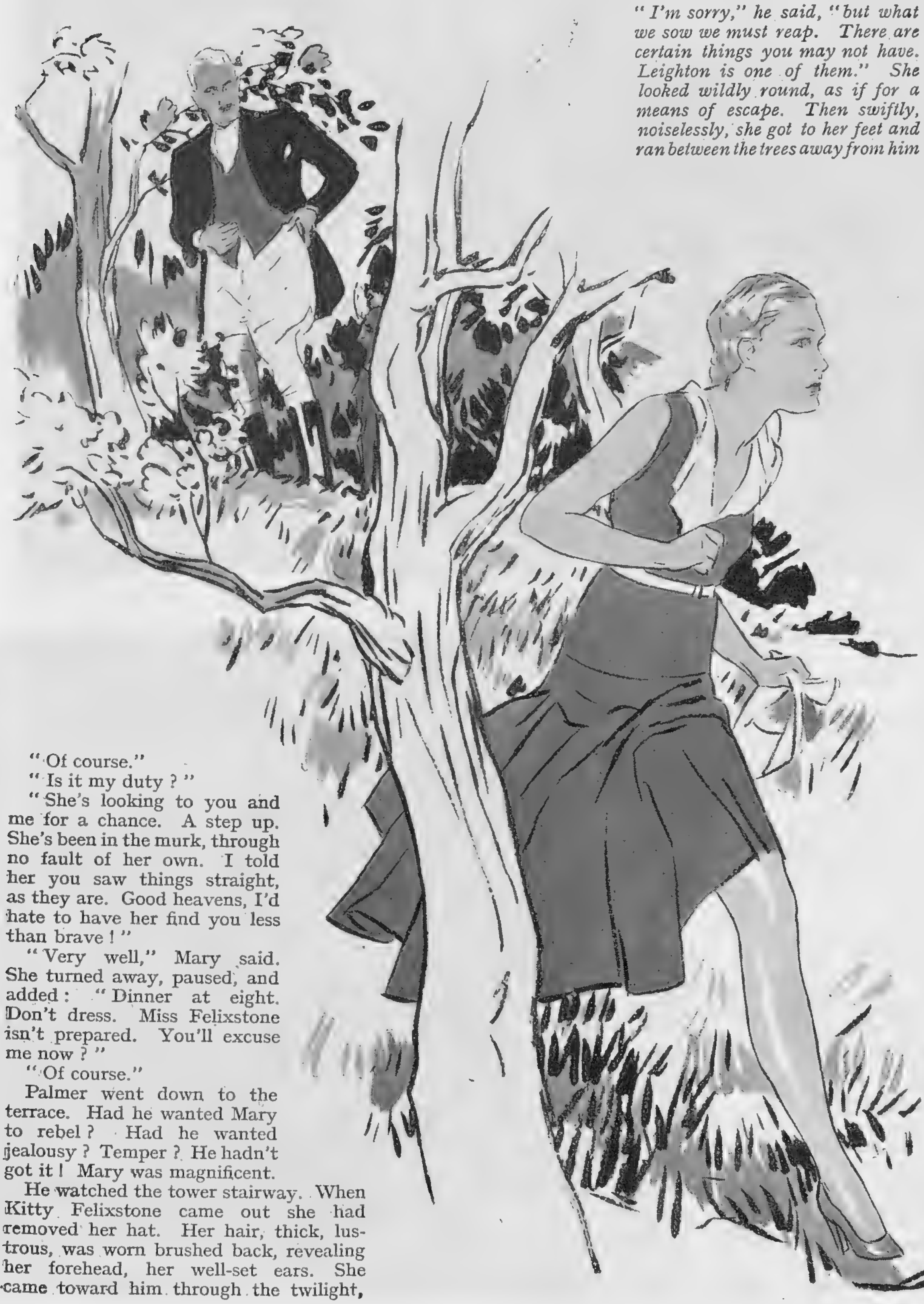
SHE glanced up at Palmer. " What shall we do—about this girl ? "

" I don't understand."

" Leighton is young, you know. Impressionable. He likes women. And just now—at the beginning of his career——"

" I thought I could trust you, Mary."

" You want her to stay then ? "



" I'm sorry," he said, " but what we sow we must reap. There are certain things you may not have. Leighton is one of them." She looked wildly round, as if for a means of escape. Then swiftly, noiselessly, she got to her feet and ran between the trees away from him

" Of course."

" Is it my duty ? "

" She's looking to you and me for a chance. A step up. She's been in the murk, through no fault of her own. I told her you saw things straight, as they are. Good heavens, I'd hate to have her find you less than brave ! "

" Very well," Mary said. She turned away, paused, and added : " Dinner at eight. Don't dress. Miss Felixstone isn't prepared. You'll excuse me now ? "

" Of course."

Palmer went down to the terrace. Had he wanted Mary to rebel ? Had he wanted jealousy ? Temper ? He hadn't got it ! Mary was magnificent.

He watched the tower stairway. When Kitty Felixstone came out she had removed her hat. Her hair, thick, lustrous, was worn brushed back, revealing her forehead, her well-set ears. She came toward him through the twilight, her hands in the pockets of her jacket. Her pallor, her stillness, the level glance of her eyes were extraordinary because she was not aware of these things in herself.

" How beautiful it is ! " she said. " Roses, brick walks, honeysuckle, burning wood."

" Apple wood," said Palmer. " We've been cutting old trees."

He led her through the arbour to the lower gardens.

" I want you to be happy here."

" But I'm not staying ! To-night. Perhaps to-morrow. Then I must go."

" We'll see about that," Palmer said.

HE showed her the stables, the track, the kennels. From below, the house, the lighted French windows, looked like a set for a play. Servants moved about with candles or with trays. Once the shadow of Mary appeared for an instant. She looked out, then abruptly drew a shade against the night. " Lucky Palmer ! " Kitty Felixstone said. " All this ! "

After dinner Mary sent Palmer off to his study, and for an hour he paced, listening to the voices of Mary and Kitty Felixstone in the drawing room. Once he thought he heard the sound of weeping.

When he went back to the drawing room he found it was Mary who had wept. Her eyes were dark with pity. She held a tear-stained handkerchief between her tightly clasped hands.

" Am I interrupting ? " Palmer asked.

" No."

Mary rose, but the girl sat where she was, crumpled, pale, her eyes closed, with a mouth of despair.

" Miss Felixstone is staying here with us," Mary said, " until she has found something she can do. She is to be our guest. I want you to know I am glad to have her."

She gave Palmer a look into which he read both pride and supplication. Then abruptly she left the room. He heard her running swiftly upstairs to her room.

" What did you say to each other ? " Palmer demanded. " Tell me ! Confound it ! women aren't to be trusted alone."

Kitty Felixstone shook her head.

" Don't try to understand us. We weep when we are happy. We want the moon. We are only brave when we are weak."

" Then I'd hate to be a woman," he said. " Come, now, what did you and Mary talk about ? "

She uncurled, rose from the deep chair, came close to him, so close that Palmer lifted his head as if suddenly confronted by a powerful antagonist.

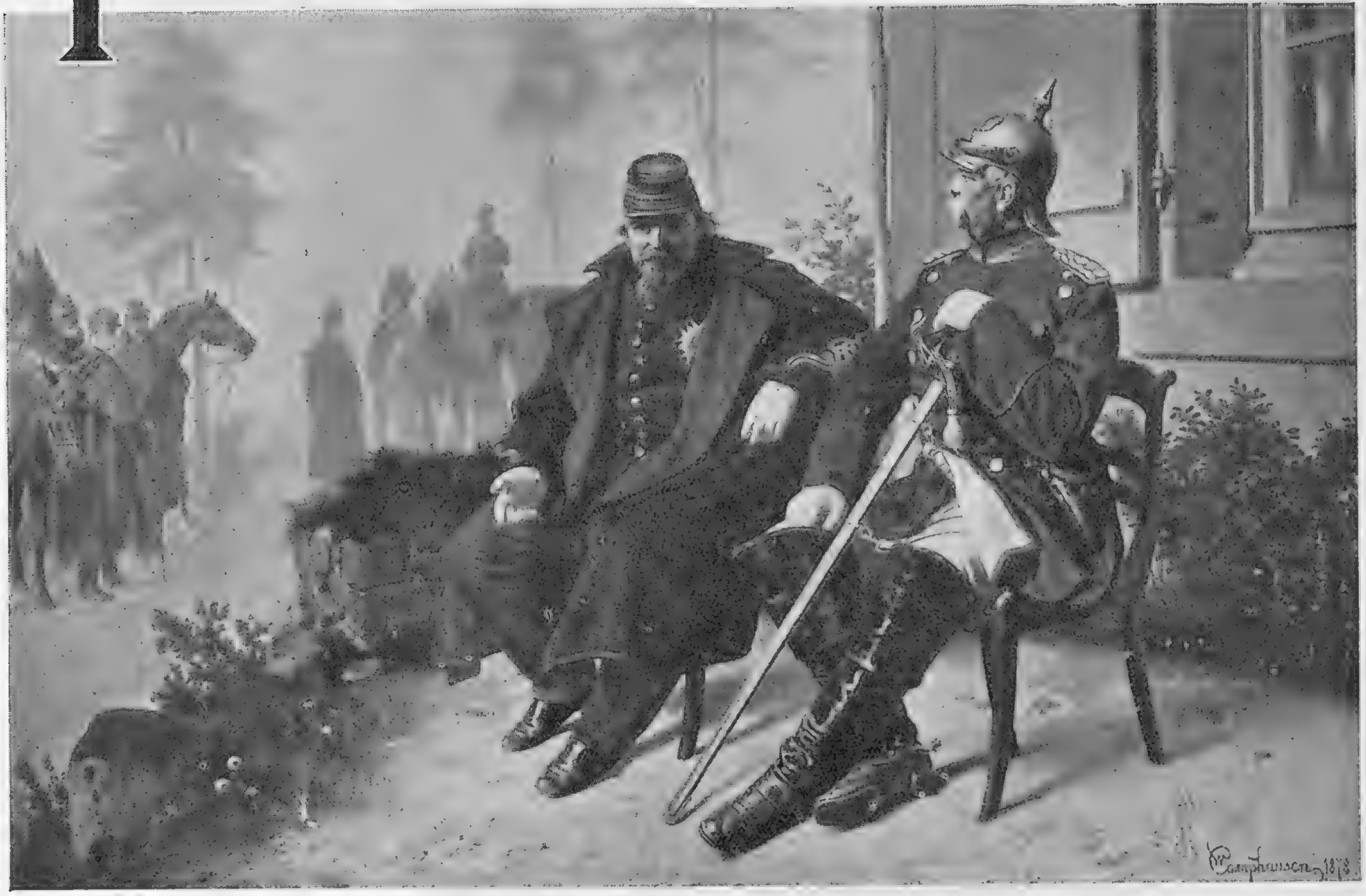
" She promised to help me. I promised to try. . . . Send me away now unless you, too, can trust me. Don't let me fail ! "

LEIGHTON arrived on Wednesday. Palmer had given no thought to his son's coming ; he had been too occupied watching Kitty Felixstone and Mary.

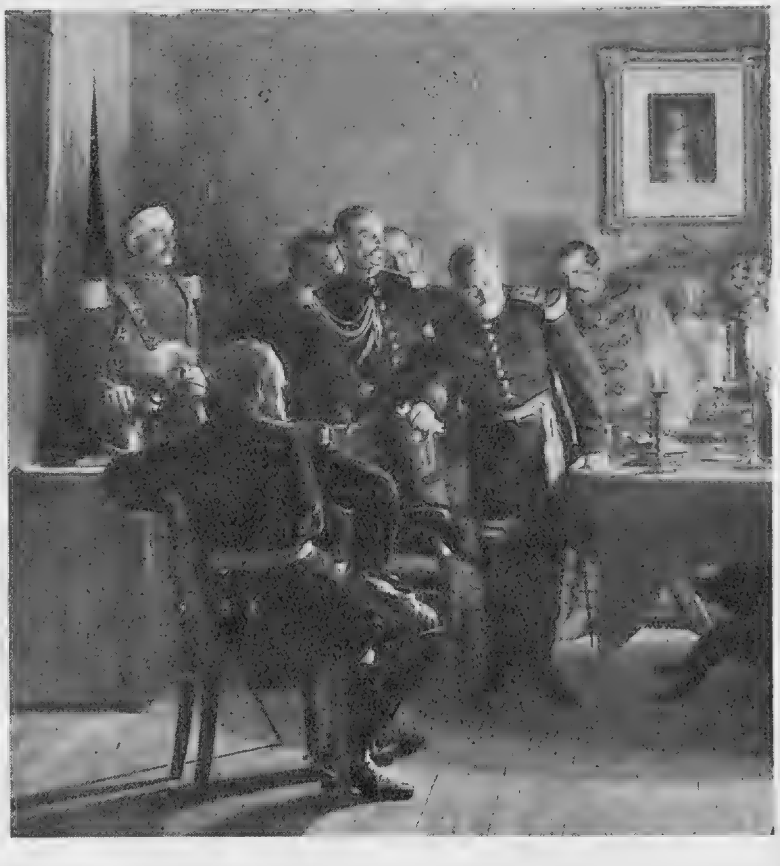
(*Continued on page 124*)

Beginning a New Series recalling, Hour by

Twenty-four Hours—D*ays*



The Emperor Napoleon III meeting Bismarck the morning after the battle of Sedan



IT is two o'clock on the crimson afternoon of September 1st, 1870.

The Emperor Napoleon III is sitting painfully in the saddle of his charger. There is no battle-light in his eyes. Since the mist-cloaked dawn this stolid and enigmatic nephew of the first Bonaparte has been watching the tide of battle as in a dream. He has made this war—but he cannot wage it! A hundred thousand Frenchmen are looking to him to lead them to glory; all day long the horizon has been tipped with the crimson of their uniforms; and now the river Meuse is running crimson with their blood.

He sits there listless and dreamy eyed, his silver cavalry sword drooping despondently beneath the blueness of his cloak. Agony flashes across the pale face of the Emperor from time to time; is he thinking of what Paris will say, the capital from which his beautiful Empress Eugénie is already making plans to fly for her life? Perhaps; but no agony could be greater than that suffered physically by this pathetic Bonaparte, half-crippled by an internal disease.

A hundred thousand Frenchmen—all looking to the Emperor Napoleon! Marshal MacMahon has already been carried from the field badly wounded; General de Wimpffen, who only arrived yesterday, has taken his place, but knows nothing of the position. He is even misinformed as to the movements of the Bavarian and Prussian armies.

And the Emperor? He sits there dumbly, volunteering no opinion, while the French Army—hungry and lacking in ammunition—spreads itself across the plain of Illy, and half-hearted attempts are made to regain the bridge at Torcy through which yesterday might have been poured the whole hundred thousand

Hour, the most Eventful Days of the last Half-Century

that have *made* History:

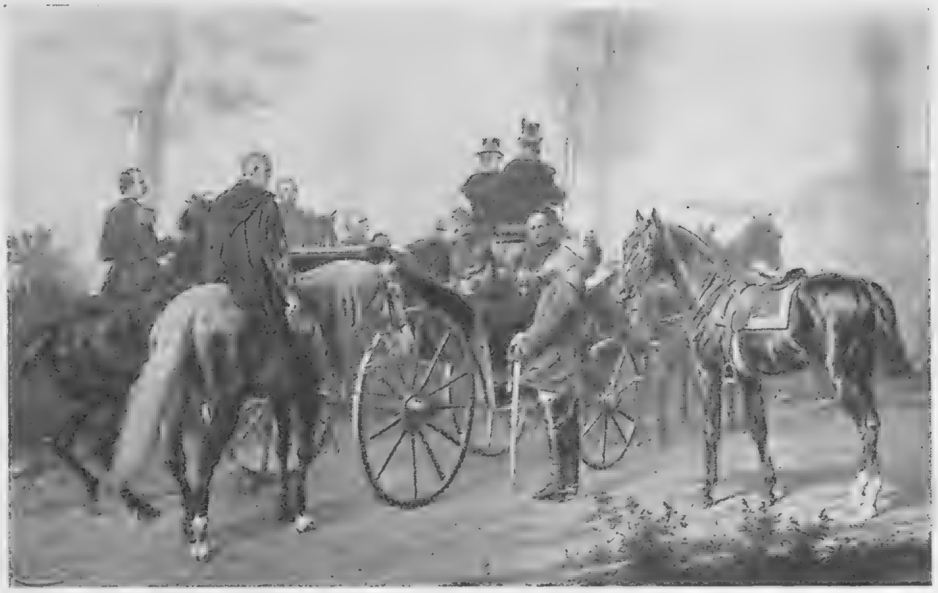
No. 1 : *September* 1*st*, 1870 : *SEDAN*

Described
by
Gordon
Beckles

ON July 3rd, 1870, diplomatic relations were broken off between Prussia and France, both of whom had cherished military ambitions and welcomed a disagreement over the vacant Spanish throne as a reasonable pretext for the declaration of war.

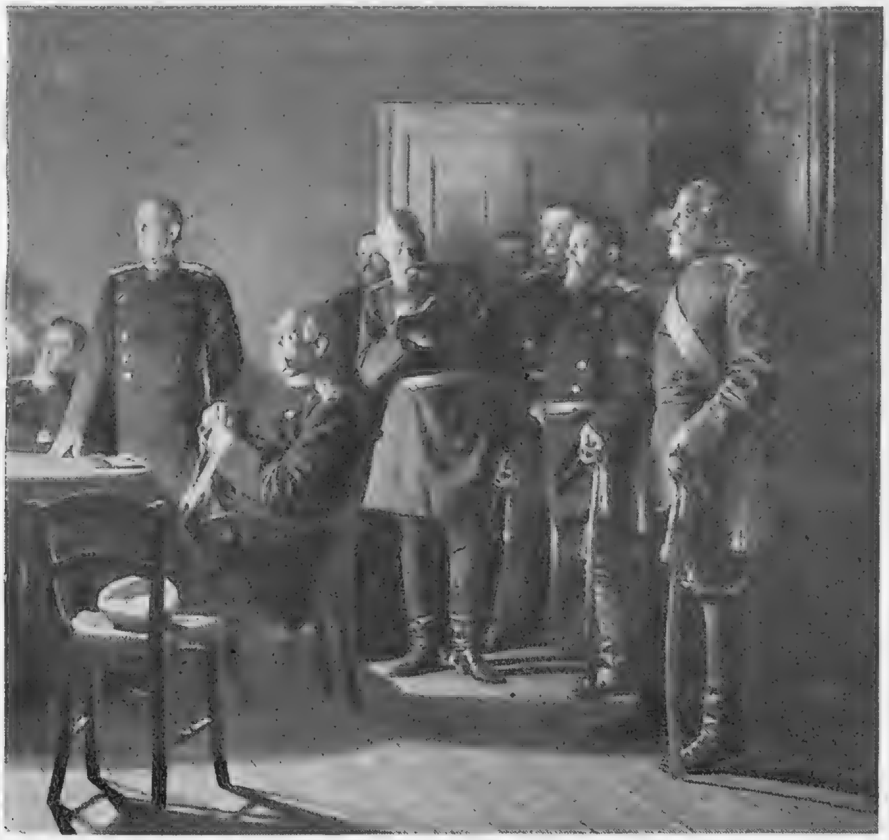
The various German states all supported King William of Prussia, whose armies—under the direction of von Moltke—were soon pushing the troops of the Emperor Napoleon III back across French territory. By the end of August one army, led by Marshal Bazaine, had been forced into Metz, while the larger army, under Marshal MacMahon and the Emperor himself, was hurrying to its relief.

Here is a chronological account of those fateful hours in history when—with the campaign scarcely two months old—Napoleonism flickered and faded away, and the seeds of the Great War were laid on the plains around the ancient French fortress town of Sedan.



Above: A roadside meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon III after the battle of Sedan

Below: The capitulation of Sedan. Von Moltke is seen standing in the centre. On his right are the French generals and on his left the German



men, and the German forces thus split into two. Is it too late now?

2.15 *p.m.*—A bomb has just exploded by the bridge on which the Emperor Napoleon leans for a moment's relief from the agonies of the saddle. It throws General de Villeneuce from his horse and badly injures the young Prince de la Moskwa. The Emperor is but slightly dazed and starts walking towards the firing line. It seems to those around him that he deliberately courts death.

2.30 *p.m.*—General de Wimpffen has just galloped up and cried, "I will throw the Prussians into the Meuse in a couple of hours," at which the Emperor seems mildly pleased. A squadron of French cuirassiers, with tremendous cries, charges across the stubbled cornfields. France may yet be extricated from this appalling position if there are more cavalry as brave as these.

No one tends the wounded. They lie where they fall, until battered to death beneath the hoofs of the horsemen now making a desperate effort to pierce the German line.

3 *p.m.*—Something fearful has happened. A moment ago the French Army was facing terrible odds—but it was at least facing them. Now it seems in full flight. Scattered bands of troops run wildly past Napoleon and his staff. They even fail to recognise their Emperor. But at his instruction a few mounted officers are dashing across the flat fields in an endeavour to rally the troops. It is futile. The retreat has begun.

There are over two hundred thousand Germans pressing across the eastern border of the plateau; eighty thousand disorganised Frenchmen are fighting their way back to the doubtful shelter of Sedan.

4.15 *p.m.*—Eighty thousand Frenchmen are being caught like rats in a trap. The narrow streets of this little medieval town are packed with maddened horses, gun carriages, limbers and wounded men. The shells rain down from three points of the compass. Many buildings are on fire and in some places the town is as pitch black as night. In others it is a crimson carnival of destruction . . .

(*Continued on page* 140)

Who killed *the* Waiter?

An Instance *of the* "Perfect Murder" *and* the strange *Vanity* of Criminals

By Eden Phillpotts

OUR little social club at Ottermouth numbered round about fifty members, and for the most part we were tradesmen who, having visited the resort on holiday, came to dwell there when our work was done and means earned enabled us to do so. Then, two years following, there arrived a picturesque addition to our hum-drum ranks, for first that shining light of the C.I.D., John Franklin, retired and made a home for his wife, his daughter and himself at Ottermouth; and, as though that were not enough glory, twelve months later another lion gave a louder roar, and a mighty famous detective, in the shape of Harold Midwinter, arrived. Famous as one of the "big four" of his day, Midwinter had left the service some years before Franklin; but tiring of the East Coast, he now came to live in Devon, and a widowed sister some years younger than himself kept his house, for Harold was a bachelor.

We were sorry for John Franklin in a way, because he loved to be the big noise and liked nothing better than to relate his triumphs. He told a mystery well and had the art to unfold his adventures in the underworld with such skill that you felt he ought to be writing them and making money of them; but he lacked the patience for pen and ink, though from his yarns it was clear he had never spared the patience of a spider at his business.

John, though very well pleased with his career, didn't pretend he would be our star performer when Midwinter came to live among us. He knew all about Harold and he reverenced his record; indeed for a month or two Franklin paid the great man all respect and attention when they met at the club. But soon he found there was no reason to fear a rival in Midwinter, for a quieter member, or one less used to talk about himself, never joined us. He was sociable as need be and a rare good listener—a little, grey-haired man of retiring ways and friendly disposition. So John took courage, and finding that Midwinter never capped his stories and never denied a measure of praise, when in his opinion deserved, he cheered up and carried on much as usual till a certain famous night when, much to our satisfaction and surprise Harold Midwinter himself volunteered an experience.

HIS famous cases had all been printed and passed by himself for press; and amazing reading they made; but the book was in our select library and he knew that all of us interested in the subject had read them. He advanced this objection not seldom when, after better acquaintance, we often urged him to tell a tale; but now, on a stormy night with the shout of a big sea in our ears, and after one of John Franklin's yarns in which he shone rather brighter than usual, Midwinter regarded his brother professional with a twinkle, complimented him on the tale, showed us subtleties in it which the lay mind could not appreciate, and then offered to tell another.

"If it won't bore you chaps," he said, in his little, slow, clean-cut voice, "I'll spill a story for once. It ain't in the book and it won't interest you half so much as John can, because he's a born story-teller and I am not; but it's different from his adventures and ends amazing different likewise."

¶ *Harold Midwinter, one of the "Big Four" of his day, was tantalizingly reticent in retirement. It was odd, perhaps, that when he did at last spin his cronies a yarn, the Story he chose to relate should concern a case which he called "One of his Failures"*

We rapped the table and expressed our sense of obligation. Then Midwinter put down his pipe, regarded the faces about him with benignance and started—his eyes on Franklin's bluff and florid countenance.

There's a little Square off the Edgware Road—Parson's Square. It's come down now, but ten years ago—well, it didn't flourish, because a less flourishing spot you wouldn't find in London, or out of it—but it carried on. Dingy houses with areas and a general mean, decayed look. You felt there was a battle for respectability against poverty going forward under every roof in that square, and you couldn't point to the outside of a single battered front and say that either good fortune or hope looked out of one window. You felt it was just going down, same as you feel such a lot of things and places and people are going down. And some go down with the colours flying and game to the last—same as a fine oriental carpet that perishes like a gentleman—and some go squealing and making a shameful show of themselves—same as a cheap linoleum for example.

BUT Parson's Square was squealing even to the time-foundered sycamores in the midst, and the battered privet and laurel and the withered iron railings that hemmed all in. Roads gave out at all angles, and the spot was a short cut off Edgware Road into a rabbit warren of small streets and shops and dwelling-houses to the north-west of it.

That was the place, and the time was half an hour after midnight in mid January, when P.C. Foster heard an explosion in the midst of the Square, about fifty yards away from where he stood in Cann Street hard by. A burst tyre and a revolver shot sound very much alike, but it was a late hour for a car to be about and a wrong place and time for pistol shooting, so Foster put his best foot foremost and ran to the Square so fast as need be. A point to note is that he'd just been relieved and was homeward bound, for his own beat didn't take him to Parson's Square. That happened then to hurry him, for he heard a loud shout of "Police!" then forged out into the open to hear it repeated. Next, not twenty yards from him, just beyond a lamp-post, he saw one man on the ground and another dart away—a long, slim-built man, bare-headed and so active that he was surely very young. The man bawled "Police!" once again, and then he bolted, and Foster said he never see a chap sprint quicker on pavement. He had just time to mark that the man's hair was carrot-red as he flashed under the electric lamp, and he was gone, though the policeman called on him to stop.

All this happened in about ten seconds and no more, from the time of the shot, so Foster vowed; but I calculated he was out there, for he hadn't come a matter of sixty yards in ten seconds and I expect it was nearer twenty.

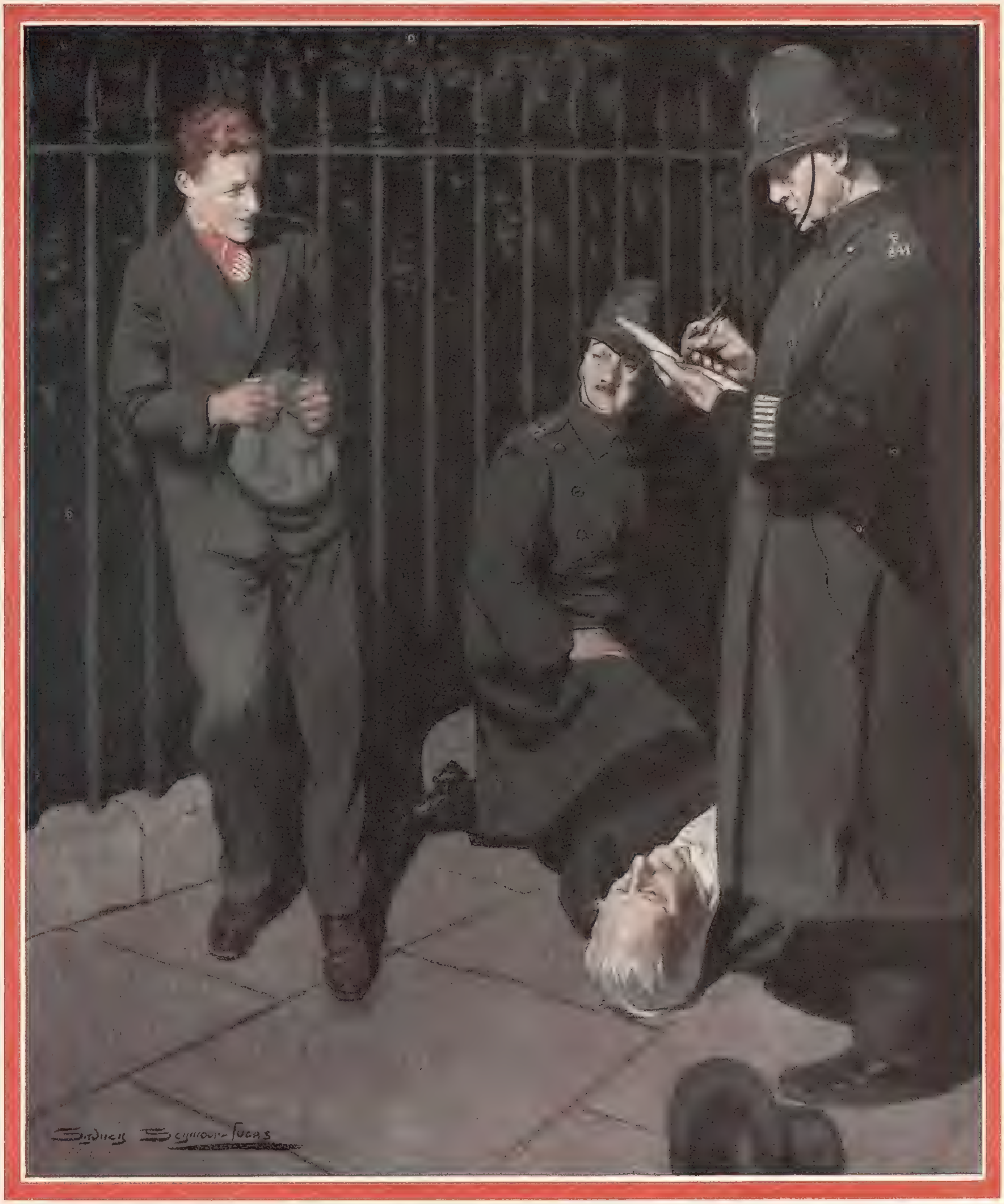
However, he turned to the man on the ground and found him beyond all help. He'd been shot through the head, at close quarters seemingly, and was rolled over on his back staring quite calm and peaceful up at the sky. He was an old man in a thick old overcoat, and his equally old top hat had fallen off and was lying a yard away. Then P.C. Foster stood by and blew his whistle, and two minutes later a couple more constables came to his assistance on the run.

It took but a few minutes to follow

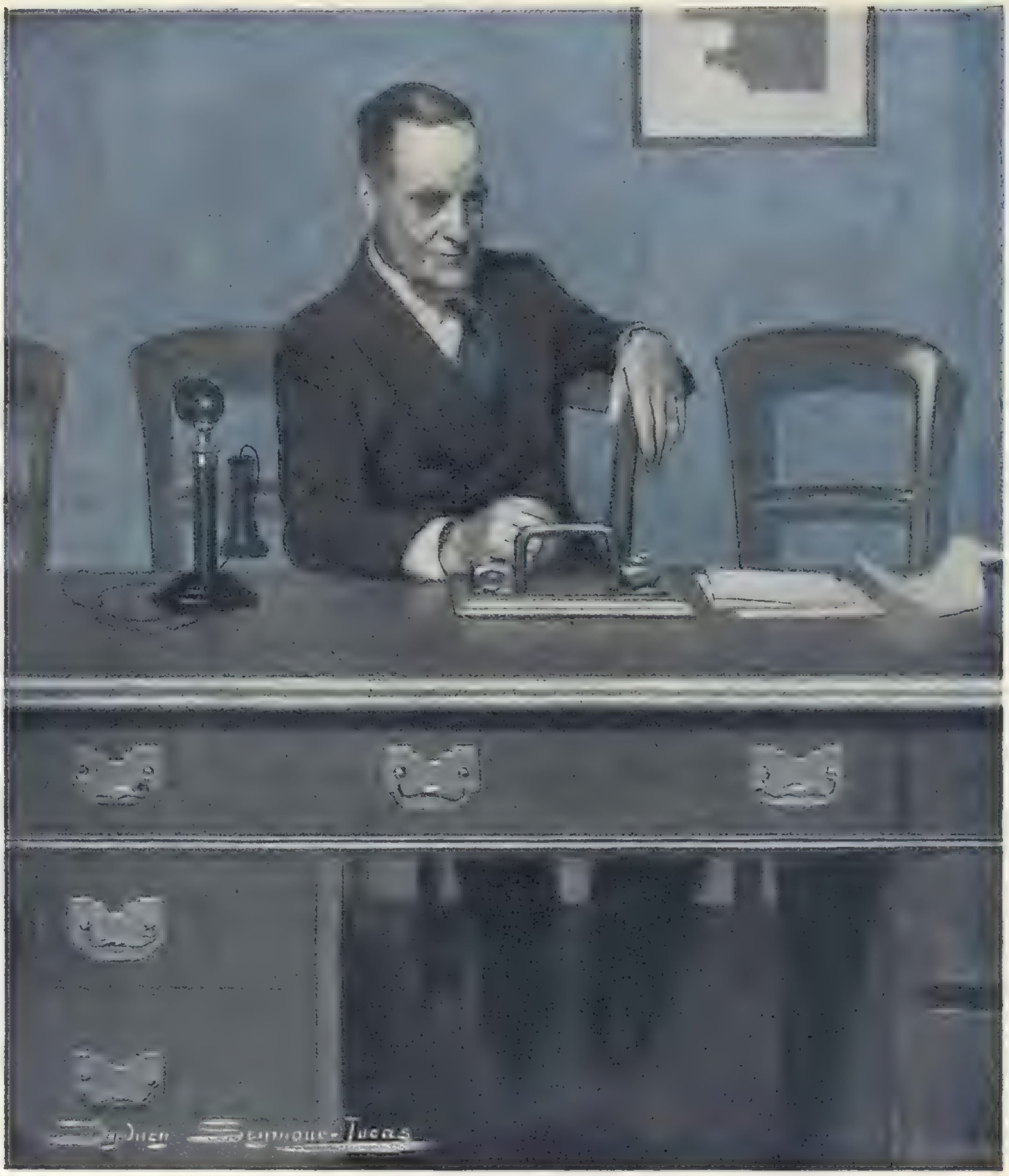
the routine of such cases and Foster reckoned he'd stop along with one policeman beside the body, while t'other went to the nearest station to ring for a doctor and an ambulance and came back with an Inspector. And then, while the two men waited and made an examination and saw how a bullet had gone in through one temple of the old lad and came out at the other, they heard running footsteps and a third man joined them. It was the red-haired chap and he was blown. For a bit he leaned against the square railings till he'd got his wind, and then he looked round for his cap and found it where it had fallen off when he started to run. He was able to describe the murder to them, for he'd actually been an eye-witness of it. Foster took down his statement when he'd got wind enough to make it. He was a young man about nineteen years old, tall and with a good intelligence. His name was Frederick Warner and he worked at a restaurant in Edgware Road, which he had left a bit after eleven o'clock and was on his way home through Parson's Square to a room where he lodged in West Mews, half a

Illustrated by

Sydney Seymour Lucas



A THIRD man joined them. It was the red-haired chap and he was blown. For a bit he leaned against the square railings till he'd got his wind . . . he was able to describe the murder



MISS PLANT didn't know make a suggestion; she

mile away. That was his regular road back, and he happened to be a bit later than usual on that night. He'd seen the old man fifty yards ahead of him as he came in the square and there was another man with him at the time.

I COPIED Foster's notes afterwards, because it became a case for the Yard next week and was handed to me.

"As I was coming along and gaining on them," said Warner, "I saw the thing done. They didn't hear me, and of course for three people to be in that lonely place so late together was unusual. Anyway they didn't hear me, and suddenly, without warning, the other man—a man who stood a foot taller than this dead one—lifted his arm and fired. I saw the flash close by the old man's head, and then he stood still quite a while, and then he sank down and the other set off to run. For a moment I was properly shook up and didn't move, and then I saw the running man heave something away into the thick of the shrubbery in the Square. After that he started to run—just going quiet and steady. Like a fool I bawled "Police!" and gave myself away, for he didn't know there was anybody behind and I could have tracked him if I'd kept my senses; but I shouted, and then he was off like a hare, and I shouted again and went after him."

"You was going quick enough when I saw you," said Foster to the man, and he admitted it.

"I can run," he said, "but so could he. He'd got fifty yards start, and if not fifty, say forty. Anyway I didn't get him, though I gained a bit. He was soon in the turns and twists, and though I know the district as well as my hand, because I've lived at West Mews for more than a year, he did me. I can show you where I lost him—where four streets meet; but it's a network and I was unsighted, and where he went from there I don't know."

"And that's all you can tell?" asked Foster.

"Not by a plucky lot," replied the boy to him. "I don't know who killed him, but I know who the dead man is."

"You haven't looked at him?"

"I've looked at him off and on for a year and more," replied Warner. "I knew him. He's old William Mostyn, head waiter at Maydew's Restaurant in the Edgware Road. He ain't often so late as this, but I've fallen in with him many a time going home and walked a bit of the way more than once. I don't know where he lives. He always left me at King's Corner, when I chanced to overtake him. But he told me he was head waiter at Maydew's and so they'll know all about him there."

Then the other policeman asked a question.

"Where would you say the other man flung something into the square?"

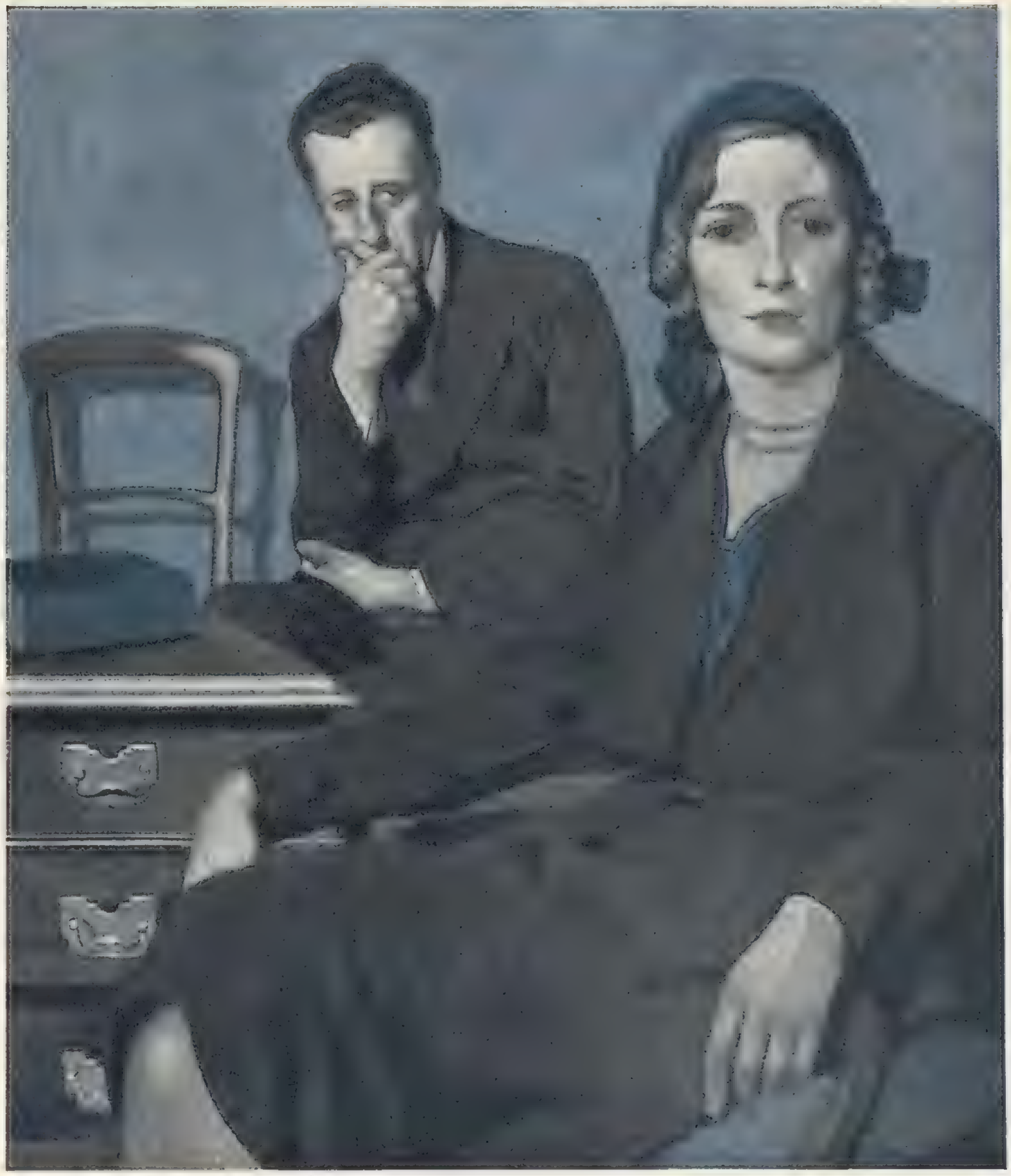
"I couldn't tell you exact, but it must have been near the lamp-post, because I saw him do it. The devil must have cursed when he heard me sing out."

At this moment they were reinforced and an Inspector came along followed quickly by the police doctor in his car and an ambulance. Of course the old boy was gone, and when he'd took a look over him the doctor let them remove him. And the Inspector sent a constable back with Frederick Warner to the address he had given at West Mews, to see all was right in that quarter.

Next morning they found the weapon, not ten yards from the lamp-post in the thicket of the Square; but before that there had come a woman from Mr. Mostyn's home in Peal Avenue, where he had a bed-sitting room.

Peal Avenue, I must tell you, wasn't more than a hundred yards from where young Warner had lost his man; and Mrs. Wibrow, the old waiter's landlady, came to the nearest police-station by half after seven that morning with a curious story. She was a clever and understanding creature with a very good record, and she told her tale in a direct and satisfactory fashion. In fact none ever doubted a word of it. Mr. Mostyn had lodged with her for ten years, but she knew little whatsoever about him except that he was a widower and head waiter at Maydew's and lived a life as regular as clockwork. He'd grumble sometimes when his boss made him go for a holiday, for work was his god and he hated to be away from it a day. He took his meals at the restaurant, and she'd never served him with a crumb except once, when he was ill with influenza and had to keep his chamber for ten days. He paid regular and did everything regular; but he was close as an oyster about his affairs and never had a visitor but once in every six months, when a man by the name of Tarleton was used to call on a Sunday morning and stop an hour, or thereabouts. Letters he seldom had; but he'd get a letter every month or so from Australia, which Mrs. Wibrow couldn't fail to note, though what was in them and who sent 'em she knew not.

SO much for the past; then she came to the present. She was always in bed and asleep before William Mostyn came home. He'd let himself in of a night with his latch-key, and often she'd not see the old boy for a week, and he'd be gone to the restaurant to breakfast before she went up to his room to put it in order. But that morning a strange thing arrested her attention and when she came down, at six o'clock, which was her hour for beginning the day, she found her front door ajar and saw no sign of Mr. Mostyn's hat and coat and umbrella in the hall where they were wont to be. So, instead of going below to her kitchen, she went up to the lodger's room in the front of her



William Mostyn and couldn't had heard nothing during the night

house and found the door open there also and the room empty and turned upside down. Not a sound had she heard overnight and not a sound had her other lodger heard. Her second boarder was a Miss Plant, a middle-aged maiden lady—a clerk in an insurance office, who had boarded with Mrs. Wibrow for five years. And she rented two rooms—bedroom on top floor above Mr. Mostyn's, and sitting-room on the ground floor.

Mrs. Wibrow hadn't touched the dead man's room when she saw it was upside down, but left everything for the police. They went round immediately, gave the room a ' once over ' and tried for finger prints, but found none except Mrs. Wibrow's and the late occupant's. Whether anything had been taken it was impossible to say, and our first job was to get a line on all those known to know Mr. Mostyn and learn what the living could tell concerning him, his interests and acquaintances. Time didn't reveal much bearing on the subject, however, and my Chief, feeling a bit riled when those in charge drew a blank, turned the case over to me.

Well, I'd read it very careful and didn't exactly hanker after it, because something told me it promised to be tiresome and very likely unsatisfactory ; but you often feel like that at the outset of a job and then find it grow upon you till there's nothing else in your life worth naming, or dwelling upon, till you've won through. And when you have, a case goes out of your mind, like writing off a slate under the sponge, and you come free to the next one. You learn from every case, as John Franklin there will tell you, if the power to learn is yours, and in this case, though I can't say I learned much but the everlasting need to keep your temper, yet when all was over, I did learn a very useful piece of knowledge indeed ; and it was the murderer of William Mostyn who gave it to me.

FIRST, of course, there came the interviews with those we already knew in connection with the dead man. There were Maydew's restaurant, where he worked ; Mrs. Wibrow, where he lived ; her other lodger, Miss Plant ; and the Mr. Tarleton who was known to visit him. There was lastly Frederick Warner, who'd seen the murder and tried to overtake the murderer. I had a long interview with him first and checked him up very close, of course, because you'll often find out of a bit of the dullest routine work that something most unexpected and valuable may suddenly spring. I had a talk with him and compared his story to me with the one he told Foster on the scene of the murder, and only found one detail that wanted clearing up. He worked in a small eating-house and his employer gave him a very good character indeed. Of course a character depends for its value on the man who gives it ; but Charles Worthy, who kept the place, was a respectable citizen, and he'd known Warner for nearly eighteen months and had him with a good character from his last job. As for the lad's tale, it didn't vary to me, and when I saw where he'd lost his man on the night, I perceived the details tallied and the spot was in a warren of streets where he'd be little likely to strike the right one, once he was unsighted. I deduced that the murderer had gone straight on, once he'd run free of his pursuer, and taken himself to Mr. Mostyn's dwelling and done his work there, well knowing that none would come in to interrupt him. It was clear that he knew the old man's ways, and since there had been no entry by window, or anywhere else, it looked pretty evident the unknown had used Mostyn's latch-key, or another like it, and gone in without fear, well knowing that Mrs. Wibrow and Miss Plant would be in bed and asleep.

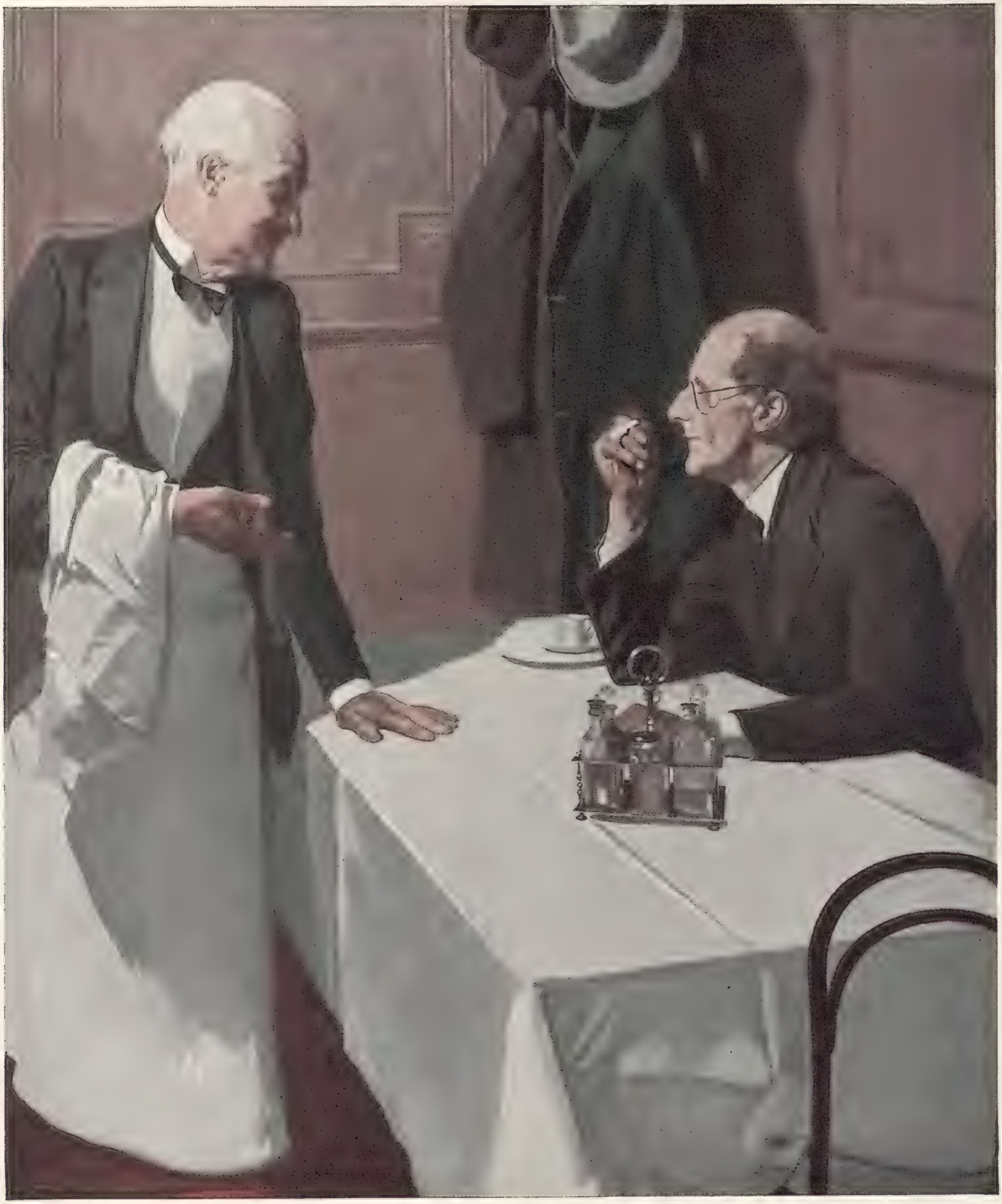
THERE was only one point in young Warner's tale that left an opening, and that turned on a question of time. I felt satisfied about him, but wouldn't let it pass, needless to say. He'd left his business at eleven o'clock ; but what had he been doing between that hour and half-past twelve, when Foster saw him set out to catch the murderer ? I put a man on that, not choosing to ask the chap himself ; but it was all right. He'd gone to a little club-house, where chaps like him could meet and have a game of billiards and smoke and amuse themselves before they turned in. The caretaker proved that Warner was there ten minutes after eleven, and said he'd be out again when they shut at twelve. It was a place with no very black marks against it and orderly enough as a rule, though we had picked out a bad hat once or twice from it when he was wanted. That let Warner out for the present, and he gave me a bit of his history when I got to know him and an address where he'd worked in Liverpool, which I also checked.

Then came the boss of Maydew's Restaurant. Maydew was dead and the place now run by an Italian, who made no pretence about his sorrow over the murdered man. William Mostyn had been there before he took over, and he was quite a character in his way and brought custom. Pirelli didn't know much about him except that he was a survival of the old English waiter at his best and finest. " And when they are good," he said, " then no French, or Swiss, or Italian, or German is so perfect a waiter as an Englishman. But," he added, " they are seldom good, because the English character is not adapted to the high finesse of successful waiting." Mostyn, however, had been a wonder, and though apparently very friendless from choice outside his business, was popular enough both with his customers and the staff. Pirelli knew that he lived alone, but said that Mostyn had one son in Australia, of whom he had spoken quite recently for the first time.

"I never heard of this man until six months ago," he told me; "then William mentioned him and said that he was a good son, who had been at Sydney in New South Wales for twenty years and was soon coming home to see his father."

The Italian believed that Mostyn must be a rich man, for it was certain that in tips he made a large weekly sum from his admirers, and he earned good wages also. He had a thousand pounds invested in Maydew's, and got seven per cent. for it. "He lent it to me four years ago," explained Pirelli, "when I experienced some misfortune and needed ready money; and to reward the good man, I told him he might leave it in the business, which he was glad to do. But where all his money may be, I cannot say."

He knew nothing about William Mostyn's private life except that he hated taking holidays and never thought of retiring. He judged that he might be



TARLETON had known Mostyn and looked after his simple affairs for twenty years; his office was in the Edgware Road, and he always took his lunch at Maydew's seventy years old, but he was still active and steady, with good hearing and all his wits about him. He also declared that he had lost a valued personal friend and felt it impossible to believe that the dead man could have consorted with rascals, or made an enemy.

SO that was all the Italian could tell, and though I had a talk with the chef and one or two others of his staff who knew Mostyn as well, none was intimate with him, or could add anything useful or helpful to my knowledge.

As for evidence and the inquest, nothing came of that. The revolver found in Parson's Square was an old service weapon, the like of which you may find in any big pawnshop. It showed no finger marks and had only been loaded in the one barrel that blew William Mostyn's brains out. He'd apparently been shot, as Warner described, at close quarters, and the surgeon confirmed Pirelli's opinion that Mr. Mostyn was a well-preserved, healthy old man and might have been any age between sixty-five and seventy. Nothing was found upon him but his latchkey and a little bag with his day's takings—nineteen shillings and sixpence—and a gold watch on a silver chain. Inside the watch case was pasted a faded photograph of a middle-aged woman with the word "Amy" written under it. He hadn't a thing else upon him but a big, linen pocket-handkerchief and a spectacle case, the spectacles being on his nose when he was shot. Mrs. Wibrow knew about the photograph. The dead man had shown it to her, when he showed her the watch some years before, and told her it was a picture of his wife. But he'd never mentioned his son in Australia to her.

As for the rest of what Mrs. Wibrow told, you know it; and she explained that if she had heard anybody in the house after midnight, she wouldn't have given the noise a thought, but supposed it to be the waiter back from his work. As a fact, however, she'd heard nothing at all and never turned her mind to the old man till she found her front door on the jar next morning. Miss Plant didn't know William Mostyn and couldn't make a suggestion. She had heard nothing during the night, though she had been wakeful and slept but fitfully as she was in the habit of doing. She was a nice gentlewoman and very obviously no case for suspicion.

That only left Mr. Tarleton, and he didn't wait to be found but came to tell us all he knew as soon as the death was in the evening papers next day. He knew more of Mostyn than anybody, though that was not much. However, he could throw light on the dead man's son in Australia and on the financial position of the old chap. He was, in fact, William's lawyer, and saw him by appointment once every six months, though, as he explained, there was nothing to see him about, for he had no property but his savings, and them he never risked nowadays, but put straight into War "Fives." For many years he'd put by money, and so far as Tarleton could see, never spent a penny except on his clothes, and the modest cost of living in a bed-sitting room at Mrs. Wibrow's. What other interests he may have had certainly did not mean money, and he was generally in a position to re-invest his dividends twice a year when they came along. He never sent money to his son, but always spoke of George Mostyn kindly and had recently expressed satisfaction that George designed to come to England and pay him a visit. Mr. Tarleton permitted me to see Mostyn's will, which was all in order and executed some years ago. Under that he left Mrs. Wibrow fifty pounds, and everything else to his son, George. Tarleton said that the estate was worth well over ten thousand; but he added that Mr. Mostyn had explained the size of it. "I have earned and saved five thousand," he had told his lawyer, "but before the War, when I was more venturesome than now, I got some good tips from a very clever gentleman, who used to lunch at Maydew's, and I made my five thousand into eight thousand in America."

THERE was no reason to doubt Tarleton, and, as a matter of fact, he proved to be a very honest and straightforward man. He'd known Mostyn and looked after his simple affairs for twenty years; his office was in the Edgware Road, and he always took his lunch at Maydew's.

He could think of nobody on earth with any grudge against Mostyn, or any interest in him. Such as they were, he knew all his papers and went over everything in the bed-sitting room and restored order among them and could report nothing that was missing. And Mrs. Wibrow, who understood the dead man's wardrobe, knew of nothing missing from that either. So, if there had been a theft, it was of some material object unknown to anybody who gave evidence at the inquest. Nor could the revolver be traced.

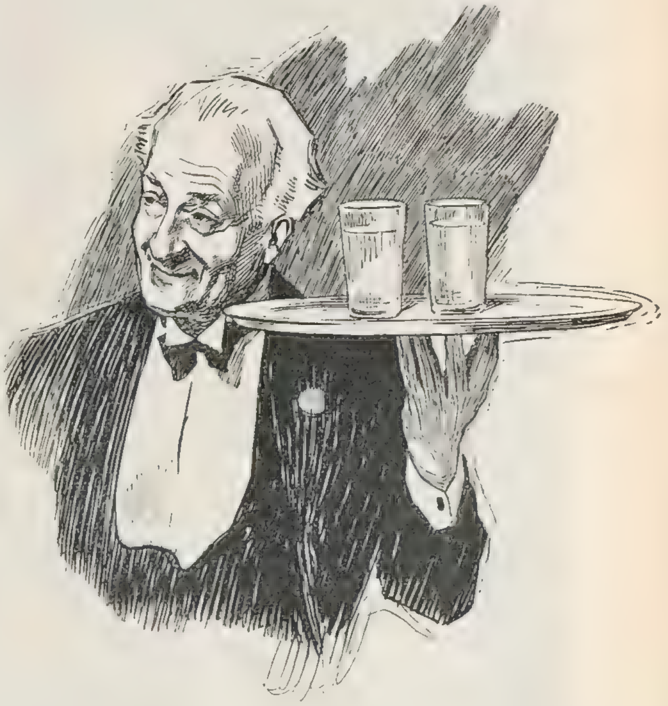
There remained the dead man's son, and Tarleton telegraphed to him at Sydney, and he replied that he had been coming over next summer to see his father, but would now alter his plans and sail by the next boat.

Meantime the coroner adjourned, to leave the job with the Yard for a bit and see if we could get on to anything about it.

It's been my rule, you must know, not only to reconstruct a crime as far as possible from the existing evidence, building upon the character of all involved in it and developing along the lines of motive, when motive appears, but also to reconstruct it when possible from the point of view of the unknown criminal, and so, sometimes, get a sight of what was in his mind. That sounds a bit vague I expect, and words not being counters I can handle very cleverly, I won't try to make my meaning clearer; but in the Mostyn case, so far as we have now got, you'll see how impossible it was to deduce anything, since no shadow of motive for the crime was forthcoming.

WHEN I came to inquire I soon found that, with the exception of regular customers at Maydew's, I had already examined nearly everybody who appeared to know of the old man's existence.

Not a solitary thing did I get to catch hold upon, though I went through all the parties again and studied every possibility as to the old man's private affairs with Tarleton. Until George Mostyn came home from Australia, not a blink of light showed through my darkness, and not a scrap of paper, or ghost of a clue was forthcoming from his solitary chamber. That's so often the difference between fact and fiction in these cases, as John Franklin will tell you—won't you, John? In fact, only too often we are laid on to a cold scent and cast about vainly for anything that can be even twisted to look like a clue; because, nowadays, many criminals are better educated men than we detective officers, and they study their jobs in a scientific spirit and apply modern knowledge and modern inventions and pit their natural genius for crime against our limited experience of it.



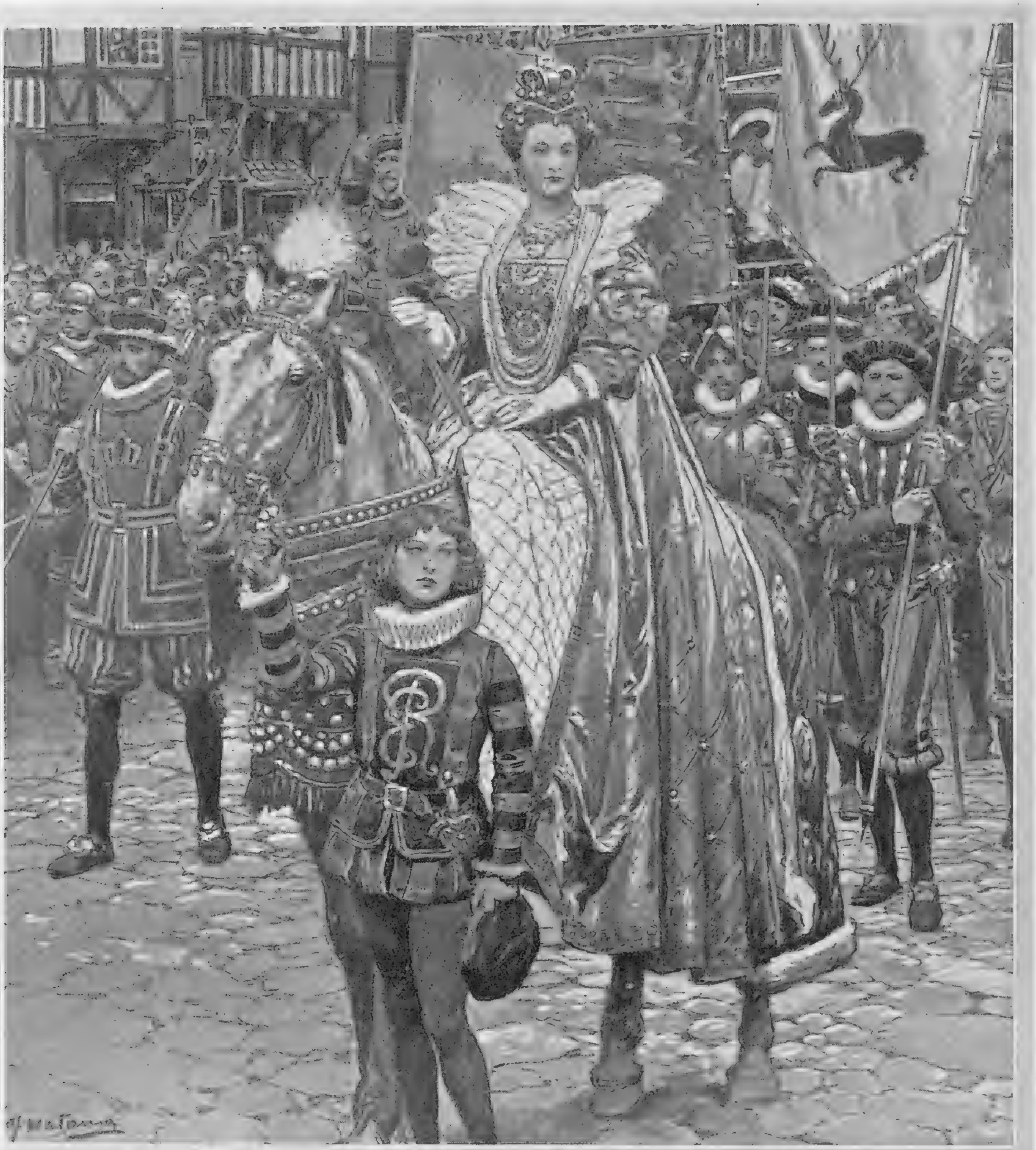
We good Christians go about supposing that the average criminal feels remorse as a certain reaction after capital crime. No doubt we should feel remorse, not being criminally inclined; but the chap that murders a harmless old man in cold blood, for his own reasons, isn't going to feel any more remorse than a Borneo head-hunter after a successful day. Such a man isn't a Christian, and no religion or superstition on earth will dull his wits or prompt him into a false move when his job is done. Why? Because he's educated to a pitch where neither religion nor superstition can touch him or his conscience.

But with story-tellers the case is different, and I've often laughed to mark how, when the professional or the brilliant amateur detective who wipes his eyes is at his last gasp, a telephone rings him up, or he finds a bit of paper in the ashes in the grate, or a blue bead overlooked on the carpet, or a pinch of queer powder, or mud, on the window-ledge, or what-not. And then on he goes again!

Well, George Mostyn, he came from Australia, and a milder-mannered little man I never met. He was rather down upon the police at first, and asked me quite as many questions as ever I asked him; but not until he'd got a clear account of his father's life and every particular the witnesses could give did he relent and begin to see what we were up against. He visited every one of 'em, from Foster, first on the scene of the crime, and the boy Warner, to Mrs. Wibrow and Tarleton and Miss Plant; but none could tell him more than they had told me, and for his part he wasn't in his father's confidence either, though he ransacked

(*Continued on page 116*)

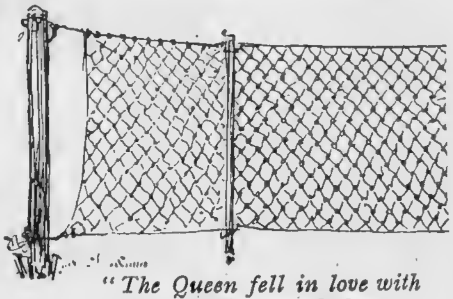
TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES



" Her dignity and her majesty triumphed over all, and the Londoners cheered as the young Queen rode down Gracechurch Street "

QUEEN ELIZABETH fingered a tiny black ring, a trifling gewgaw which had been dear to the heart of Mary Tudor. The princess, who was to dazzle Europe with her magnificence and mystify posterity by her insouciance, was but shabbily dressed, for she had long been a State prisoner, and the fanatical mind of her royal half-sister had not permitted her prisoner more than the ordinary necessities which became her station. Mary Tudor was dead. She said the word " Calais " would be written on her heart.

The news was conveyed by messenger to Hatfield, where Elizabeth, the beautiful daughter of Anne Boleyn, was held in a state of semi-captivity. The young Elizabeth, however, had so often heard rumours of the demise of her very well-hated half-sister that she declined to



" The Queen fell in love with Queen. and dreamed that one was short-lived, and presently

OF HISTORY: No. 4 of a New Series

Described by NORMAN HILL **Painted by F. MATANIA, R.I.**

The Story of

QUEEN ELIZABETH

AND THE EARL OF LEICESTER

believe the truth of the message unless the favourite black ring of Queen Mary were placed in her hands.

They show you the place at Hatfield where Elizabeth was told she was Queen of England and her prison was changed to a palace. She cast off the tawdry plain frocks which became the daily life of a State prisoner in constant fear of assassination or execution, and exchanged them for the most splendid raiment in Christendom. The young Princess needed no encouragement. Too long had she suffered from restraint and a shortness of money. Now all the earth was apparently hers to command, and she loaded her body with fine embroidered silks and her slender white neck with more jewels than was seemly even in a queen.

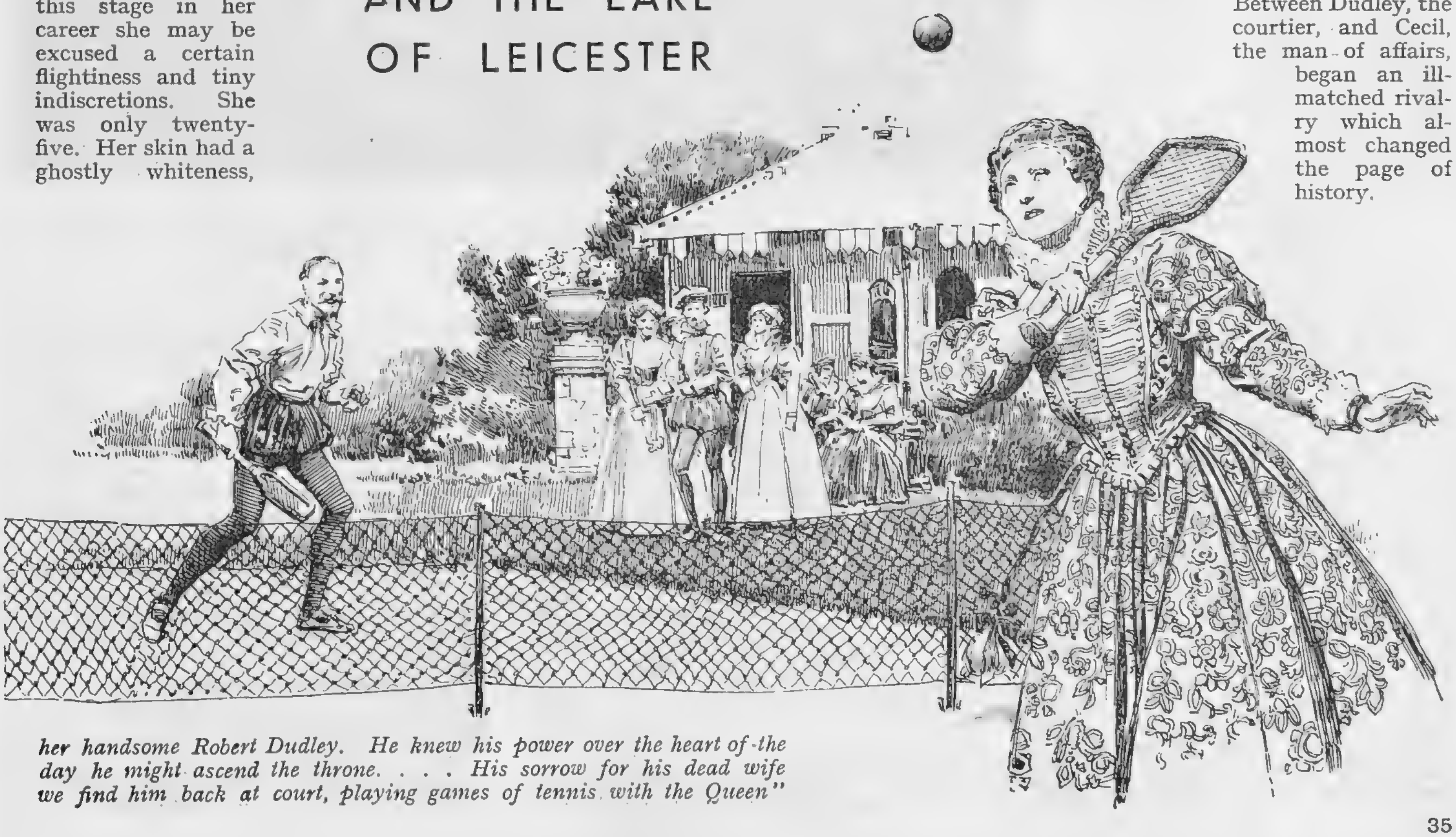
In those early days this girl, who was to be so great and calculating, gave rein to all the feminine instincts of a pretty woman, freed from the dread of death. She had two advantages. Her beautiful face and figure were certain of adoration in a day when great lovers seemed to haunt every court in Europe. Her undisputed power—she was the last of the Tudors—commanded the respect of men who loathed her and the servility of men who were willing to permit their ambitions govern their affections. Elizabeth's progress to London—magnificent, gaudy, fantastic—was an event in European history the importance of which was momentarily lost to its principal figure.

THE young Queen was gay and happy. At this stage in her career she may be excused a certain flightiness and tiny indiscretions. She was only twenty-five. Her skin had a ghostly whiteness, the intensity of which made it both striking and lovely. Her hair was a mixture of yellow, gold, and red. Her eyes were set deep in her head, where they flashed with a disconcerting directness. Like her father before her, she was a great horsewoman, and managed her palfrey with confidence. She could smile to great purpose. She established herself in a short time as the most consummate flirt in Europe. She could mix laughter with tears, fascinate when sad, and annihilate when glad. Harridan, hoyden, coquette, all by turn, nothing very long; and yet for all that the greatest woman who ever graced the throne of England.

ELIZABETH inaugurated the most magnificent period in English history, the age which men of letters have called Augustan for want of another superlative. It was to be an age of triumph and discovery, of the establishment of a literature and the formation of a culture. National pride, which had been slighted by the loss of Calais and the bloody persecutions of Mary, found a new impetus in the advance of prosperity. Men could be gallant once more without grave risk of losing their heads. Statesmen could forget religion in thoughts of empire. Rich young men could indulge in that extravagance of dress and declamation which is common to such fortunate beings.

Such was the age in which Elizabeth was called to the throne. Although Merrie England contained a great deal that was not merry; although more than half the population lived precariously in hovels and waited servilely on the squires in the manor-house; although disease was rife and witchcraft more universal than medicine, we are yet entitled to look back upon that glorious age with feelings of pride. We can even spare a sigh of pity for that self-seeking coxcomb who is known to history as Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

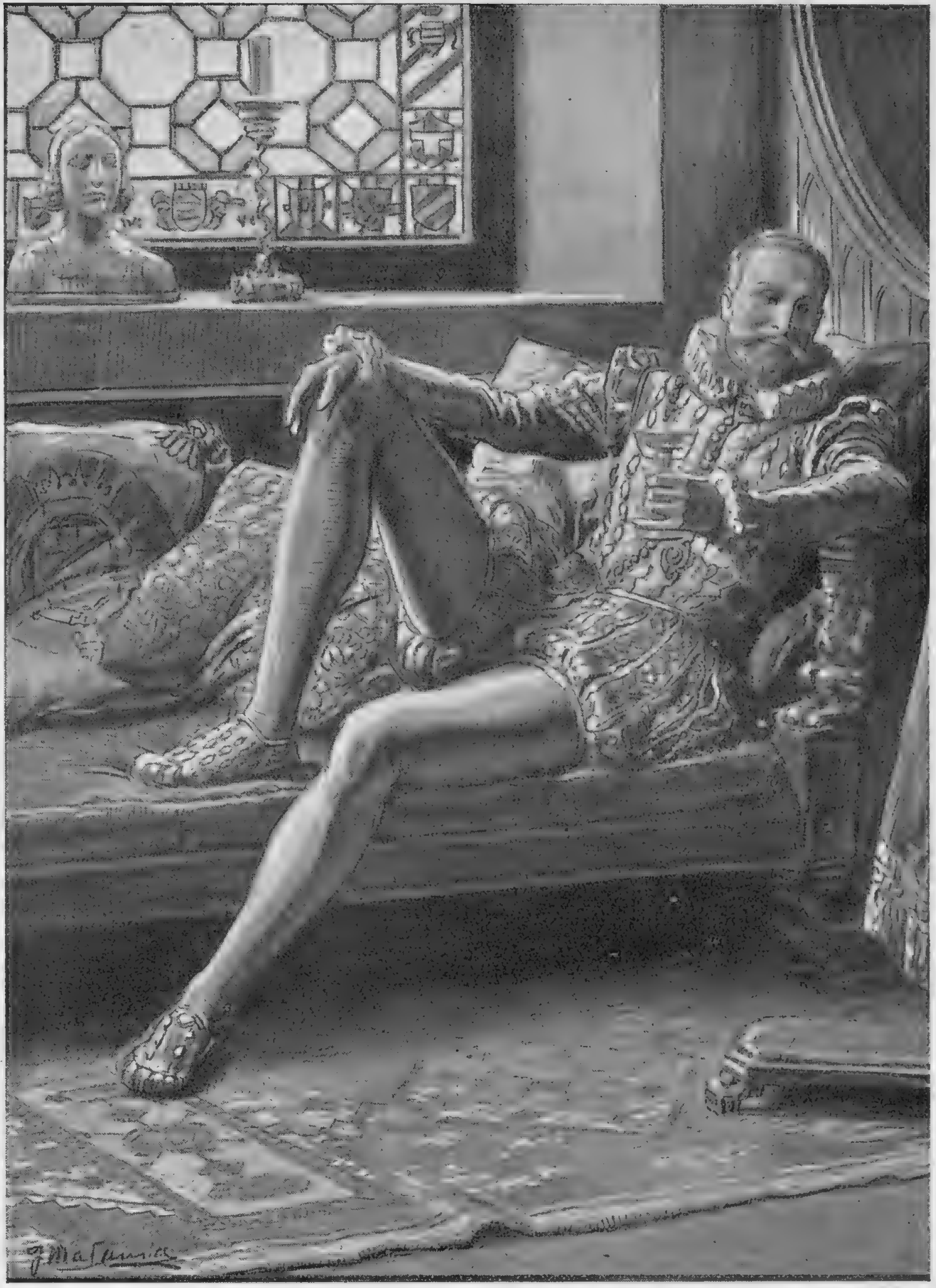
His contemporaries called him contemptuously "the gipsy," because of his dark countenance. The noble families of the land regarded him as an upstart because of his shortage of ancestors, but their abuse was tainted with jealousy. Robert Dudley had all the natural ease of a born *flaneur*, the priceless gift of wit, and the charm of gallantry. His confident swagger and handsome face readily won the heart of the impressionable princess, and as she rode to London he was by her side, the royal master of the horse, an erect figure in a dress of wonderful velvet and a vast feather in his hat. He was always ready with the apt word and correct gesture, and such things meant more to the young Queen than the ponderous reasoning of the wise Cecil, whom she had chosen to conduct the affairs of State. Between Dudley, the courtier, and Cecil, the man of affairs, began an ill-matched rivalry which almost changed the page of history.



her handsome Robert Dudley. He knew his power over the heart of the
day he might ascend the throne. . . . His sorrow for his dead wife
we find him back at court, playing games of tennis with the Queen"

The presence of an unmarried princess on the throne of England was sufficient to cause intrigues in every court in Europe. England was powerful in her isolation. The hand of her Queen was a prize worth many embassies. The statesmen in London urged the Queen to marry, and the young woman blandly asked them to find a bridegroom. While they were making selections from the score of princes who expressed themselves willing to espouse the daughter of Anne Boleyn, the Queen fell in love with her handsome Robert Dudley. There could be no thought of marriage between them, for Dudley had a wife, the delicate and frail Amy Robsart, whom he had married several years before, and systematically neglected almost from the day of their wedding. He had never provided a home for his bride, and she was forced to wander from place to place, according to the whim of her lord. Robert Dudley found her existence irksome to his ambitions. He knew his power over the heart of the Queen, and dreamed that one day he might ascend the throne.

A very short time afterwards poor Amy died, as the result of a fall down a flight of steps in Cumnor Place, the house of one of Dudley's retainers. The circumstances of her sudden end were very suspicious, and even in his own day, when Dudley was all-powerful at court, there were many accusing fingers levelled at the royal favourite. His sorrow for his dead wife was short-lived, and presently we find him back at court, playing games of tennis with the Queen and stealing kisses from the royal cheeks, to the great indignation of the Catholic gentry and foreign ambassadors.



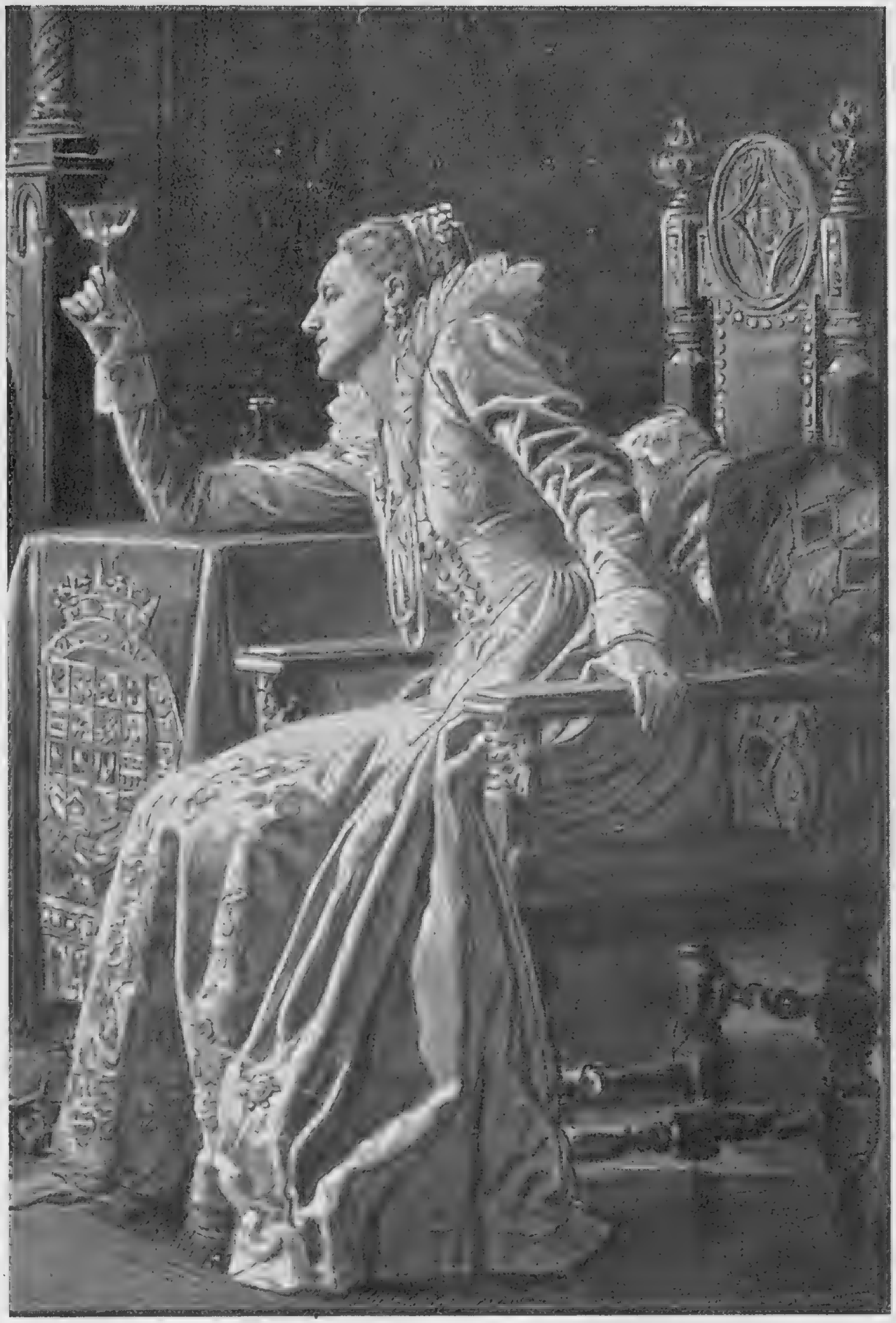
" While her councillors were distracted at
suitor, the Queen continued her passion-

SUITORS for the hand of the Queen had sprung up with the rapidity of mushrooms all over Europe. There was no country in Europe, from Spain to Sweden, which did not hope to be honoured with Elizabeth's favour. But she turned down every offer one by one. Ambassadors departed in disgust. She snubbed the embassy of Philip of Spain, and callously refused a Swedish prince his passports. She asked the minister of one of the Austrian archdukes if he seriously thought she would marry any man who had not sufficient money to keep himself. It was looked on as a merry jest, in which Dudley himself joined the heartiest. He forgot he owed everything to the Queen, and that, but for her accession, he would still have been a common country squire of no great distinction, and certainly no wealth. The state of religious feeling in England demanded the closest attention on the part of the Queen's ministers. A Roman Catholic king would not be tolerated, and although the Queen herself had Romish tendencies, and adorned the altars of her chapel with crucifixes and candlesticks, even her autocratic mind hesitated from such a blatant defiance of popular wish. Dudley had no such scruples. When he saw his own suit was likely to fail of its object, he intrigued with the Spanish court, hoping for great personal favours if he could arrange a Spanish match.

While her councillors were distracted at the obstinacy of the Queen in turning down every new suitor, and while the busybodies of Westminster were hinting that the Queen was suffering from some disease which made marriage impossible, or at any rate certain to be fruitless, the Queen continued her passionate love affair with Robert Dudley. She was ambitious for her gallant admirer and loaded him with honours. She created him Earl of Leicester, with a ceremony of the utmost grandeur and circumstance, and as he knelt before her she tickled his neck in a manner unbecoming a great Queen, and certainly in no way in keeping with maiden modesty. She accepted presents of silken petticoats from his hands, and wandered in and out of his chamber as if he were an accepted lover. It was common report that the Queen and Dudley were on the most intimate terms, but although the Venetian ambassador wrote despatches stoutly denying such rumours, the Spanish emissaries regretfully lamented their truth.

The Earl, now rich and powerful, flaunted his triumph in the face of the court. He bandied words with the Queen in a way which the great Cecil never dared. He borrowed her handkerchief without asking permission, and when he had wiped his brow, threw it back for the royal hand to catch. A thousand indiscretions seemed to give confirmation to the worst reports of the conduct of the Queen, and yet when she fell sick of a fever and thought she was about to die, she swore by God's grace that there had " never been aught improper between them."

HISTORY will never know whether Leicester was the royal lover in



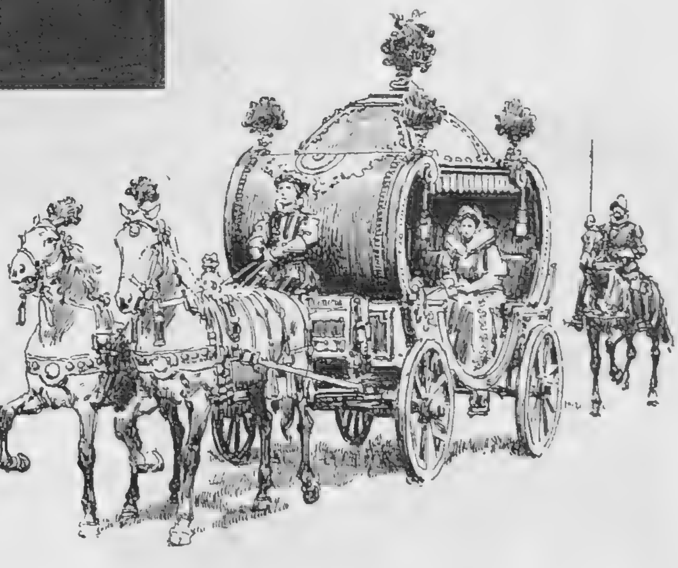
her obstinacy in turning down every new ate love affair with Robert Dudley . . . "

the strictest sense. But that the Queen was passionately devoted to the handsome Earl there is not the slightest doubt. On one occasion she disguised herself as a maid-servant and stole from the castle in order to watch her favourite shooting at a mark in Windsor Great Park. But Elizabeth did not marry him, and Dudley, who grew tired of waiting in a state of expectant single blessedness, found solace in the arms of a second wife.

It was about this time, after intrigues for the royal hand had been carried through every court in Europe, that the indomitable Queen Mother of France, the redoubtable Catherine de Medicis, contemplated a union of one of her sons and the much-wooed Elizabeth of England. A soothsayer had told Catherine that four of her sons would be kings, and there was one, the pock-marked, undersized Duke of Alençon, who was still without a crown. An embassy was sent to London urging the claims of this rather dreadful young man, but Elizabeth, who had rejected the attentions of many distinguished and handsome princes, demurred at a union with a mean scrub of a man whose face was scarred with pockmarks. An oil painting of the hapless Alençon which was showed to the Queen did not improve matters.

Elizabeth had a reputation for coyness, and Catherine determined to send a representative to woo the hand of the Queen by proxy. The chosen emissary was Jean de Simier, who may well be described as Alençon's Tristan. Simier was a man of the world who had found much wisdom from his own domestic unhappiness. His superb cynicism was something the Queen had not encountered before, and Simier, instead of laying siege to the heart of the Queen on behalf of the Duke of Alençon, paid court to her himself. The Queen, piqued at Dudley, and rather weary of the game of husband-hunting, encouraged the astute Frenchman, and the same tale of indiscretions began to be told of Simier as were related of Leicester a few years previously. The Queen called her French admirer the "Monkey," and she casually told Leicester that whenever she wished to have Simier near her he was not to dare approach the presence.

LEICESTER, the self-seeking having come uppermost once again, had at first favoured the idea of a French match, just as he had toyed with the Spaniards earlier in the reign. But, like the rest of the court, he became alarmed at the indiscretions of the Queen. "The Monkey" became more important than the councillors of state, and something had to be done. A marriage between the Queen and a French prince was difficult enough to stomach. A *mésalliance* with a gentleman of the Duke of Alençon's wardrobe was unthinkable. Altogether, apart from reasons of state, Leicester experienced that very human spite which makes rejected lovers hate their successful rivals. In that age the sword ended many human problems, and Leicester did not hesitate to plan the removal of the offending Simier by assassination. He conspired with certain nobles, and Simier was assaulted by murderers. Happily he escaped, but news of the suborned attack came to the Queen. She went into a Tudor fury, and gave Simier a suite of rooms next her own in Greenwich Palace, where he was in no danger of molestation. He was even given a key of the royal apartments, where he could find refuge if any bravo dared to whisper the slightest threat against him.



Simier was outraged. His whole spirit yearned to be revenged on the hated Leicester, and he waited his time. He had not long to nurse his revenge. Selecting a moment when the Queen was coyest, he spoke of Leicester, and told the Queen the secret which *(Continued on page 96)*

“To Account Rendered:”

1931, Theatrically speaking,
of its copybook. B*ad* Times
Plays *good* enough *to* command
normal circumstances. Are *we*

By Hannen

No Luck:

A Quartette of Plays
which did not succeed

THE theatre plays a game of Chance with Luck and, win or lose, carries on. No doubt the four plays illustrated here would have lived longer in more settled times. Reading downwards from the top: Joe Coyne, George Grossmith and the other principals in “My Sister and I.” Alice Delysia, Hayden Coffin and Violet Vanbrugh in “A Pair of Trousers.” Hugh Williams and Henry Hewitt in “Hawk Island.” Diana Wynyard, Merle Tottenham and Jessica Tandy in “The Man who pays the Piper.”

PERHAPS we ought to have known all about 1931, even on New Year’s Eve. When the bells were ringing the Old Year out and the New Year in, it was partly because thirty or more critics had successfully survived 1930’s last attempt to kill us with boredom.

At the Little Theatre, the highbrows had gone to Russia for Andreyev’s “Betrayal,” in which an egomaniac watched the death of an urang-outang and, for no reason whatever, evolved a mighty Thought of how he would murder. Unfortunately for us his brain then gave way, because we had to listen to his morbid ravings, even in a lunatic asylum.

An hour later 1930 was over, and the bells rang out their promise of a better and a brighter year. I did not believe it, of course.

Things started well enough because, on New Year’s night and the evening after, “Folly To Be Wise” was staged at the Piccadilly and “The Song of the Drum” at Drury Lane. Shows of that sort call for no critical attention. You sometimes wonder why some tenor cannot sing, or who said So-and-So could dance, or you wonder why somebody else gets £300 a week, or £400 a week, or £500 a week.

You hope it will be a success, because you know that while the public like things of that kind they will go on throwing stones at anything that Epstein does, stopping away from Wagner, wanting to go to American talkies on Sundays, and cheering the Lord Mayor’s Show.

Besides, anyone can single out in them little bits that he likes—Cicely Courtneidge’s fun, for instance, or scenic effects. Anyway, on a first night, excitement is in the air, and you meet people that you know, or else you are lucky enough to miss people that you know, having seen most of them the night before.

DISASTER really began on Saturday, January 17. They give you a fortnight’s respite or so after Christmas, when all the Charley’s Aunts are still floundering about, and all the Private Secretaries, and children are still being taken to see old-fashioned fairy stories, when they would rather go to Charlie Chaplin.

Well, on this Saturday, January the Seventeenth, of sacred memory, they really started London’s worst theatrical year.

Booth Tarkington, some years ago, wrote “Monsieur Beaucaire,” and, for that reason, no doubt, when he made a drama out of Aaron Burr, a Vice-President of the United States, of whom nobody in Europe had ever heard, “Colonel Satan” was accepted both for New York and London, that is for a few nights. Both New York and London frankly refused to have it. It ran for just a week in London, and almost exactly the same time in New York.

We began to wonder whether, twenty years ago, romantic plays were really all like this. Was it Lewis Waller, who, as Beaucaire, really made that play? Was the world younger and more ingenuous? What has happened to it?

A *poor* Beginning *to the* Dramatic Y*ear*

has blotted *the* first pages
have *brought* bad Plays *and*
a reasonably *long* life *in* more
too "broke" *or too* "blasé"?

Swaffer

Frank Vosper is certainly not a Lewis Waller, but the rest of the cast were as good as most of the people Waller used to cart about. In fact, one of his weaknesses was that he was kinder to his company than he was to the audience.

Never has a Haymarket play had a worse press.

"Anything can run there for six weeks," they have always said.

Even that illusion was shattered. "Colonel Satan" ran just over a week.

Well then, on the Monday, January 19, when we saw "The Limping Man" we began to wonder whether it was not true that thrillers were all over, too.

Will Scott had remixed the usual mixture—you know, noises upstairs, and mysterious people in the garden, a cupboard door that opened, and a bookcase that opened, and a criminologist, but we were not impressed. Three years ago or so, it would have caused shudders up in the gallery, and sent a cold shiver down spines, even in the stalls.

We had some more of that again on the following Friday—"Hawk Island," a story of a murder on an islet, where a house party is spending a week end, cut off from the mainland, had its murder put just in the right place, and all the guests nicely accounted for in their bedrooms.

But, when the gentleman confessed, it was too late.

Do we know all the twists and turns, now, of the dramatic criminologist?

IN the meantime, "Blue Roses," another of those usual Gaiety shows, had intervened—you know, the old gags and that sort of thing, with George Clarke's eyeglass.

Even that met with critical disapproval—and a short run.

I was not there, but they told me about it within half an hour. The last time they did these old gags at the Gaiety people liked them. Were even old gags beginning to pall?

That week, too, John Hastings Turner, with "To Account Rendered," had failed to impress at the New. Turner's play nearly came off within two or three weeks. Only disaster elsewhere reprieved it, for it was moved.

That week, though, saw one of the two really good plays that 1931 has given us, so far—and nearly two months have passed. As I write, I have been to the theatre a score of times, and yet I have seen only two really good plays.

James Bernard Fagan, who once sued me for libel, was seated in the Savoy Hotel at supper, when I sent him over a note—"You have written a fine play. 'The Improper Duchess' is the best comedy since 'Our Betters.'"

That night, Fagan, at the Globe, where, by the way, his play started to break records within a week or two of its production, had staged a comedy, in which Yvonne Arnaud was at her brightest and most fascinating, as the mistress of a Balkan king who, while touring the United States, committed the indiscretion of being found in her bedroom. (*Continued on page 136*)

"The Improper Duchess," J. B. Fagan's witty satire of Ruritanian morals and American dollars. Frank Cellier and Yvonne Arnaud

In circle: "Folly to be Wise," a first-rate revue starring Cicely Courtneidge, seen here in a skit on the English tourist in Paris, and Nelson Keys

Four Successes:
Comedies and Revue

Above: "After All," John van Druten's cycle-play of family life. Lilian Braithwaite and Madeleine Carroll in a scene of reconciliation between a "difficult" mother and her daughter

Left: "Stand Up and Sing" at the Hippodrome. The inimitable Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph in a light and bright version of the song-and-dance show

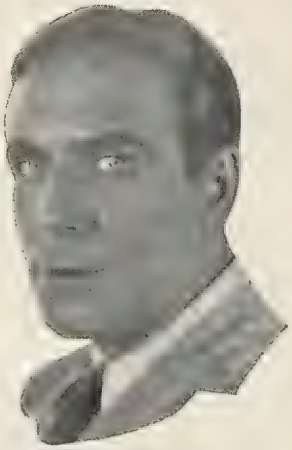
English *Actors* on the Screen—

English *Actresses* under a Shadow

The Triumph of the Men and the Failure of the Women in Films is a Mystery which demands a truthful explanation

By Sydney Tremayne

Ivor Novello's stupendous contract is Hollywood's tribute to the cultured English voice and manner



Chevalier excepted, many of the most popular film stars are English. Paul Cavanagh is rapidly becoming a first favourite

Dorothy Mackail has pep and personality, and has definitely made good in America

Adrianne Allen has sophistication and the figure and flair for good clothes

THERE has been a great deal of talk about all the English talent going to America and leaving the British studios denuded. Our most brilliant actors and actresses and writers are drawn to Hollywood, where they are turned into brilliant successes, the explanation being that there is the money which tempts and transfigures. This is what we are told, but it is not the whole truth.

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale inferred that the play he wrote specially for the screen, "The Devil to Pay," would not have been as delightful and successful a picture had not the first £24,000 worth of film shot been scrapped. But this, if it proves anything, only proves that even Hollywood sometimes makes mistakes (and can afford to rectify them).

It is perfectly understandable that ambitious writers should be attracted to Hollywood, where they know that their screen plays are likely to be produced more lavishly and better, technically, than they would be over here, and where there is bigger money to be made. The same thing applies, of course, to actors and actresses. It has been pointed out that in Hollywood actresses are photographed and dressed with consummate flattery and regardless of expense; while over here neither art nor money is expended to enhance their natural gifts. Estelle Brodie told me before she left England that in the American shots of "Kitty" (made partly here and partly in America, because sound apparatus was not then installed here) she looked "a different girl," and she complained that so mean were the production companies over here that in one picture, in which she was starred, she was asked to wear a pyjama suit which another actress had worn in a different picture, and when she insisted on a new one the management argued about the price, which was, I think, five guineas!

Elissa Landi was discovered by Elinor Glyn

ALL this is very deplorable, but the fact remains that even Hollywood has failed to make a really "high frequency" star out of any English actress with the exception of Evelyn Laye—and possibly Beatrice Lilley, but Hollywood could not make nor England mar her inimitable and individual talent, which is not dependent on dressing, lighting or camera angles. It is therefore all the more remarkable that English actors lead the world as screen personalities.

It is hardly fair to "go on about" Charlie Chaplin, the greatest of them all. He is a phenomenon, a really great artist in a medium which he himself has done more than anyone to develop and perfect. He is international. But let us turn to the average, talented, good-looking young actor. In the silent film days there were Valentino, an Italian, but an American product, John Barrymore, Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Richard Talmadge, Jack Pickford, Ramon Novarro, Antonio Moreno and John Gilbert (many of them of Latin extraction, but still American), at the top of the "Fan" poll. "Came" the strong, he-man boom, and Victor MacClagen, Bancroft and Beery loomed large (in every sense) on the screen horizon. But to-day there can be no question that the most popular stars (with the exception of Chevalier) are English. One thinks of Ronald Colman, Jack Buchanan, Reginald Denny, George Arliss, Clive Brook, Basil Rathbone, and Dennis King, while Paul Cavanagh is rapidly growing in popularity, young Bramwell Fletcher, who was Bunny in "Raffles," is, we are told, always in a picture, and Ivor Novello has gone to Hollywood with a stupendous contract—£40,000 is the figure mentioned.

And this has come about, they say, because, since the advent of the talkies, there is such a demand for the cultured, well modulated English voice and accent. If this were so it should apply to English actresses as well. But where are they? What has Hollywood been able to do for them? The answers are—nowhere and nothing.

The exception is Evelyn Laye. She has great

Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in two scenes from "The Devil to Pay," a comedy specially written for the screen by Frederick Lonsdale. In this picture Ronald Colman is likely to subjugate afresh the devotees of "Raffles," "Drummond," and "Beau Geste"

beauty, great talent, is a conscientious artist, and must be (for an Englishwoman) exceptionally plastic. We knew her over here as a sweet personality with a charming voice. In "One Heavenly Night," Hollywood revealed her as a woman of some importance, sophisticated, exquisite, and fascinating. In the studio they threw new light on her personality. She is their outstanding success.

As I have said, Beatrice Lillie they could do nothing for, or against. In the rather silly farce, "Are You There?" she was entertainingly herself. Gertrude Lawrence went to Hollywood more than a year ago to make pictures, and we have not yet seen the result. A year ago the Fox Company took to America one of the most promising of the very young English film actresses, Jillian Sande. As the little prostitute murdered by an epileptic in "To What Red Hell," she was almost distressingly moving. She has beauty, brains, and a will-o'-the-wisp personality. There was a good deal of advertisement at the time of her transportation to America in the Press and Fox's publicity sheets. Her only appearance on the screen since was in a small part in "Are You There?" (a farce—and her *forte* is tragedy!), so either she failed them or they failed her.

Then there was the unfortunate *débacle* of Edna Best's exit from Hollywood when they were actually waiting on the set for her—an inconsiderate and not very courteous performance explained by her husband as a symptom of love-sickness, but believed, quite justifiably, in Hollywood to be a manifestation of the inferiority complex common to English actresses when they find themselves among the glamorous and scintillating American stars! This was not calculated to send the English actresses' stock up "any"!

In fairness, we must not omit Dorothy Mackail, an English girl who made good in America, and has personality, "pep," and a large following both in America and England. But she does not belong to the band that tried to "break in" when the "talkies" created the demand for English voices.

Elissa Landi was "discovered" by Elinor Glyn, and has since gone to America. It will be interesting to see what they make of her not very mature talent and faun-like (or is it Slavonic?) beauty.

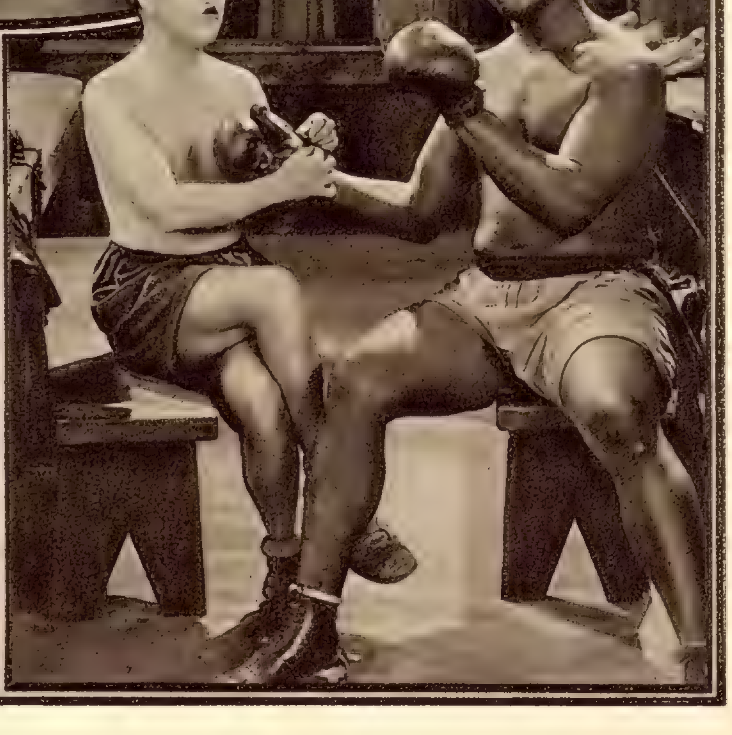
The dearth of attractive English girls in Hollywood is proved by the fact that, in "The Devil to Pay," written by a well-known English dramatist and set in the English scene, the male cast is all English, but the three women's parts are played by Americans whose *criard* accent is in rather startling contrast with the easy English of the men. (*Continued on page* 91.)

"Charlie" in "City Lights"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S visit to London to launch his long-awaited wordless film is now "history." No heaven-sent genius or celebrity was more fêted and lionized. "City Lights," which drew a tremendously distinguished first-night audience to the Dominion Theatre, is a good film—Charlie in his happiest vein of pantomime and pathos. He plays the part of an idealist tramp who loves and befriends a blind flower-girl (Virginia Cherrill); strikes up an incongruous friendship with an eccentric millionaire, whom he saves from suicide; gets work as a prize-fighter to raise enough money to pay for an operation on the blind girl's eyes; and goes to prison. In the end, the girl, now prosperous and able to see, recognises her too-humble benefactor

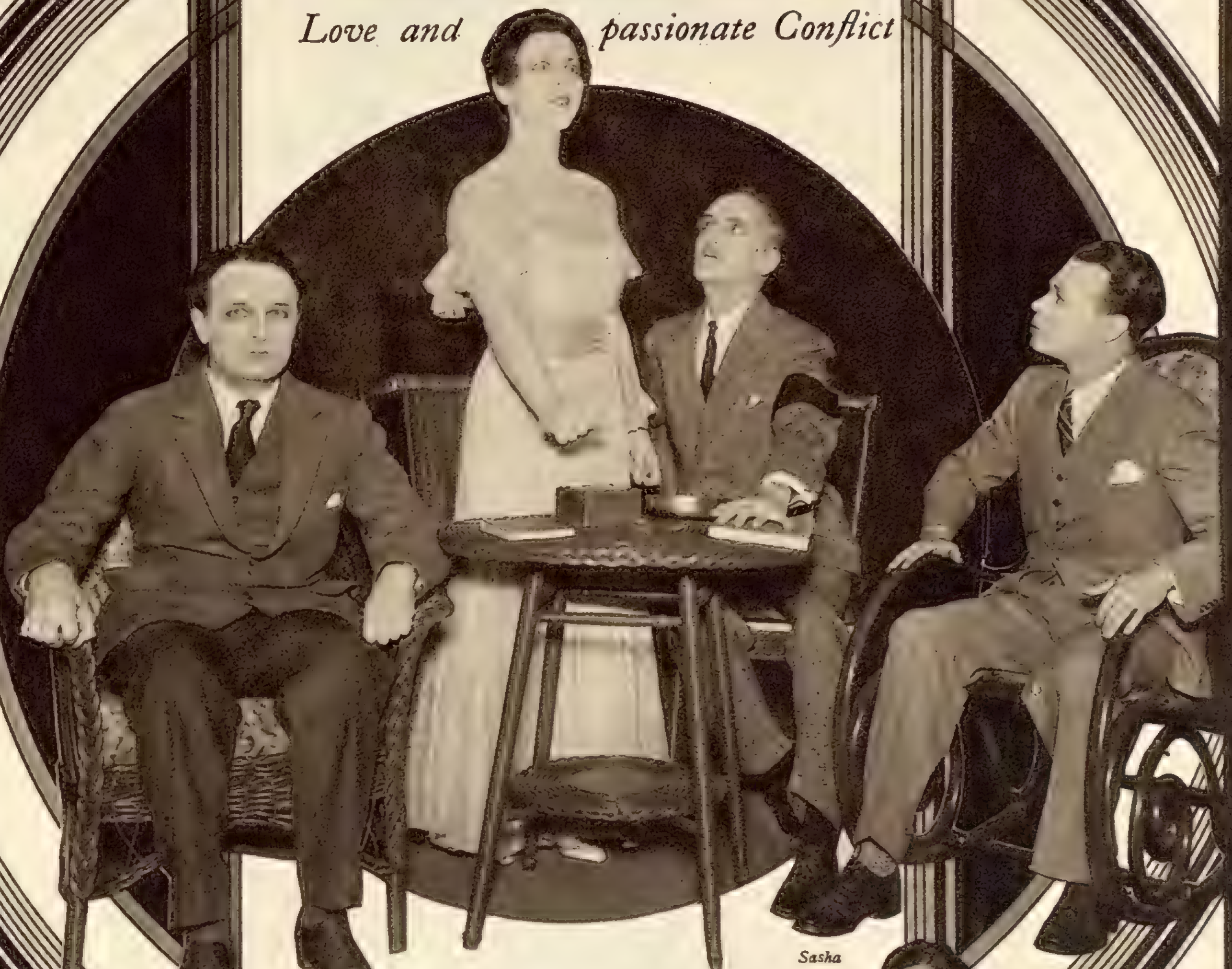
The tramp, down and out, stands himself a drink. "City Lights" is written, directed, and produced by the great Charles Chaplin himself, who wisely and courageously refuses to "go talkie"

Below, left: The tramp strikes lucky in the luxurious home of the eccentric millionaire (Harry Myers), who only recognises him when in his cups



Below, right: Charlie takes on the job of a prize-fighter to support the blind girl, but gets soundly beaten in the ring, and once again wanders the streets

A tense, analytical Drama of Love and passionate Conflict



Sasha

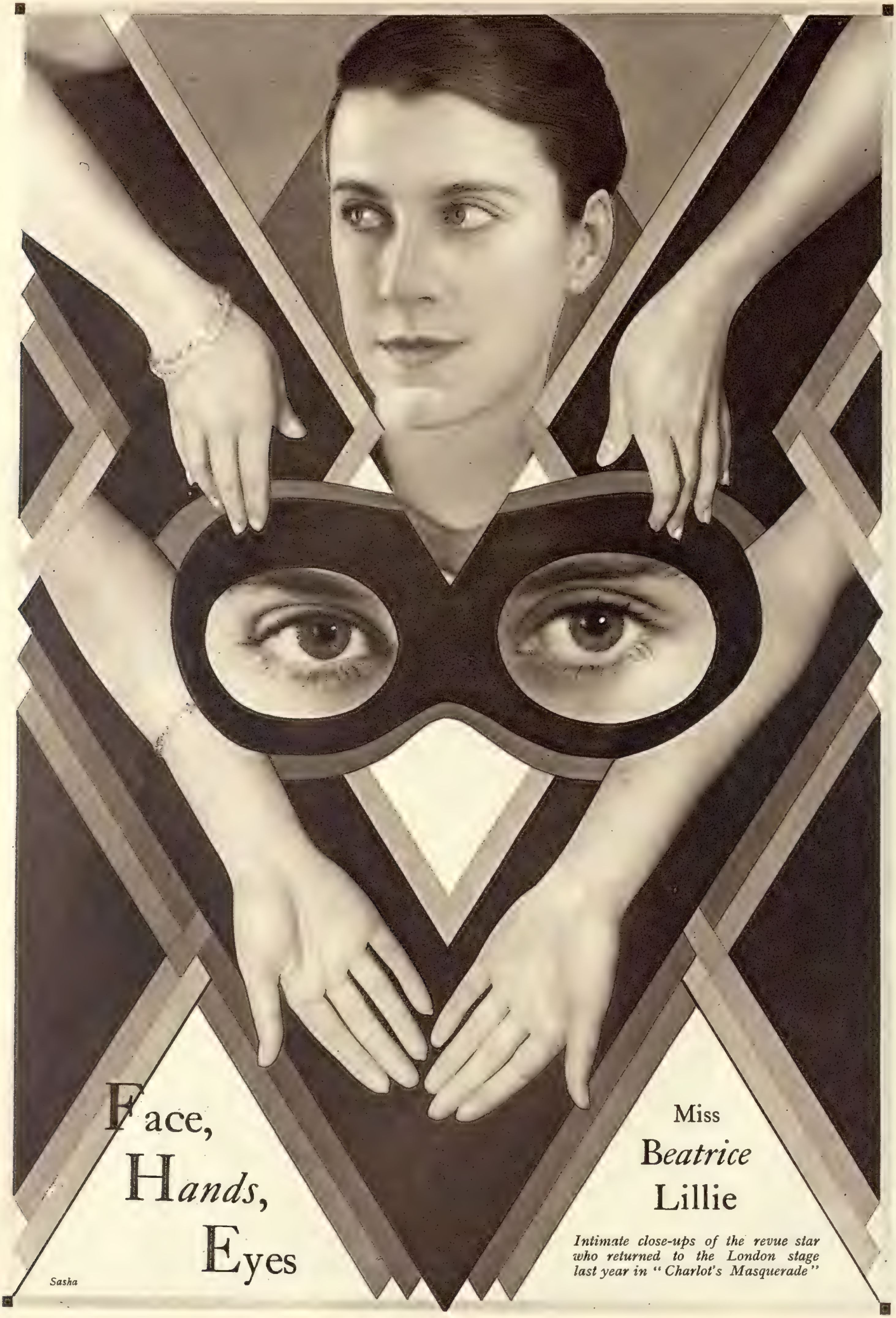
The woman (Mary Ellis) and three of the men who affect her emotional life—the natural father of her child (Basil Sydney), the platonic novelist (Ralph Morgan), and the husband (Donald Macdonald)

"Strange Interlude"

Eugene O'Neill's 9-Act Experiment in Psychology and spoken Asides

"Strange Interlude," which ran for two years in New York, is a neo-Freudian analysis of a woman's emotional life and her reactions to her father, her dead lover, her constant admirer, and the son begotten by her new lover because her dull husband has insanity in his family. The play, with its long soliloquies in which the characters speak their sudden secret thoughts, is an intellectual giant of emotional vivisection. It is superbly acted by a brilliant company

Right: The wife and her lover meet again. Left: Warren McCollum as the son who grows up to hate his natural father



Face, Hands, Eyes

Miss Beatrice Lillie

Intimate close-ups of the revue star who returned to the London stage last year in "Charlot's Masquerade"

Sasha

BOOKS

Paris in the 'Nineties : Conversation as an Art : Oscar, Jimmy, and Others

By

Arnold Palmer

Sir William Rothenstein, author of "Men and Memories," a fascinating book of recollections

Stella Benson, whose latest novel, "Tobit Transplanted," is reviewed in page 104

OF the pleasures of reading, not the least is the *expectation* of delight which accompanies the act of opening certain books. The name and reputation of the author, the scope of the work, the appearance of the volume—these are some of the factors which may contribute to our excitement. They are all present, to a marked degree, in a book which, after arousing, fulfilled my liveliest hopes. *Men and Memories* (Faber & Faber, 21s.) contains the first instalment of the recollections of Sir William Rothenstein. Admiration of the work of this painter, knowledge of the reverent affection in which he is held by his pupils, interest in the world of art, and delight in the exceptional beauty of the volume, all combined to attract me, as they will attract, no doubt, many other readers. I have scores of good books unworthily produced, and I have a few books which I do not care for, yet will not discard because of their exquisite form. But here is a book perfect in every detail, a joy to handle and to look at; and the miracle has happened, the pages are absorbing to read.

The Slade School, Paris, Oxford, and again London, these give the scene of the volume; the time, for the most part, the 'Nineties. Famous men and women pass by the hundred across the pages, for the author had the rare knack of making very quickly both friends and a reputation. But there are fixed stars (it happens to be the right word) sufficiently numerous and bright to map out this firmament. Whistler, Wilde, Conder, Verlaine, Shannon, Ricketts, Sickert, Steer, Sargent and Max Beerbohm are the permanencies, the chief characters of the story. The rest of the author's friends, though often as brilliant, were not as intimate as these. We get sharp pictures of the others, for Sir William can present a man in very few words, cannot mention a man, indeed, without presenting him. But of the select band mentioned we get full-length portraits—quiet, sane, but imaginative and vivid. There is no need to describe Wilde again, it has been done often enough; but where has he been more justly and sympathetically appreciated than in this passage?

> . . . Wilde was coming up the stairs, I expected to meet someone pale and slender. Great was my surprise at seeing a huge and rather fleshly figure, floridly dressed in a frock coat and a red waistcoat. . . . He had elaborately waved, long hair, parted in the middle, which made his forehead appear lower than it was, a finely shaped nose, but dark-coloured lips and uneven teeth, and his cheeks were full and touching his wide winged collar. His hands were fat and useless looking, and the more conspicuous from a large scarab ring he wore. But before he left I was charmed by his conversation, and his looks were forgotten. . . . He had an extraordinarily illuminating intellect. He seemed to have read all books, and to have known all men and women. . . . He was remarkably free from malice. . . . Affected in manner, yes; but it was an affectation which, so far as his conversation was concerned, allowed the fullest possible play to his brilliant faculties. . . . Painters show their pictures, poets publish their poems, why should not a talker, when the mood is on him, make sure of being heard? Wilde talked as others painted or wrote; talking was his art. I have certainly never heard his equal; whether he was improvising or telling stories—his own or other people's—one was content that his talk should be a monologue.

The reference to Wilde's hands is very characteristic. Sir William is keenly observant of hands, and his description of them, as far as my acquaintance with celebrities allows me to judge, is always precise and vivid.

FROM the passage quoted it will be seen how direct and unmannered is the style of these recollections. There are scores of good "stories" and witty sayings—what impressionable young man, meeting the great world in that last decade of the nineteenth century, could remain uninfluenced?—but these arise in the course of the narrative and are not dragged in for their own sakes. The early part of the book, in particular, challenges comparison with (and has made me reopen) the *Confessions of a Young Man*. It joins hands with Mr. Moore's old masterpiece. The later book, like the earlier one, has the power to persuade me that nothing was ever quite so exciting as the life led by artists in Paris in the 'Nineties. I used to think the magic was all George Moore's, but here it is again. Is it true, then, that there never were, at any other time and place, such writers and painters, so rich a decade, so gay a city?

As I re-emerge from that enchanting period I note, in passing, a little book called *George Moore*, by Humbert Wolfe (Shaylor, 3s. 6d.). How painful it is to see the bouquet wither in one's hand! I would like to enjoy and praise this book, for few writers have given me as much pleasure as Mr. Moore; while, as for Mr. Wolfe, I hold his integrity in high esteem. But alas! he is too subjective a writer for the task of critical biography. In his 150 pages he tells us much of Mr. Moore; indeed, they are all about Mr. Moore, and they are all of good quality and perfect poise. But somehow, when the shouting dies, I seem to know less, and not more, of the novelist than I did when I began. I don't believe I am to blame for this, and I am sure Mr. Moore is not. Perhaps no one is to blame, save only the accursed spite that sometimes makes an artist unable to reproduce the features, voice, atmosphere of another artist. Wasn't it W. B. Yeats who said that the only criticism worth having was technical criticism? If it isn't Mr. Yeats, it is obviously some great man. (*Continued on page* 104)

A Soviet Novel

"Three Pairs of Silk Stockings":

by Panteleimon Romanof (*Benn, 7s. 6d.*)

THIS is one of the very few Soviet novels which have so far been translated into English, and (in my experience) it is much the best. By the term "Soviet Novel" I mean a novel written by a Russian living and working in the Soviet State. This is such a novel, and in addition it deals with the conditions under which it was produced and the life which surrounds the writer. Probably it can deal with nothing else, and the writer has no other experience of any kind on which to draw.

Romanof is a good writer, with a very light yet firm touch. His picture of everyday life in contemporary Moscow is, even for those readers who have studied the literature of the new regime, astonishing; but it is not incredible, because Romanof is one of those easy, apparently casual novelists who always seem to be speaking the truth. Nervous readers, moreover, may be assured that they will meet with no hidden propaganda. Romanof does not apologise or attempt to seduce. His one wish is, artistically, not to appear, and he does nothing but describe. In his effortless way he makes his characters live and his story move. But good as his story is, and well as it is told, the main interest of the Western reader will (as Mr. Stephen Graham observes) be directed to this question: "What does this shrewd and capable Communist writer really think of the state of affairs he so mercilessly describes?"

The Agony of the Audition

THE Casino Theatre requires twenty-four chorus ladies.

In a corner of the dim echoing stage the producer is in earnest consultation with the stage manager and the manager of the theatre.

"'Kiss and Tell' comes off at the Hilarity on Saturday week and there are six good girls we can get from that," he says; for really capable chorus girls are very definite individuals in London, well known to producers and rarely out of work.

"We'd better have an audition for the rest—say next Thursday," suggests the theatre manager. "I'll put an advertisement in 'The Proscenium' this week."

The next Casino production is to be a musical show. Already, scattered through London, half a dozen men are hard at work upon the book, the lyrics, the music and the scene designs. A first-class company has been engaged; dear old Jimmy is to produce, Simon will be responsible for the dances; everything is well set, and now it only remains to pick a chorus.

For some curious reason, dating no doubt from the eighteenth century dawn of pantomime, choruses are considered only in multiples of eight. Sixteen is the minimum for the West End: eight "ponies," the short hard-working little girls who dance with such astounding verve, and eight "show-girls," the tall and languorous beauties who display next year's fashions with an air of mild contempt. Twenty-four is better, of course; it "dresses the stage"—though not necessarily the girls—and sometimes the manager can be persuaded to flood the scene with no less than thirty-two of the ladies of the chorus.

> "*Chorus Ladies and Gentlemen required for West End production. Audition Casino Theatre, Thursday next*, 2.30. *Bring song and practice dress.*"

In a dozen little side-street tea rooms and sandwich bars from Piccadilly Circus to the Strand, where "The Proscenium" passes from hand to hand, this simple announcement has been discussed with eager chattering. Another chance of a "shop." Tired young eyes light up again with fresh hope. Rosie has heard in the Girls' Club that it is to be a very big show and some of the Hilarity girls have already been engaged. Bunty knows the Casino stage manager. Lucky Bunty!

The clans of the chorus are gathering for the agony of the audition.

A PIANO has been pushed forward at one side of the wide dusty stage; at the stool a mouse-like female of indeterminate age adjusts her pince-nez with the air of one prepared to face hours if need be in a good cause. In the centre of the stage under the hard glare of a rehearsal batten—six naked globes in a length of wood—the stage manager and his assistant, notebooks in hand, hold low-voiced conference. Down below them, in the dim forbidding vastness of the auditorium, where the grey dust-covers seem to have turned the seats into rows of tombstones, a few shadowy figures have begun to gather. They are those who sit in judgment—the management.

Framing the picture on the stage, oozing along the back wall past the heavy pieces of scenery which lean at all angles, lapping up in little waves against the piano and stretching down the long stone stairs to the stage door, are the girls. There are perhaps a hundred

All *is not* Gold *that* glitters – especially *in the girl* facing *the* Ordeal *of an* Audition. few *are* chosen! The G*ame* of "Out-

By St. Vincent Troubridge

Six girls wanted for a revue. A Sunday audition held by Mr. André Charlot

Theatre. Pity *the* poor Chorus
Many *are* called, but *oh!* how
goes-she" is an *Agonising* Business

and fifty in all, but their number appears to defy mere counting, and when every now and again one walks forward and presents the stage manager with a note, it is as if she were the first running trickle of the flood which must soon sweep away stage manager, piano and all.

Every possible type of girl is here, fur coats, diamond hat buckle and disdainful looks jostling shiny black coats and sham jewellery. The chatter is subdued a little, but its continuous low hum forms a distant background of sound like that of an engine running.

From the stalls comes at length a faint bustle and the sound of greetings. Already the producer, the dance producer, the theatre manager, and a couple of nondescript figures who are probably authors stand together talking with an almost furtive air. Now the great Mr. Levine, sweeping a couple of secretaries along in his wake, approaches down the centre gangway.

Mr. Levine, having lunched well, is in gracious mood.

"Well, Mr. Edwards, are you all ready? How do you propose to work this audition?" The tone is that of a democratic monarch inquiring from his Lord Chamberlain the arrangements for a levee, but before the attentive stage manager can answer Jimmy and the dance producer report progress.

"Very well, Jimmy's got six from the Hilarity, and you've found four of your old 'Sunshine' girls. Then we shall only want fourteen this afternoon."

A ripple of dismayed whispering spreads rapidly outwards from the girls in earshot. "Only fourteen! Only fourteen!" The game of the little nigger boys has started in deadly earnest.

And it goes on. It is impossible in one afternoon to hear a hundred and fifty girls sing and to see them dance, but a pretty face and a good figure can be detected at a glance. Since fortunately the British Public made up its mind somewhere back in the 80's that looks were the most important qualification for the lighter stage, there is a rough-and-ready method available by which the mass can first be reduced to manageable proportions before the audition proper begins.

Once again each does her song and dance

A pretty face and a good figure can be detected at a glance. An audition of Mr. Cochran's young ladies

THE footlights have sprung up, and the stage manager and his assistant, with sheepdog snapping and an occasional not unfriendly push, have succeeded in lining the nearest twenty-five girls across the stage, where they stand, whispering, giggling, smiling bravely, and half blinded by the glaring bar of light which cuts them off from their unseen judges.

"Will you take your hats off, please, ladies," a pleasant voice calls out from the stalls, and in a moment an impersonal row of girls has somehow changed to twenty-five real live beings as every possible kind of hair from the wild mop of honey-coloured curls to the lank black Eton crop emerges.

It is only business, of course—the business of picking a chorus; but there is something faintly degrading about this preliminary weed-out, some lingering echo of the forgotten slave markets of Algiers where fat old sheikhs appraised the firm, round limbs of youth. This echo lies, too, in the low mutterings of the little knot of men with their heads close together. "I suggest Nos. 2, 5, 7, 8 and 15 from the left." "What about the one in green?" "No good, look at her legs." Perhaps four are immediately agreed upon, and the pleasant voice speaks again:

"Would Numbers 2, 5, 7 and 8 from the left go over into the prompt corner and wait for the present, please? No, not you, my dear—the girl in blue next to you."

The chosen move off with little smirks; the smiles of the remainder harden a trifle,

(*Continued on page* 142)

Under-dogs

An Irish West Coast fisherman

All in the day's work.

THE fillet of sole has a blood-stained little history.

I heard an old man groan—he was 68, and hanging on to a trawl-warp in a heavy sea: "I can't do it! I can't do it!" He couldn't shift it, his muscles wouldn't work; and he hung there with his mouth open . . . The "Mary Immaculate" was bucking and rearing like a horse in the seas off Bray Head, blocks and tackle were whipping about our ears, and two old men and a boy were up forward—pulling their hearts out. And just then I saw an ocean liner sliding through the mist, plunging and rising, and I remembered (on an incoming steamer sixteen years before) the first words I had heard in Europe:

"Oh, Mama—look! There they are—the little Irish fishing boats—don't they look *sweet*!"

Sweet!

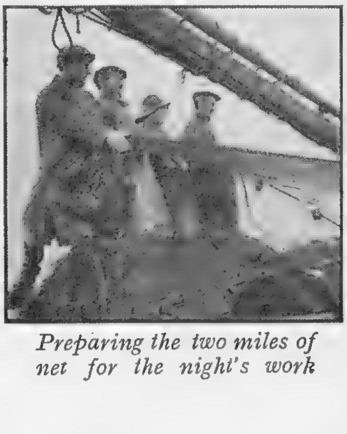
B. C. Rayment

As the sun goes down. A fishing boat getting ready to put to sea

We were with twenty other little Dingle sailing trawlers, their red sails pitched at all angles, fighting with their trawls. From a steamer's rail I dare say we did look picturesque—and fillet of sole is served without the old man's groan. But this was reality. The skipper of the "Mary Immaculate" came running along the slanting deck in his leather sea boots, kicked over the tiller—blocks banged, the air was full of flying ropes—and old Dennis came down from his temporary crucifixion. He was spent.

"You'd never believe it," said old Jack D. beside me, "but he was a fine big man. Stout, he was; a great big man like yourself."

Old Dennis was so perpetually weary that he never made one unnecessary movement. His thick fingers seemed to have lost all feeling; they closed automatically, like the hands of a Robot, over blocks and tackle, and a piece of string in his hands seemed to be something that he could not quite get a grip on. I think the sight of him, bending down very slowly, first one knee and then the other, and then slowly lifting up an iron pin to fit it into its hole in the pump—a hole that his senseless fingers seemed unable to locate—I think that was one of the most terrible examples of physical exhaustion I have ever seen.



Preparing the two miles of net for the night's work

All the way out to the fishing grounds along the black mountains of Dingle Bay, Dennis had prayed. I had watched him in the cabin, down on his knees, his arms resting on a locker, fumbling with his rosary. His fingers could hardly hold that.

"Ha! Ha!" he croaked, as he lay beside me. "I've only two years to go to get the Old Age pension—and that day will be a spree!"

EVERYTHING that day, the whole sky, the whole world, was wet. And after they had got thoroughly soaked these old Irish fishermen put their oilskins on. They did not seem to care.

"Ah," said Jack D., "I knew a man that trolled naked. Galway, he was. He took off his clothes and then he put himself into a bag. It had holes for his arms and legs."

Scraping along the sea floor, 250 feet below us, was our trawl, with the plaice and sole and the crabs trying to scuttle out of its way, the great cod swimming into it; starfish being scooped up, gurnards, haddock, sea-robins, whiting and great death-head skates . . . The "Mary Immaculate" strained at the black rope. Gannets were diving into the seas. Ketches went past us, plunging, heeling, gone . . .

"Dinnis, can ye see Big Blasket?"

"I cannot."

"My God, 'tis bad weather, Dinnis! Ah, sure 'tis bad weather! I cannot see the shade of the land."

Six hours of that, and then, with a repetition of torture, we got in our trawl. *That*, of course, is the only thing that keeps fishermen at it. It's like picking up your hand at cards! Gaping, gasping mouths, eyes, twisting tentacles, shells, silver, and dead white; all gnarled, squirming in the black net—but it was only about £3 worth.

We packed them in a wicker basket for Dublin as we ran back for the land, rowed ashore, and dropped into John Long's pub on the way home.

# of the Sea

Hard *Times* and Rough *Seas*: the *Epic* of the Fisher-folk

By Negley Farson

Repairing the nets for the next trip

The meagre catch after a hard night's toil

"Here's luck!" said old Dennis. His fingers could hardly hold the glass!

"Luck!"

And then we went our own ways through the wet windy streets. That was just one day out of the six which are fought every week along the lovely Irish coast.

BUT up off the bog mountains of Mayo I found pain and sorrow even blacker than that. For here on two tiny islands off the Iniskhea peninsula I found a fishing community that had had such a tragedy that it refused to fish any more! It had petitioned the Irish Free State to remove them from their islands and let them end their lives, somewhere, anywhere, as farmers on shore.

Herrings—they glowed like iridescent chips of metal

Up there they fish in curraghs, those rickety little canoes of canvas and slats that float like black bugs on the top of the water. And one night when their cockleshell fleet was out fishing for mackerel between their islands and the rocky teeth that fringe the coast of Mayo a gale hit them—"quick as you'd slap a wall!" It blew the curraghs before it like feathers. They snapped up against their nets. The sea flung them in the air. Nineteen of the curraghs made a run for it. They either had their nets in—and this saved them, because it buried their light cockleshells deeper in the water where the gale couldn't tear at them—or they cut them. Six curraghs stuck to their nets.

"And I found them," said a father—"like that."

He made a terrible fumbling gesture with his hands to show me how he had found his two sons on the rocks of the mainland—dead in their net. But the horror of the whole thing, even more than the loss of ten men, was the fact that the islanders could not know what was happening. There was no way of communicating with the mainland. At dawn the women could see the white foam spewing along the cruel coast of Mayo. But for four days not one boat could get across. At last one man, more desperate than the rest, volunteered to try and make the mainland in his curragh.

"If I get there and the men are dead—I'll build a fire."

"And we built one."

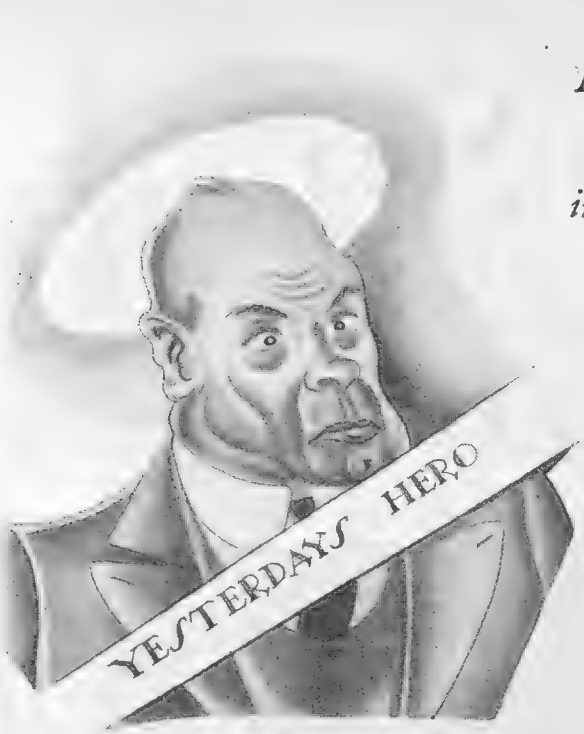
He pointed to the square tower of an old castle that seemed to be peering at us from behind the low sandy peninsula. "We built it in that." Behind swept the purple mountains of Mayo. A mystic scene. The peasants were burning bog, and a great round pillar of yellow smoke rose like a sacrificial tower to the gods of the lonely sea and sky.

"Ay," he said dully, "and

(*Continued on page* 134)

A Novelist *tilts at* False Idols *and* Cheap Heroes *in an* Analysis *of what* is meant *to-day* by

Success



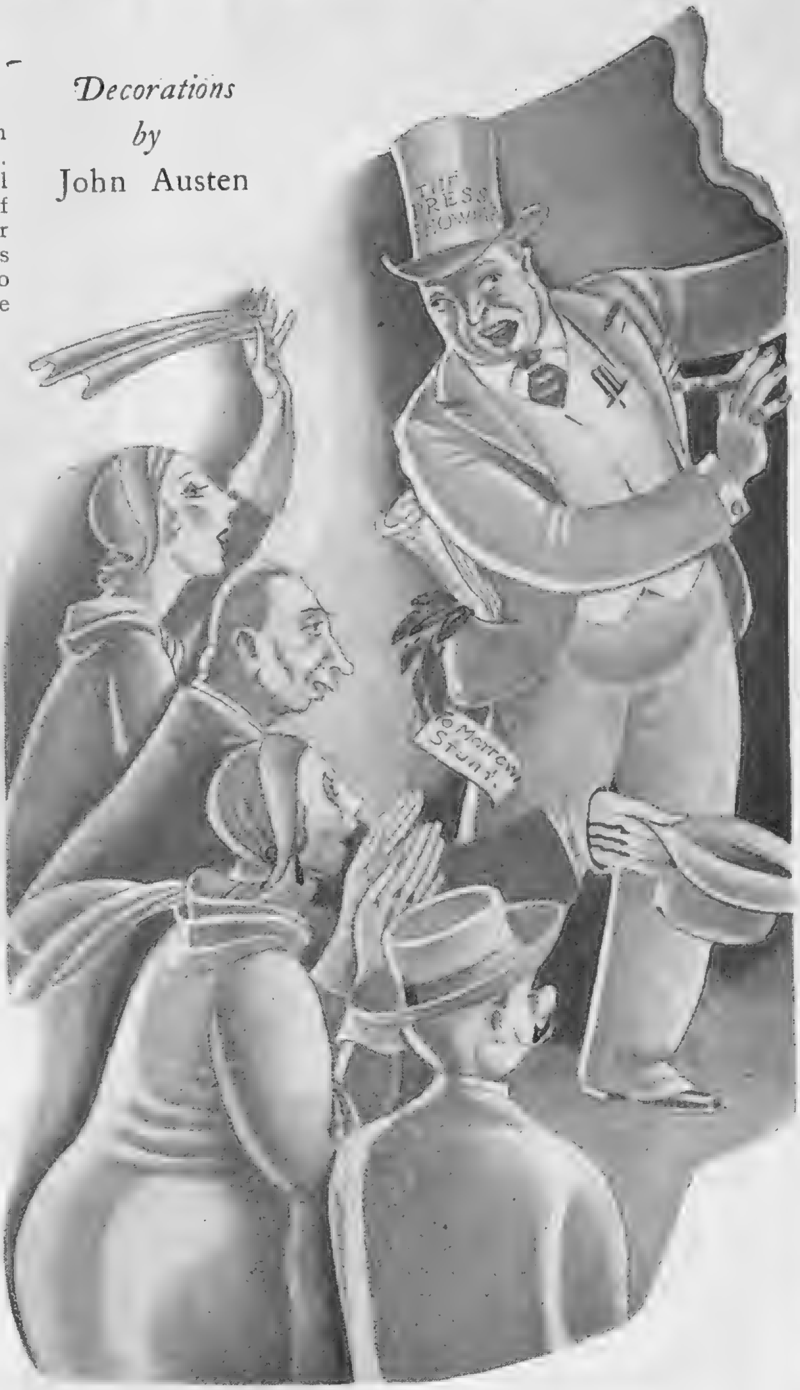
By Sylvia Thompson

Decorations by John Austen

I SUPPOSE that there never has been an age in which Success has been more advertised, emphasised and valued. One has only to open a newspaper or to listen to a general conversation to realise how largely the attainment of success looms in people's minds, apparently so dazzling their imagination and impressing their opinion of the person who has achieved recognition of any kind that very few people pause to analyse its value or to decide in their minds the difference between advertised success and the actual work which it has entailed.

There is apparently a magic about the mere word. Tradition has habitually crowned and made much of any recognised achievement. The victor's laurels, the poet's bay leaves, the actress's bouquets, the deputations and delegations of admiring mediocrities which attend the senile years of hard-working authors, the silver cups presented by Lord Mayors and attendant Councillors to rickety war-veterans, the bestowal of medals in time of war and titles in time of peace—all these paraphernalia of recognition have gone to intensify the tendency of public opinion to suppose that success is admirable in itself. Indeed, so dazzled are they by the effulgence of these apparent stars and by the brilliance of a firmament of celebrities that they not only fail to consider what qualities or work produced this starriness, but also forget that in the universe of achievement many stars are hidden and unrecognised.

The daily Press, with its profitable genius of appealing rather to the imagination than to the intellect, with its finger (as the great newspaper editors will often boast to you) on the somewhat erratic pulse of public opinion, has naturally made the most of this dazzled and muddled interest in the people who have, somehow, become worthy of success. They have, in fact, made what I can only call a "chronic stunt" of it. Nor do they bother—why should they?—to make any nice distinctions between the size and value of the innumerable heads crowned with these somewhat arbitrary laurels—between the persons whom they so magnificently wreathe in headlines and bedeck with "paragraphs." Consequently, Einstein's discovery of Relativity and the Bathing Belle Beauty's achievement of the Internationally Perfect Figure get an equal dose of recognition. The man who reaches the North Pole and the lady in the uninteresting suburb who mingled arsenic with tea run neck and neck for fame. Indeed, the collection of newspaper Figures and Celebrities for any three months in the year conjures up a vision of an extraordinary and motley procession of pilgrims on their doubtful way to the Shrine of Immortality: the lady who was called from her wash-tub to find she had won a lottery; the man whose wife turned up after twenty-five years; the woman who wheeled a pram from London to Brighton; the crook-financier; the peculiarly naughty wife who was so wittily admonished by (inset!) the particularly facetious judge; the girl whose ankles are insured for ten thousand pounds; the Dean who says the world is going to the dogs, and the notable dogs whom the world is going to see at the Crystal Palace; the well-known artist who has painted minor Royalty; the clergyman who has got his charwoman into trouble; the Peer's daughter who has crashed her aeroplane, and the Peer's son well known



To Day's Best Seller

for his regular and pious attendance at night clubs. The Procession has an inexhaustible variety—murderers, waitresses, millionaires, millionaires' sixth wives, sculptors, drug traffickers, mannequins and musicians: each of these professions and callings has its stars who receive the impartial, if not very enduring, recognition of the daily Press.

NOT very long ago I was honoured by an invitation to attend a luncheon given by one of our leading newspapers to the young people whom it very kindly characterised as the Youth of Britain who had in their several ways made a Success. Sport, Literature, Art, Music, Journalism, Politics, the Stage, Science, the Movies—all these were represented. It would have been interesting on that occasion to have been able to take the scales of Justice and to weigh in them the respective real importance and "headline value" of the work done by the people in that room.

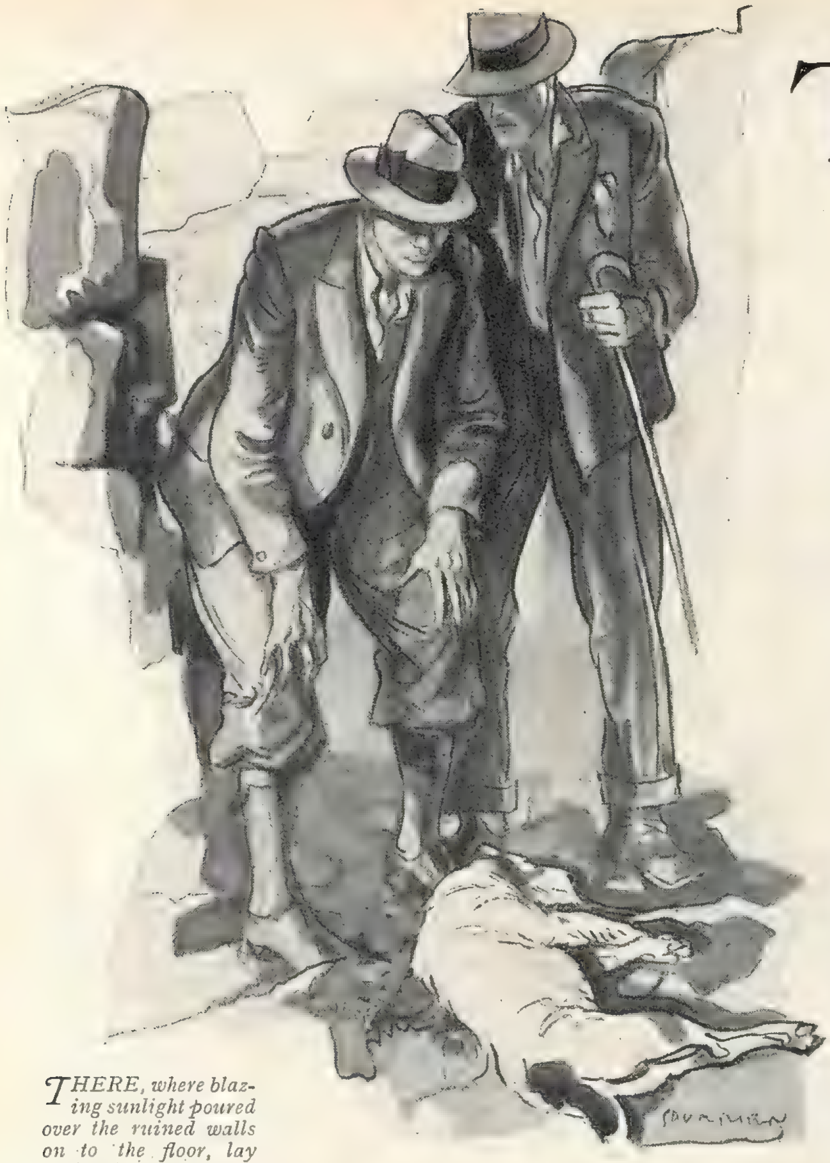
In differentiating between recognition of work done and the work itself (if you can ever get the average person to differentiate at all) one of the most important things to remember is that the cheap approval bestowed—occasionally rightly, but far more often stupidly and without judgment—by the newspapers is so enormously a matter of luck. Apart from the quite obvious cases of luck like the winning of a sweepstake and the size of one's waist, there are so many incalculable and arbitrary chances affecting people's lives, affecting the use of their talents, the opportunities for them to exercise their abilities and the likelihood of their getting their work noticed at all. As in the whole of life a minor alteration, a pause or acceleration in the turn of fortune's wheel, may change the whole rhythm and direction of a life, so in the minor matter of getting public appreciation the able man or woman must often be ignored and a mediocrity by some quite arbitrary impulse of fate be somersaulted into the limelight. To succeed is not always a matter even of taking an opportunity. To take the tide at its turn and be led on to fortune is sometimes easy, but there are many people who never have a chance to realise when the tide is turning; who never get their opportunity, though they wait for years, conscious that their vessel is seaworthy and ready enough to set out on the seas of Adventure and Fame.

PERHAPS a quite interesting example of this absurdly arbitrary nature of public reward can be illustrated by my own experience.

Perhaps my own case, if it has any general interest at all, is especially paradoxical because I never had any great ambition, as an ambition, either to be an author or to have public recognition as a writer. I suppose that I must have had, on the other hand, a fairly strong impulse to write; but rather the kind of impulse which sends a spaniel hunting rabbits, a feeling that writing was an interesting and diverting way of spending time and expressing one's feelings and opinions, than any prompting to write and "be an author," and ultimately be recognised as an author. I wrote my first book when I was sixteen and very much disliking my life at boarding school. I had the idea for the story—the experience of a girl between twelve and eighteen years old—and when I began writing it down I found that the business of writing was rather amusing and exciting. I finished it in quite a short time, but the following year I found that dances and going out were a great deal more amusing and exciting. Indeed, I had almost forgotten all about this little literary impulse when a large, kind young man whom I met at a dance, and who worked in the publishing world and is himself a novelist, told me that he had heard I had written a novel and would I let him see it. I sent him along a fairly smudgy manuscript. He deciphered it, had it typed, and wrote to me to say that he had sent it to Blackwell, the Oxford publisher. I was extremely surprised. I was more surprised when Blackwell accepted it, and very grateful to the large, kind young man. The book came out the following autumn and had some good notices; the *Times Literary Supplement* in particular was extraordinarily enthusiastic. I was rather pleased, but at that moment I was much more interested by my life at Oxford and by the dazzling young men whom I met there to be very much taken up either by my published novel or by the idea of ever writing another.

WHEN I was twenty a friend of mine (who is now my husband) said, "I wish you would write another book." As I was extremely anxious at the time to enhance any opinion he might have of me, I started the novel, and once I had started found again that writing could be a very absorbing way of spending time. I finished it in about six months, just after I had left Oxford. It was a light, but I think rather undergraduatish novel called *A Lady in Green Gloves*. It had a few mildly complimentary notices, both here and in America. Its chief advantage from my point of view was that it brought me in enough money to buy a pair of extremely elegant snakeskin shoes. Encouraged by this mild financial success, I wrote very quickly an almost incredibly dull and dreary little novel which never saw the light, as nobody was foolish enough to buy it. I then gave writing a miss for a time. However, when I was twenty-two I found myself faced with a long and rather desolating winter in England, (*Continued on page* 114)

The Mark



THERE, where blazing sunlight poured over the ruined walls on to the floor, lay Isola Marsburg's dog!

"A PEACEFUL spot," said I, lighting a cigarette and tilting my chair back.

Indeed, the cathedral close of Exeter retains its spirit of peace even under the most adverse circumstances. We had hurried over dinner, anxious to escape the clatter of a large party of Overseas tourists, and now, in the little forecourt of the hotel, watched the dusk of a tropically hot day claiming those ancient precincts.

My companion nodded, busily stuffing tobacco into the large bowl of his briar.

"In the absence of Mr. Cook's customers—very," he agreed.

I smiled. My friend's nerves were rather highly strung at the moment, and this short holiday was designed on the morrow to lead us to the moor, the air of which I have always maintained professionally to be the finest nerve cure in England.

If ever a man needed a holiday, that man was Nayland Smith, and in spite of the intense virility which showed in his every movement, in the vigour of his iron-grey hair, and the clear, eager outline of his sun-tanned face, I knew that my old friend had been taxed to the edge even of his iron endurance. But Fate plays us some strange tricks, and as I soaked myself in the healing balm which seemed to pour from the old cathedral I stood, unknowingly, upon the verge of desperate things.

That peace was chimerical.

A smart two-seater came spinning around the close and was pulled up immediately in front of where we sat. A man stepped out and entered the hotel, glancing aside at Smith as he passed.

I thought he started slightly as his glance rested on the gaunt, eager face, but a moment later he had disappeared in the building. He was a slimly built man, wearing a tweed suit of the familiar plus-four variety, and was of a very dark complexion, his coal black hair white at the temples. I might have thought no more about it, except for Nayland Smith's behaviour.

Smith ceased loading his pipe and laid it with the open pouch upon a ledge before him. Then, his head turned towards the hotel door, he began tugging at the lobe of his ear, a habit which I knew to betoken intense reflection. Suddenly his straight, disconcerting glance met mine, and: "Did you particularly notice that man who went in?" he challenged.

"Not particularly, but I saw him stare at you."

"Did he?" Smith jerked. "I thought so too."

He tilted his chair back and stared speculatively at a wire-haired terrier who sat bolt upright on the seat of the car. The terrier looked neither right nor left, but straight before him. He might have been a dummy, so rigid was his pose. But after some moments Smith filled and lighted his pipe.

I gathered that he had been chasing an elusive memory, but had failed to pin it down. I was in no mood for conversation, conversation being unnecessary between such old and tried friends; but I could not help noticing Smith's quick, eager glances back over his shoulder towards the hotel entrance.

Presently the man came out again carrying a number of letters. He was reading what looked like a cablegram. He paused for a moment almost beside me, so that I could study his profile without offence.

He was, I determined, an ugly man, yet of a charming ugliness. His features were curiously irregular, and his fine, nervous hands, clearly visible as he held the cablegram before him, suddenly suggested to me an explanation of something exotic which I had found intriguing. Stuffing cablegram and letters into a capacious pocket of his jacket, he stepped into the car and went purring away around the corner.

I stared at Nayland Smith. He was now smoking furiously.

"Have you placed your man, Smith?"

Smith shook his head without looking at me.

"No," he snapped. "I must have been wrong. Except that the man's a Eurasian. Do you agree?"

"Yes. I thought the same."

Diners now began to straggle out, inspecting announcements posted up in the hallway and consulting guide books. Nayland Smith stood up abruptly and, turning, walked into the hotel.

I WAS used to his erratic behaviour, but nevertheless I leaned over in my chair and stared back to see where he had gone. He was standing by the reception office, talking to Mrs. Sefton, the amiable manageress. I stood up and joined them.

"Yes," said the manageress, as I came up, evidently in reply to a question of Nayland Smith's, "there were four letters and a cable for Mr. Marsburg and one registered parcel for Mr. Pine."

"Also from America, no doubt?" my friend suggested.

"I don't think so," she replied. "From somewhere in India. I can't really remember where."

"Thanks, Mrs. Sefton," said Nayland Smith, who was well known at the establishment. "I must have been mistaken. Pardon me for troubling you. But it is interesting to know that Henry Marsburg is in Devon. Staying near Moretonhampstead, you say?"

"Yes. So Mr. Pine tells me. But they would know at the Quarry Inn. Mr. Pine is staying there."

She hurried back to the little office.

"The Quarry Inn," Smith murmured, and, turning to me, "Do you know the Quarry Inn, Petrie?"

"Yes. I've called there for a drink once or twice. It's between Moretonhampstead and Princetown. One of the most bleak and desolate spots on the moor."

"Oh!" said Smith. "Do you suppose they would have a room at this Quarry Inn?"

"A room?" I echoed blankly. "Do you propose to stay there?"

"As good a centre as any other, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," said I, watching him closely. "Has this sudden idea anything to do with the fact that Henry Marsburg is staying out there?"

Nayland Smith laughed suddenly, clapping his hand on my

THE girl greeted us with a charming smile; but her listless manner excited my professional curiosity

# of the MONKEY

A Drama of Death and Dartmoor

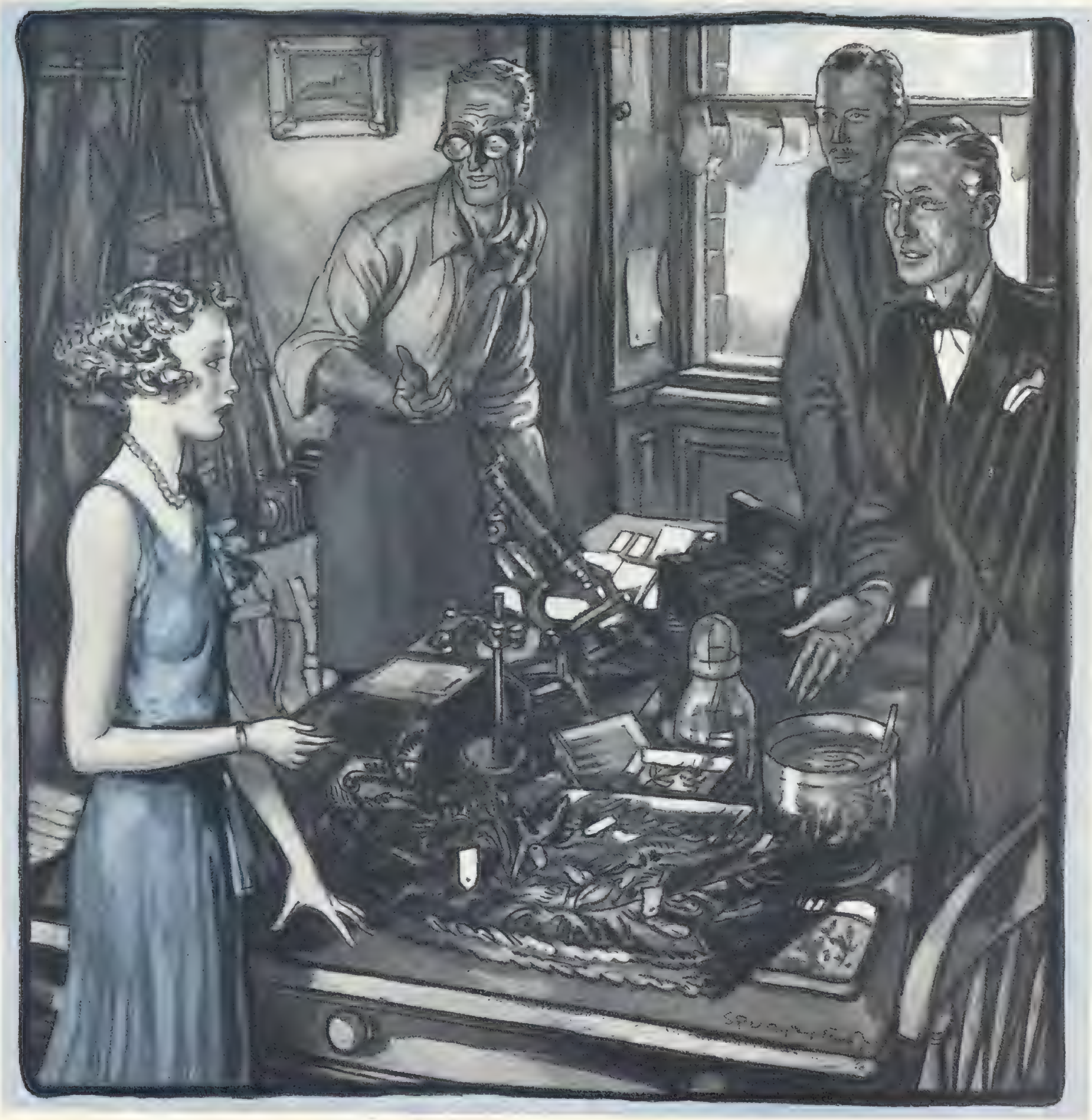
By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

shoulder. "You've hit it, Petrie!" he acknowledged.

"I thought so," I went on. "You scent a mystery in the fact that the owner of one of the largest department stores in America should choose to hide himself on Dartmoor?"

"Not at all," Smith assured me. "In the first place, he is not alone. There's his daughter with him. Also his secretary, Mr. Pine, who called here to-night for letters. Marsburg stayed here for a time and continues to use the address for correspondence



purposes. Furthermore, as I chance to know, his hobby is ferns and lichens. He has published a work on the subject, and has delivered a number of lectures before learned societies. He's fern hunting, Petrie; there's nothing irregular about that."

He was fencing with me, and I knew it; but

"When do you suggest going?" I asked resignedly.

"First thing in the morning."

A WIRE-HAIRED terrier—the one I had seen in Exeter—gave us an unnecessarily warm reception, until the lessee of the cottage came to our assistance.

Henry Marsburg, I thought, bore a marked resemblance to Henry Ford of car fame. Perhaps there is a sort of constructive type endowed with a genius for building up vast enterprises. I could imagine him being a keen enough man in the office; but the Henry Marsburg who was bending over that large deal table in the little Devon cottage was not the Marsburg of the great Cincinnati stores.

The table, on which stood a big microscope, was littered with specimen plates, with dried leaves spread upon sheets of white paper, with little trays containing fronds of ferns, growing moss. Stacks of photographs, chemical paraphernalia, and what not formed a sort of rampart about the working area. The amateur scientist bustled about in a perfect fever of enthusiasm.

He was dressed in a manner which irresistibly suggested a Boy Scout—khaki shirt with open neck, and blue shorts; thick woollen socks disappearing into strong brown brogues. The outfit and the silver hair were wildly incongruous.

"I have read your book, Mr. Marsburg," said Nayland Smith, "*Mosses and Ferns of North America*. In fact, it proved of great assistance to me in a recent official inquiry."

"Indeed!" said Marsburg, flushing with pleasure. "That's certainly good to hear, Sir Denis. But really, you know, it's very elementary, very elementary."

"I don't agree," said Smith quietly. "I should classify your knowledge of the subject very highly. I take it you contemplate something of the sort in regard to our British species?"

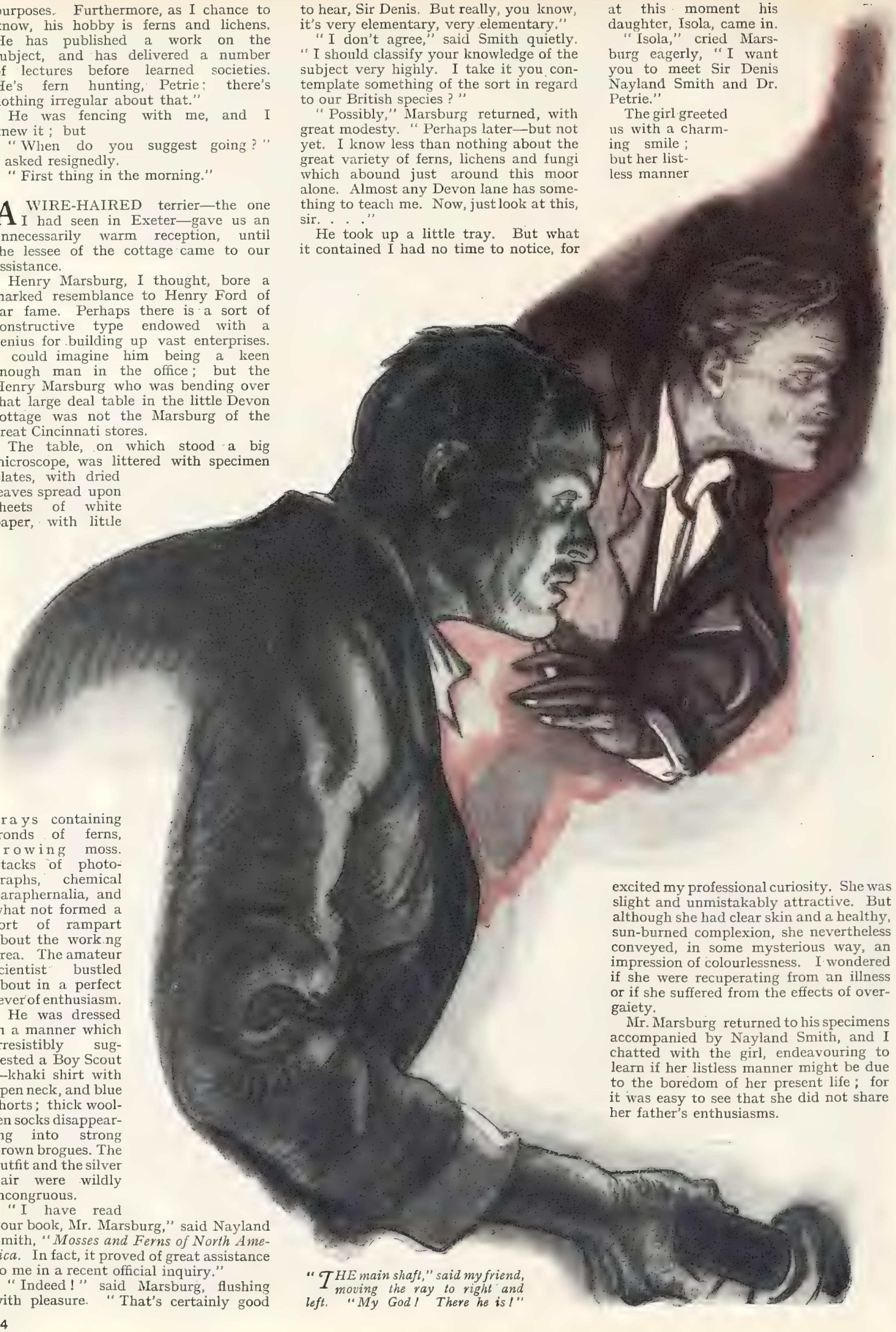
"Possibly," Marsburg returned, with great modesty. "Perhaps later—but not yet. I know less than nothing about the great variety of ferns, lichens and fungi which abound just around this moor alone. Almost any Devon lane has something to teach me. Now, just look at this, sir. . . ."

He took up a little tray. But what it contained I had no time to notice, for at this moment his daughter, Isola, came in.

"Isola," cried Marsburg eagerly, "I want you to meet Sir Denis Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie."

The girl greeted us with a charming smile; but her listless manner excited my professional curiosity. She was slight and unmistakably attractive. But although she had clear skin and a healthy, sun-burned complexion, she nevertheless conveyed, in some mysterious way, an impression of colourlessness. I wondered if she were recuperating from an illness or if she suffered from the effects of overgaiety.

Mr. Marsburg returned to his specimens accompanied by Nayland Smith, and I chatted with the girl, endeavouring to learn if her listless manner might be due to the boredom of her present life; for it was easy to see that she did not share her father's enthusiasms.



"THE main shaft," said my friend, moving the ray to right and left. "My God! There he is!"

However, she seemed to be perfectly contented with things as they were ; and when a little later Smith and I took our leave I was no nearer solving the mystery of her queerly detached manner, and found myself thrown back on my first theory or theories.

The cottage commanded a view of one of the wildest parts of the moor.

Away to the left were wide expanses with no habitation visible, dotted with boulders like pebbles on a giant beach, and blotched with brilliant green, the blotches marking morasses which had swallowed many a sheep and pony during those heavy mists which sweep over the moor. To the right, through diamond pure air tropically quivering under a merciless sun, stretched a granite wilderness, beyond which lay the big convict prison of Princetown.

As we headed back for the Quarry Inn, Smith very silent, I told myself that by noon the thermometer would register at least eighty-five in the shade, for there was no evidence in the weather reports of any break in the heat wave. Suddenly :

" What do you make of the daughter ? " Smith snapped.

I turned, startled by the suddenness of his question.

" She is quite unlike her father in character," I replied, " and so listless that I should suspect anæmia."

" Anæmia ! " Smith echoed. " Yes. You may be right. She has a trick of staring straight before her, like a dog whose master is absent. Very queer."

" Have you learned all you wanted to know ? " I asked laughingly ; " because, Smith, I was never deceived. From the first you suspected something or other, and you have dragged me out here to test your suspicions."

Smith pulled out his pipe and began to load it as he walked rapidly along—too rapidly for my liking under that merciless sun.

" Right, Petrie," he admitted ; " quite right. But, unfortunately, I don't know what I did suspect, or what I expected to learn. As it is, I have learned nothing."

" Also," I suggested, " you were hoping to make the further acquaintance of Mr. Pine ? "

Nayland Smith nodded.

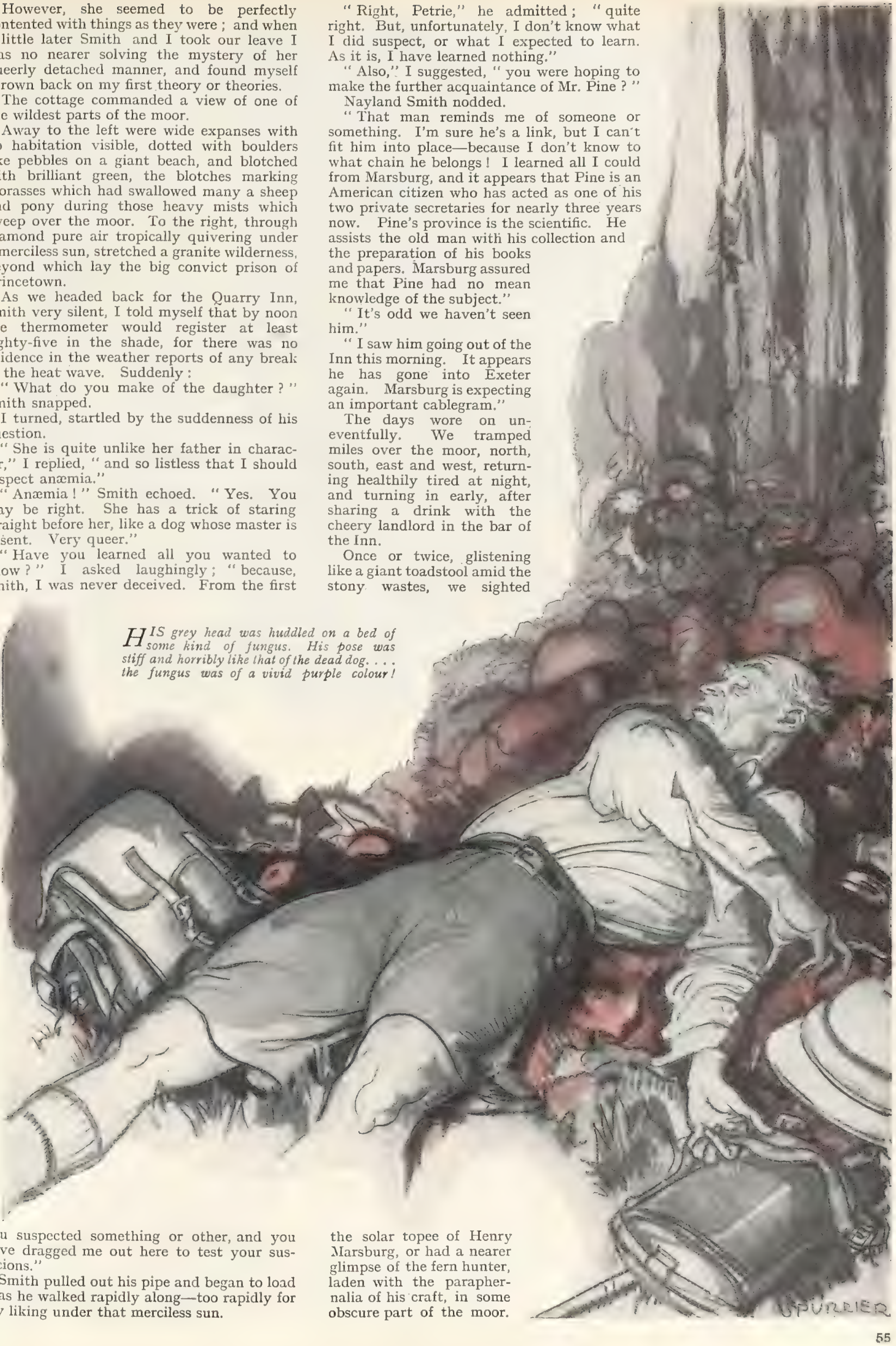
" That man reminds me of someone or something. I'm sure he's a link, but I can't fit him into place—because I don't know to what chain he belongs ! I learned all I could from Marsburg, and it appears that Pine is an American citizen who has acted as one of his two private secretaries for nearly three years now. Pine's province is the scientific. He assists the old man with his collection and the preparation of his books and papers. Marsburg assured me that Pine had no mean knowledge of the subject."

" It's odd we haven't seen him."

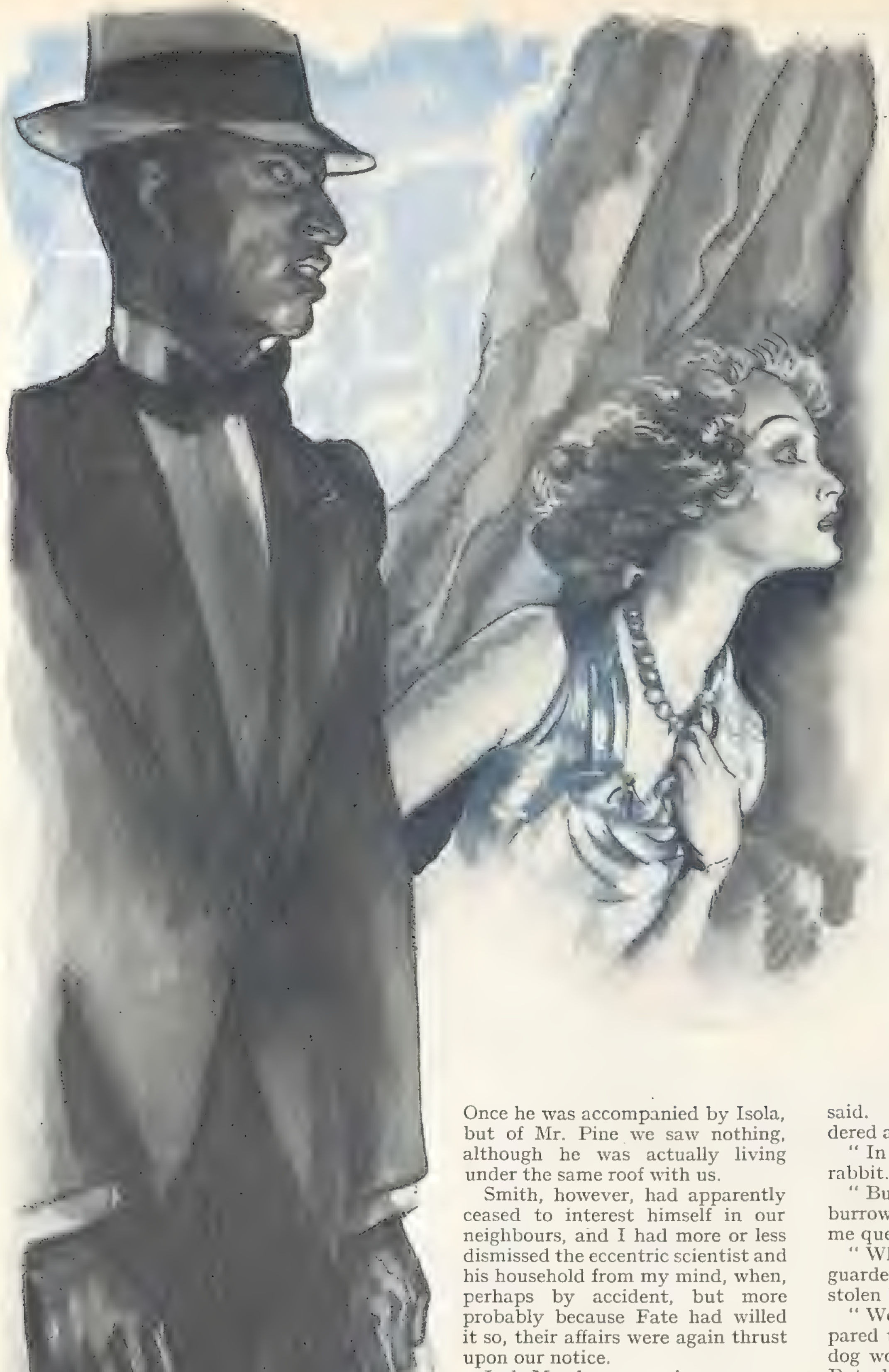
" I saw him going out of the Inn this morning. It appears he has gone into Exeter again. Marsburg is expecting an important cablegram."

The days wore on uneventfully. We tramped miles over the moor, north, south, east and west, returning healthily tired at night, and turning in early, after sharing a drink with the cheery landlord in the bar of the Inn.

Once or twice, glistening like a giant toadstool amid the stony wastes, we sighted the solar topee of Henry Marsburg, or had a nearer glimpse of the fern hunter, laden with the paraphernalia of his craft, in some obscure part of the moor.



HIS grey head was huddled on a bed of some kind of fungus. His pose was stiff and horribly like that of the dead dog. . . . the fungus was of a vivid purple colour !



"*WHY do you look at me so, both of you? Do you know what has become of my father?*"

Once he was accompanied by Isola, but of Mr. Pine we saw nothing, although he was actually living under the same roof with us.

Smith, however, had apparently ceased to interest himself in our neighbours, and I had more or less dismissed the eccentric scientist and his household from my mind, when, perhaps by accident, but more probably because Fate had willed it so, their affairs were again thrust upon our notice.

Isola Marsburg came in one morning, very disconsolate, her heavy-lidded eyes tearful, just as Smith and I were setting out on the moor.

"Oh, Dr. Petrie!" she said excitedly, "I'm in such trouble . . ."

"What is the matter?" I cried, a sudden unaccountable fear claiming my mind.

"Jack has disappeared!" she added brokenly.

For a moment I was silent, the name at first conveying nothing to me. Then, suddenly, the solution came. Whilst I was sorry for the girl, I was aware, too, of a wave of relief.

"Your dog!" snapped a voice at my elbow. Turning, I saw that Nayland Smith had joined us.

"Yes, Sir Denis. I loved him so. We've been pals for five years."

Nayland Smith's face was very grim, and when he spoke again I realised with surprise that he was not merely trying to be sympathetic, but that he attached almost as great an importance to the girl's loss as she did herself; for:

"Tell me, Miss Marsburg," he went on rapidly, "when did you miss the dog?"

"Last night. I went out and whistled for him at dinner time, but he didn't reply. I have never seen him since."

"Did you search?"

"Yes. We all searched for miles around. Father and Mr. Pine are out now, still looking. I came here in the vain hope that you might have found him and brought him back to the Inn."

"I am very sorry, Miss Marsburg," said Smith gently. "I wish I could give you news. Unfortunately I can't, though my friend and I will keep a look-out."

"It's no good," said the girl sadly. "The poor little chap has wandered into one of those awful bogs. I shall never see him again!"

She bit her lip, restraining tears with difficulty. We walked back part of the way with her, meeting old Mrs. Ugglestone, their resident housekeeper, vigorously prodding a big stick into every bush that might have concealed the body of a dog.

The episode left an unpleasant impression, heightened by Nayland Smith's manner. And when presently we resumed our original route,

"I don't like it, Petrie," he said. "Why should the dog have wandered away from the cottage?"

"In all probability, in pursuit of a rabbit."

"But rabbits don't live in mires, they burrow in dry ground." He stared at me queerly.

"What are you suggesting?" said I guardedly; "that the dog has been stolen?"

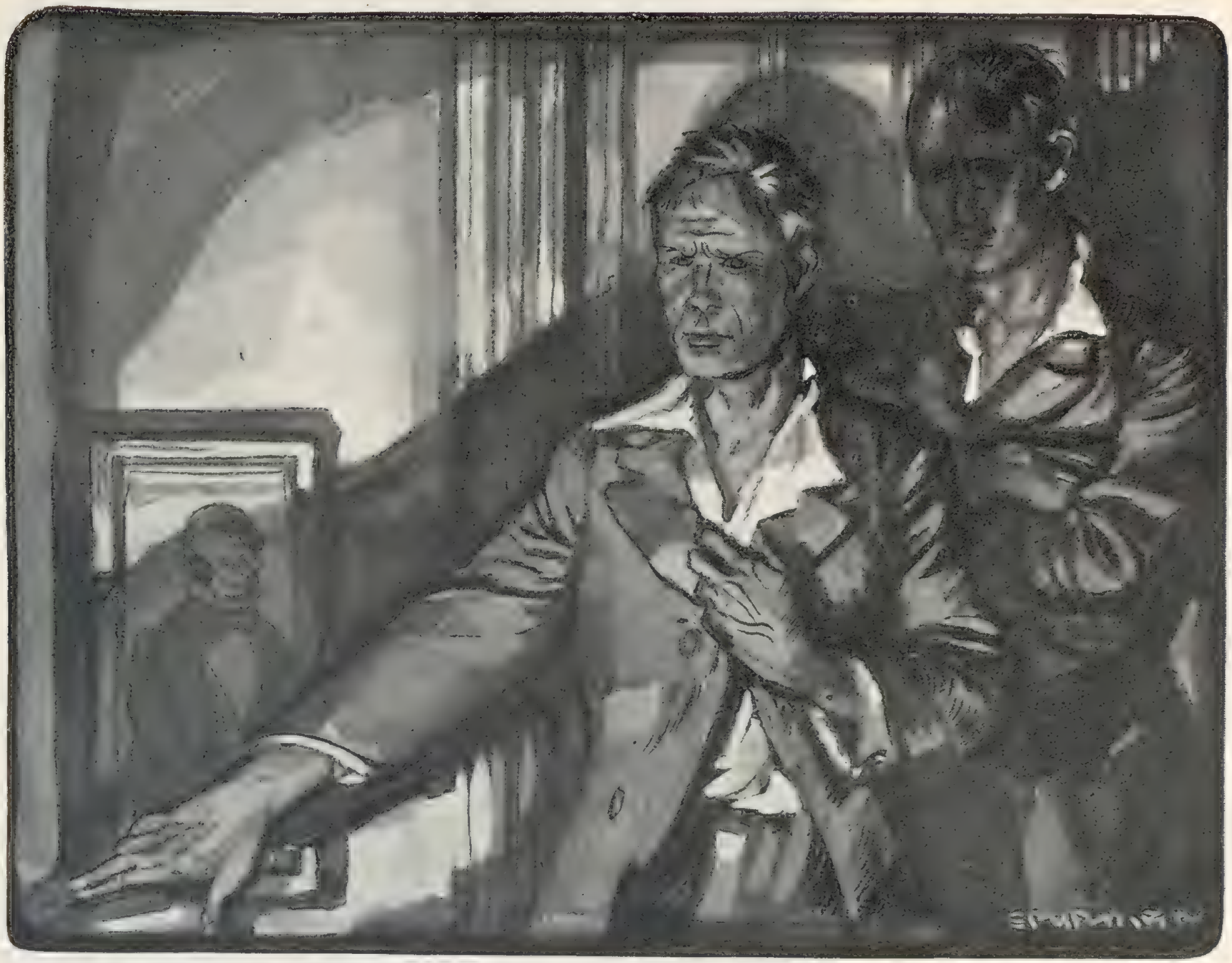
"Well," he snapped, "I'm not prepared to believe that a highly intelligent dog would voluntarily walk into a mire. But short of his being stolen, or lured away—which is the same thing—what other explanation remains?"

Frankly, that point of view had not occurred to me, but now that it was presented I had to admit that it was reasonable.

Smith was glaring straight ahead of him, lost in one of those fits of abstraction during which it was about as profitable to attempt conversation as to endeavour to carry on an argument with the Sphinx at Gizeh.

We had reached the verge of the stream and going became rough. Nayland Smith suddenly returned from whatever mental exploration had claimed him.

"Do you remember the first time we ever saw the missing dog, Petrie?" he snapped.



"TWO of us, Dr. Gwalia," Nayland Smith confirmed grimly

I pulled up, staring at him, thinking hard, and then:

"Yes," I replied. "He was sitting in Pine's car."

"His behaviour was very significant."

"He seemed to be perfectly contented."

"Exactly!"

Smith stared at me hard, smiled, and walked on. I continued my way, frankly bewildered by his words.

At points we walked in a narrow ravine, overhung by foliage. Then the ravine would widen out, and great boulders flank our path, until presently, hot and tired, we pulled up for a rest.

"According to the big map," said Nayland Smith, "at somewhere about here—I imagine over the top yonder—there's an ancient mine-working dating back to very early times. Shall we explore and have a look at it?"

I agreed. And climbing steeply up a sparsely vegetated slope with great upcrops of granite, we found ourselves at the edge of what was evidently a deserted quarry.

"Phew!" Smith whistled. "Dangerous!"

We pulled up, staring into the depths. There was a clearly marked path below, to the left, bordering a bright green patch which I strongly suspected to be morass. This path was lost in the shadows below, but wound out of the artificial gully of the quarry in the direction of a little valley dotted with those primitive stone huts which mark the abode of some vanished race.

"The mine-working is somewhere beyond the huts," said Smith. "But how the devil do we get to the bottom without breaking our necks?"

"There's the way," said I triumphantly, and pointed.

It was a detour of a quarter of a mile. Nayland Smith stared, shading his eyes with upraised hand; then:

"You're right, Petrie," he agreed. "Come on."

We plodded on our way, and I knew that the thermometer was rising at least two degrees an hour. Presently we found ourselves on the narrow path which we had seen from above, and which hugged the walls of the granite cliff quarried out in some past time, and skirted the edge of a treacherous bog which, under that tropical sun, exhaled a visible mist.

"Phew!" said Nayland Smith, taking off his hat and mopping his forehead. "It stinks of malaria, if ever I smelt it in England. By heavens! we might be in Burma."

The artificial cliff faced due south, and literally danced with the heat. Around its base clustered rank vegetation. The place was alive with flies and there were cavern-like, unwholesome hollows in the rock. I suppose these conditions had been created by weeks of unprecedented heat, but the entire atmosphere of the place was inherently unwholesome, so that I was glad to find myself upon the open moor and headed for the stone huts.

At the first of these Smith paused curiously.

He crossed the dense black shadow-patch of the opening and entered that weird prehistoric home. I was about to follow, when:

"Petrie!" came hoarsely, "Petrie!"

I sprang forward. Smith grasped my wrist with a hand that quivered . . . and pointed.

There, where blazing sunlight poured over the ruined walls on to the floor, lay the body of Jack—Isola Marsburg's dog!

I SHALL never forget the expression on Smith's drawn face, although I despair of describing it, when presently he arose from his knees. His jaws were tightly clenched and his eyes danced in a sort of mad irritation.

"Do you see it, Petrie? Do you see it?"

He was pointing to the poor brute's muzzle, as it lay against the stone floor in a pool of foamy slaver. Mixed up with this, and visible also in patches upon the animal's head, was a quantity of some bright purple powder.

I examined the victim closely, gingerly touching the strange powder with my finger and scrutinising it with interest.

"I shouldn't taste it, Petrie," said Smith grimly.

"I don't intend to," I assured him. "The poor brute has been poisoned with this, whatever it is . . . But, hello! what have we here?"

I had noticed (*Continued on page 106*)

THE DARK Cloak

NAPIER HAMILTON waited a trifle impatiently while the deck steward arranged a rug over his chair.

"There, sir, I think you'll find that about right," the man said, straightening up.

From his manner it was evident that he suspected, or had ascertained, that Napier was a man of quality and wealth who would be certain to reward good service with a substantial tip at the end of the voyage. The man's attitude annoyed Napier, whose disposition had suffered from years of ill-health, for materialism had no place in the splendid tropical night, whose beauty had a magical profundity.

"Are you certain you have everything you want, sir?" the man asked, when the last fold had been arranged to his satisfaction.

Napier nodded, his eyes fixed on stars appearing and disappearing above the ship's rail. He was impatient to be alone, and as the man started away called out:

"Turn off that light," indicating the wire-encased globe above his cabin door. "Thanks, that'll be everything," he said, when it was done, dismissing the man.

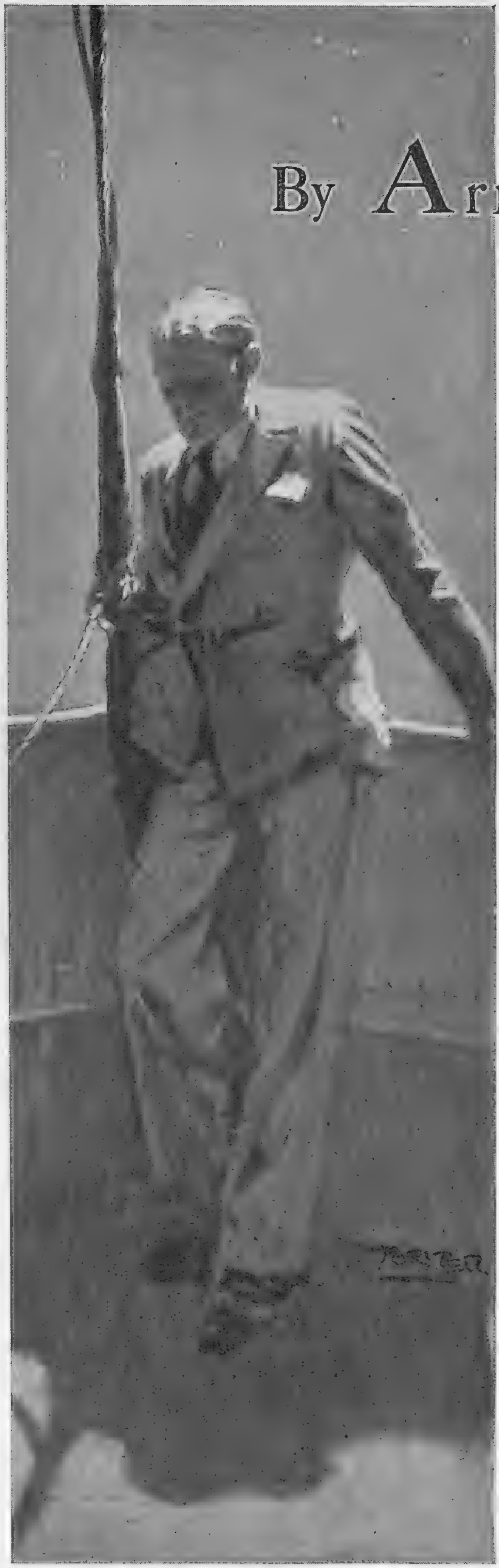
He lighted a cigarette, smoked part of it, began coughing, and impatiently flung it away. The ship lifted, then subsided gratefully into the warm, purple sea. Air like a caress passed across his face, affecting him oddly, for, in some extraordinary, intangible way, it seemed for an instant to restore a lost ecstasy, making him forget vanished youth, with its memories cruel and sweet, in a restless, intolerable desire for life.

He watched dancers moving across a lighted space enclosed by strips of coloured bunting. Music reached him, and faint peals of laughter. It was the night of the fancy dress ball, the ship two days out of Tahiti, where it would take on a supply of fresh water before proceeding to Sydney. The music stopped; couples in fantastic and picturesque attire strolled by, casually glancing at him, but too engrossed in themselves and in the good time they were having to waste time to speak to a man, obviously not of their generation, who had been confined to his cabin for the greater part of the voyage by poor health, resulting from being gassed during the war. Napier did not doubt but that they knew all about him, for at sea people have a genius for discovering everything there is to be discovered about a fellow passenger. He felt

The Romance of a *Love* that conquered *through* a *Light* that *failed*

By Armine *von* Tempski

Illustrated by Forster



THEY were standing in the bow of the ship lifting and falling rhythmically against stars and sea. "I've been dammed up so long that I've got to thinking in circles."

left over from another life, a being who had little in common with the youth of the day.

HE noticed a tall man leaning on the rail, a little removed from the space reserved for dancing. His attitude was obviously that of an onlooker, and Napier watched his clever, tolerant face, illuminated by a light overhead. After a little he straightened up and strolled down the deck in Napier's direction. Spying the long figure wrapped in rugs, the man halted.

" Glorious night."

" Yes, glorious," Napier agreed.

They exchanged the usual voyage commonplaces; then Napier held out his cigarette case.

" Care for a smoke ? "

" Thanks."

Accepting it, the man seated himself in an empty chair a space removed from Napier's. He selected a cigarette carefully, then handed the case back.

" First night you've been out, isn't it ? " he asked.

Napier nodded.

" My name's Wright."

" Mine's Hamilton. Where do you hail from ? "

" Maine."

" I knew a chap called Wright once," Napier said. " We were in the front lines together overseas, but he came from Kentucky."

" Wright is a common enough name," the man laughed.

" Peter Wright was a chap in a million," Napier said, staring at glittering, silvery masses of cloud heaped above the dark horizon.

" Some of those Kentuckians come from great stock," Wright agreed; then added as an afterthought, " I was overseas myself for two years."

" I rather fancied that you had been."

They relaxed toward each other, talking as men talk who have had similar experiences. About midnight Wright rose.

" Well, I must be off to bed; have to referee the deck sports tomorrow. See you in the morning."

Napier was reluctant to leave the boundless night for the four walls of a cabin. The fact that his was the finest on the ship did not alter the fact that its white walls and gold mouldings would shut out an intangible something that the vast, star-studded night had given him, a contact with the vanished past which was like a quick touch on the heart.

HIS mind, prodded by the coincidence of names, went automatically to Peter Wright. At the front they had been known, variously, to comrades as Peter and Re-Peter, as Kate and Dupli-Kate, and as the Fallen Archangels. Why the last they did not discover until some would-be wit had explained it, rather feebly, when a half-dozen of them had been on leave together in Paris.

" You two duffers are too unhealthily handsome to belong to this earth, but are probably not quite good-looking enough to be up to scratch for heaven, so got chucked out; only, naturally, you aren't confessing to that ! "

The fact remained that they were as alike as it is possible for two men to be, blue-eyed, fair-haired, splendid young giants endowed with a lounging grace which made them stand out from their companions. But Napier had always been convinced that Peter was by far the better looking. Napier had been born in Canada and educated at Oxford, Peter born in Kentucky and educated at Boston; but despite the slight difference of accent, their voices had the same timbre.

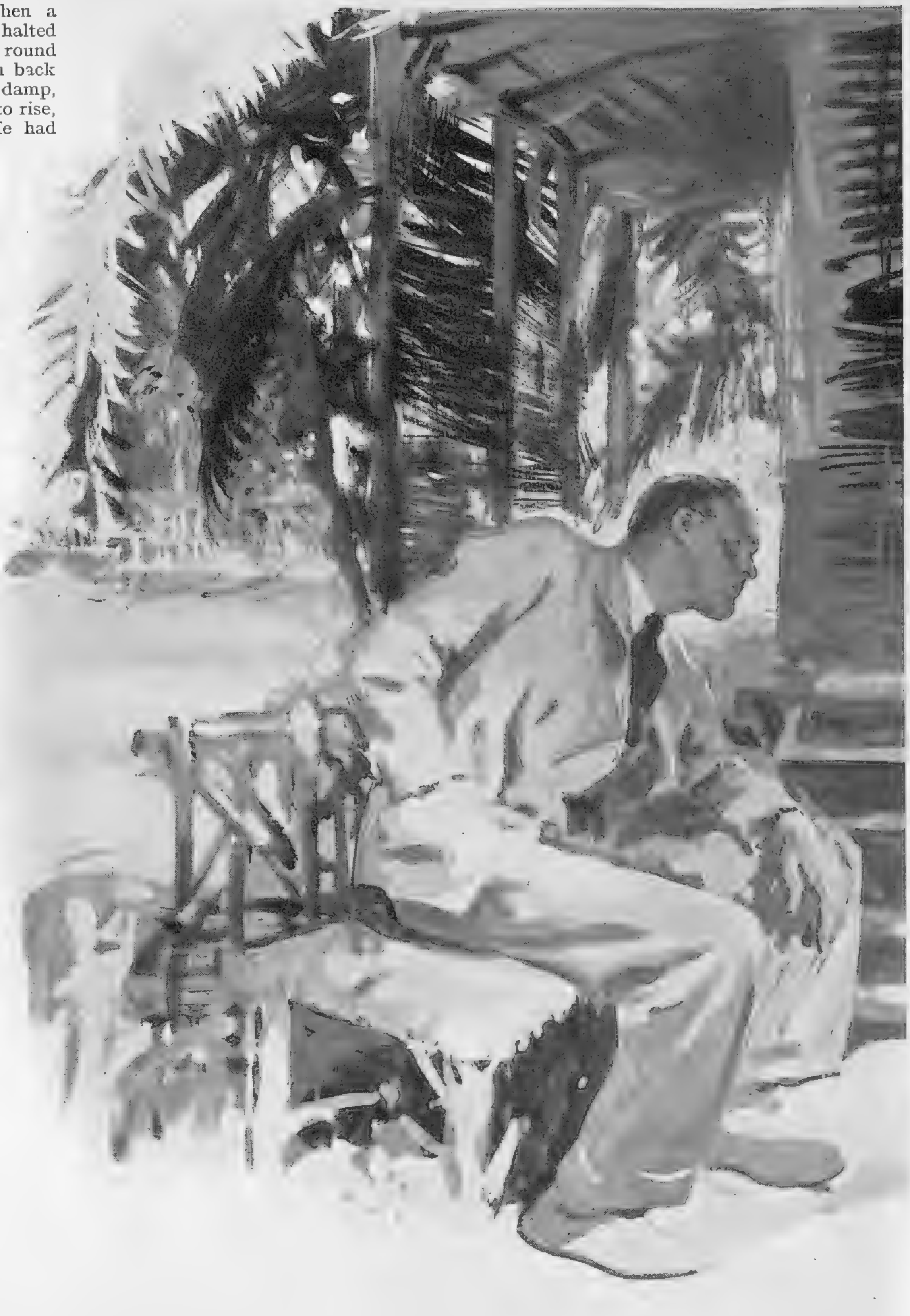
Napier had been in the trenches two years when Peter appeared. There had been a drive, heavy casualties; word had come that reinforcements were being rushed up. Napier had heard the squelch of approaching feet, but did not look up, as he was trying to dry a sock. Legs filed solemnly past; then a pair went by which, for some reason, seemed oddly familiar. He had glanced up; then a curious unpleasant constriction had halted his heart. The back disappearing round the turn of the trench was his own back which was pressed against the damp, earthy wall! He blinked, started to rise, then sank back indifferently. He had been under heavy fire for seventy-two hours, and was probably still a bit hazy as a result.

Later in the evening, when he was sitting in a dugout, he saw the same legs approaching. They halted in the doorway, and, looking up, he stiffened. No mirror could have duplicated his face and person so accurately as the man before him. He rose as though drawn to his feet against his will, but from that instant they were friends, such friends as men only could have been when death lurked in every wind and a wounded, martyred world lay naked and indecently exposed to sun and stars.

They squatted together under desolate, dripping skies, sat silent, talked, exchanged cigarettes. Went over the top, came back, saw comrades drop on to the brown earth wrenching under the incessant concussion of guns. Had shivered, watching night mists rising and star shells hanging eerily in the tainted, tattered night, and had enjoyed one brief leave together in Paris with four other comrades.

IT had been on that leave that Napier had appreciated that Peter, his double outwardly, was of different calibre to him and his mates. They had dined at a glittering café, drunk champagne, snatching youthfully and greedily at the brief, gay respite allotted them. Of course there had been girls. When the evening had been well advanced Napier and the others had risen to go the way of all flesh, but Peter had left them to return to the hotel.

When Napier rejoined him next morning he had asked, frankly, why he had refrained. Peter had hoisted his legs over the side of the bed, looking as though he had just emerged from a dip in the sea; hair rumpled, face glowing; lighted from within.



"Well, Naps, I've been lucky enough to have had the real thing, and somehow if I were false to it I'd feel as though I'd let down the flag, for, you see, as soon as this putrid war is over I'm going back—to her—if my luck holds." And Peter had grinned boyishly, for youth cannot conceive that life would betray it.

Next night, when the train was rushing them back to the mud and blood of the front, Peter said without preliminary, divining, perhaps, that Napier was wondering about him:

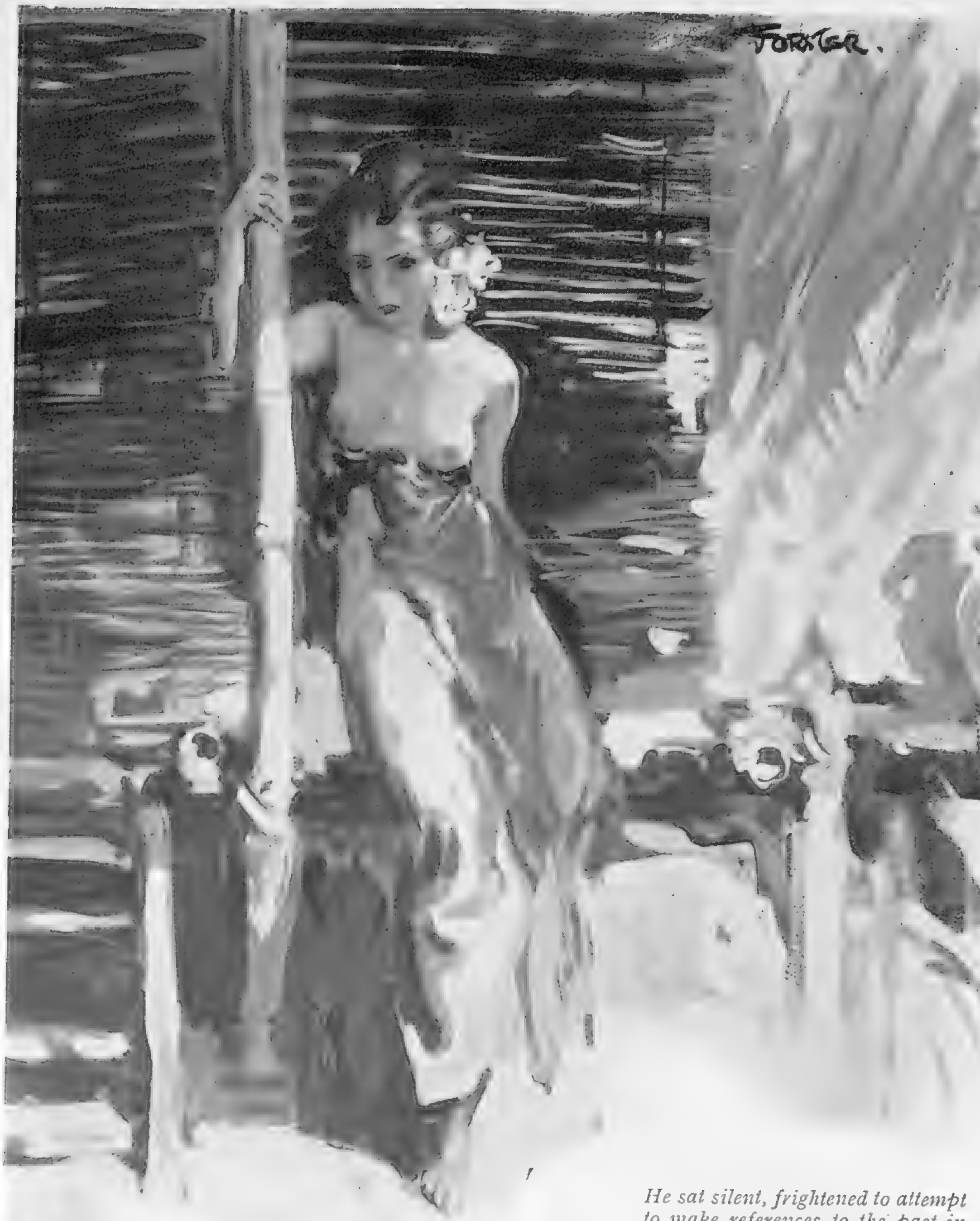
"Naps, I can't talk about it, about her, even to you," and he had stared through the black night rushing past the window at some ecstasy that he had touched or that had touched him. Napier had glanced at Peter's averted face. Some memory made him invulnerable, held him aloof from—grubbiness; and the realisation made Napier love Peter more.

Three weeks later Napier had been wounded. Peter carried him back from No-man's land. He had been sent to hospital, and months later returned to the front. But Peter had vanished into the limbo of the missing.

Napier had tried, unsuccessfully, to trace him during and after the war. He had wondered, with smouldering resentment, if Peter's body, which was the duplicate of his own body, had been blown into fragments or was rotting in some hospital. Why had Peter, who had had the "real thing" from life, as he expressed it, been taken, when he might as easily have gone in his place and no one been the poorer?

Napier desisted from thinking and stared into the perfumed heart of the night. He heard the faint hissing of water broken by the prow of the ship, and voices from cabins where late revellers profaned the immense serenity of the night with their mirth. Throwing back a fold of the rug across his legs, he watched the stars burning overhead.

AFTER the war he had fancied, with uncounted legions of others, that life could be taken up where it had been left off, only to discover that between him and it stood the stark and merciless years. He had become foreign



He sat silent, frightened to attempt to make references to the past in which he had had no share. . . .

to his old environment and to the people who were part of it. The world he had known, the world which had existed before the war, had been broken into pieces. Unrest, which could only be eased by constant travel, ill-health which was a result of years in the trenches, pursued him. After a while he accepted the fact, with indifference and disdain which built a barrier between him and his fellow men, that life was not going to take him back.

Naturally he thought often of Peter, his twin as surely as though the same mother had carried them together under her heart. He owed his life to Peter. Wretched to realise that it was such a poor gift! Rotten to know that he could never repay Peter for what he had attempted to do!

This trip from San Francisco to Sydney was one of a succession of fruitless attempts to recover health and his lost zest for life. The voyage had been monotonous; days in bed to escape cold which irritated scarred lungs—for the weather had been raw and rough out of San Francisco—brief hours on deck when the sun was high. But as the ship began working her way over the blue bulge of the earth the days became stupendous with sunshine. He had lain in his chair, read, exchanged words with fellow passengers, watched deck sports, but the absolute emptiness of the ocean depressed him, filling him with vague forebodings. He felt as though he were going towards—something. The clouds holding their spectacular conferences above the staggering blue of the horizon plucked at his heart, filling him with an impatience for the unknown.

He pushed himself higher in his chair and lighted a cigarette.

A spruce young officer came along the deck and halted beside him.

"Up pretty late, Mr. Hamilton! You'd better put that rug over your legs—these tropic nights are deceiving. I'm afraid you've had rather a rotten time." He glanced at his wrist. "Fifteen minutes yet before my watch," and he seated himself sociably on the chair Wright had occupied.

They chatted awhile; then the young fellow said, rather admiringly:

"I see from the passenger list that you have all sorts of decorations. How long were you at the front?"

"Four years."

"It's interesting speculating what would have happened to the world, to civilisation, if the Allies had not won the war."

"Everyone lost it."

The young fellow, astonished and disconcerted, moved uncomfortably.

"There's another ex-service man aboard," he said, shifting without actually changing the subject. "He makes the trip between San Francisco and Sydney several times a year, but never gets off at Tahiti. Luckily for him, he has means, takes all his meals in the cabin and only comes out after dark—poor devil!" Napier's face was a mask. "If you sit up late enough, you'll see him." The young officer glanced at his watch. "Well, I must relieve the man on the bridge. Good night."

NAPIER watched him go briskly up the stairs. He felt the dip and lift of the deck, and listened to the secret rustle of water passing along the sides of the ship. Some terrific force seemed crouched in the heart of the night waiting to pounce out upon him, and he felt emptied and chilled. Then he felt, rather than saw, a tall figure emerging from a cabin a few doors away. It went streaking up the deck towards the bows.

Peter!

Peter was the ex-service man the officer had referred to as a poor devil! Napier felt as though he had been struck in the solar plexus. Peter was living! Peter was found! But even the back of his head looked distracted. He watched him vanishing down the companionway, legs, torso, shoulders, head, all cast in his own image. But Peter walked as though pursued by devils!

Napier broke into a profuse sweat, and a languor which was physical weakness weighted him. He realised, as people realise such things after they are over, that he had been aware in some dim, deep way, all the voyage, all the evening, that he was getting closer to . . . something. Peter. . . . He got to his feet, appreciating with disgust that his legs had gone all wobbly, as they had the first time he had been under fire. In a sense he was under fire again.

Should he advance or retreat?

He cursed himself for his immense indifference towards life which had made him omit reading the passenger list. Had he done so, he would have seen Peter's name and looked him up. They had been on the same ship eight days! He hurried along the lifting deck in the direction Peter had taken. Reaching the top of the companionway, he halted. There he was in the bows, a dark, tormented silhouette straining forward as though trying to tear something from the night, filled with the vast, regular breathing of the (*Continued on page* 127)

Parisiana

A Light-hearted Chronicle of Life in the Gayest of Cities

When three rather slow flashes of lightning from over my left shoulder turned me round

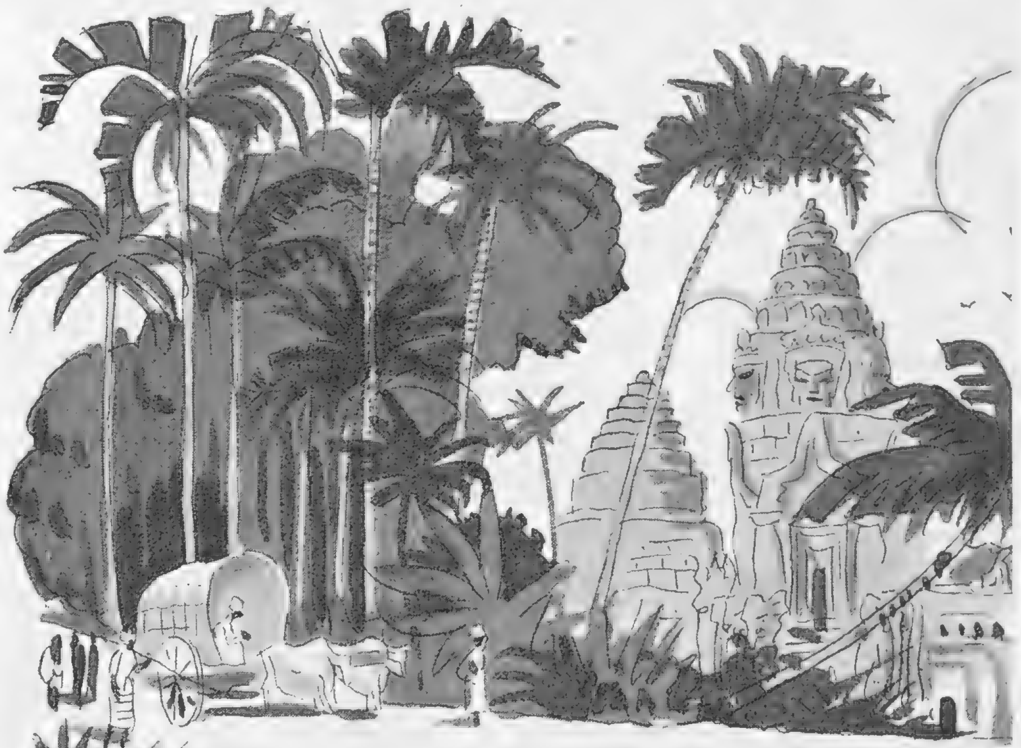
THE word of the month is "Colonial." It is interchangeable with "Exposition." Will the Metro be ready before the Exhibition opens? Won't it? Will the extra tram service be efficient? Have they put up enough telephones? Are the roads wide enough? Are the car-parks good enough? Will the weather be fine? Are the buildings near enough completion, and will the exhibitors have their things ready by the opening day, or the closing day? It is all so terribly exciting that anybody who isn't excited is self-convicted of curmudgeonry. The only points on which no question is allowed to exist are that the Exhibition is going to be madly interesting, far more attractive than Conrad Nagel or Greta Garbo, and that people are going to churn the Seven Seas to foam in their hurry to get here. To a survivor of Wembley (and a sincere mourner for it) it comes easy to take the thing calmly, but one always likes enthusiasm, and hopes it will not be disappointed.

Certainly everything is being done to make it attractive. Some of the pavilions are beautifully done, and the replica of the Temple of Angkor is such a wonder that a Frenchman who has seen the original is lost in admiration of it, and says that even the growth of the surrounding trees of Vincennes (the Epping Forest of Paris) is like the original. I could reel off a list of marvels, ranging from native African restaurants to luminous maps; but as the show will be open for six months, I might as well tell you of them bit by bit. Besides, one will perhaps be better-tempered later on. At the moment there is a sour taste in the mouth. This is an International Colonial Exhibition, and even the United States, which has no Colonies, and certainly won't call itself one, is putting up an independent show, with a pavilion of its own, among all the other nations, including Holland, Portugal, and the rest. But Britain isn't. No. Another Dole-ful economy, perhaps.

So good for our prestige and trade abroad, isn't it? The British Empire is to be represented by a row of shop-fronts in one of the commercial departments, and no more.

NOW let us think of something more amusing. But what? Yes, there's always the Eiffel Tower. It is not a pillar of cloud by day any more than by night (in the present weather it frequently hides its head in vapour, at any hour); but at night it is a pillar of all sorts of weather interpreted into fire. Its latest star turn is three flashes of lightning, followed by some very pretty rain, all silver and gold and oddments of that kind. But, after the autumn and the winter and the spring we have had, rain is a bit of a wash-out (literally). We don't need reminding of it very much, especially while standing in the mud to watch the tower advertising Citroën's cars. However, it's quite amusing, especially if you happen to be on the side he doesn't illuminate, and only see the lightning at second-hand, so to speak, as though it were happening in Heaven, instead of in the local power-station.

It is also quite impressive to see a gigantic 4 or 6 printed upon the uppermost bosom of heaven, without knowing what it means, until the word Citroën spells itself out vertically instead. I had just come away from a high-brow film, where people shot themselves at people's feet to show how much they loved them (don't sort the pronouns—they work equally well both ways; and anyhow it was by Tolstoi via California), and had to cross the river to my 'umble Hunderground, when three rather slow flashes of lightning from over my left shoulder turned me round just in time to see near the zenith a large 4 in wettish orange, enhanced by the Walkyrie-ride of clouds in a westerly gale. So I stopped to see the entertainment through, and had just learned by heart where the rain and advertisement and stars alternate, when (by the light of the nearest street lamp) my evening paper warned me that there will be new effects for the Exposition Coloniale. So we know that there is something to look forward to; motor-cars have always some cylinders in their bonnet, and certainly Citroën has a bee in his; his apocalyptic imprint upon the Paris sky at night ought to be watched. But don't forget to watch the Eiffel Tower when in Paris. It will be bulging with bananas, or sprouting with palms, before the Exhibition is really open. . . . Sorry, I thought I was leaving the subject, but you simply can't get away from it!



By H. Pearl Adam

Illustrated by Bonnotte

Why will monumental artists be so incurably heroic? Why not just a pigeon, or several pigeons, and no lady?

Somebody once said that Chaliapine was " one of these temperamental chaps." You may guess the nationality of the critic, who added : " By every sainted aunt, how that chap can sing ! " Well, he is now (once again) about to retire, so everybody hurls themself-or-selves to hear him, but his children are simply burgeoning all round us. His son is a painter in Montparnasse, and his daughter is such a peach that she was Miss Russia in this spring's vanity-box contest. A little overcome, Chaliapine disappeared from our concert stage, leaving all the limelight to the offspring. Then they both say " Father's the goods ! " and we are left wondering to whom we ought to send the chocolates or the orchids or the what-d'you-may-call-'ems.

MR. FRANK VOSPER has knocked 'em, not in the Old Kent Road, but in the ninth arrondissement (something like N.W.1) of Paris. There have been few cases of an English play which has been taken seriously by the Paris critics. Well, this is one, and it has been hailed by a whole battery of superlatives. It is not an armchair play, where one sits and enjoys sorrow at second-hand ; but it has all the force of something felt, something expressed, and something so well translated and acted.

Our other theatrical sensation is the Dreyfus Case. The only likeness between the play and its subject is that it makes everybody quarrel. The German authors, the French ones ; the German critics, the French ones ; possibly the German audiences and the French ones would quarrel, between yawns, if the make-up of the historical character were not so good. But then, why do the play at all ? It would be so very easy not to.

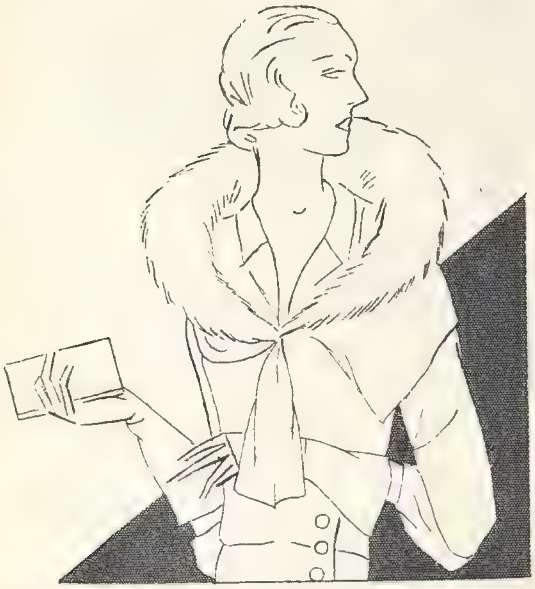
The Bourdelle exhibition goes on till Easter, and nobody should miss it. He is one of the few modern sculptors who see something as big as the Acropolis behind even the smallest head chiselled from an inexpressive block of stone or marble. Rodin saw as a whole the mass from which he would bring his figure ; Bourdelle saw his figure as part of the mass which would be a cathedral or a monument. His smallest things, as inches go, are tremendous in idea. He was one of the people who have such big brains that they are not recognised till they are lost. He drew, he painted, he sculptured, he was, indeed, almost as universal as Michael Angelo ; he was, like Michael Angelo, a poet. Some of his lines are very moving. But Paris only gave him recognition after nearly every other country in Europe. The first statue he was ever asked to erect in his national city was put up only a year before his death—and then in honour of a Polish patriot ! There was talk of a Clemenceau bust by him under the Eiffel Tower, but it has not come off. What a queer thing human renown is !

Some of the pavilions are beautifully done, and the replica of the Temple of Angkor is a wonder

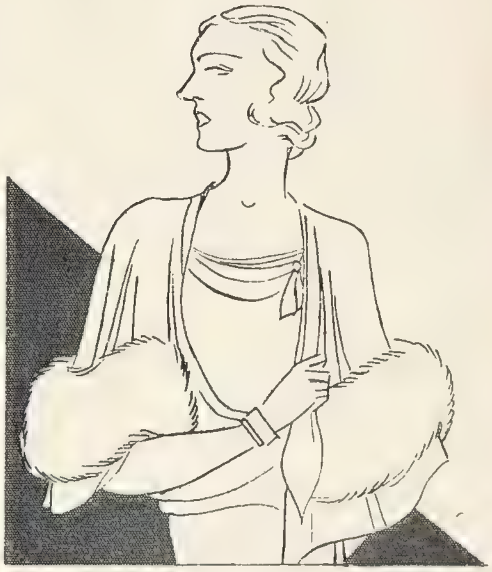
ONE would hardly believe it, but there is practically no bird on the proposed monument to the carrier-pigeons of the war ! It is a globe surrounded by something that looks like snakes in the model (the real thing does not yet exist), and surmounted by the figure of a woman. Why will monumental artists be so incurably heroic ? It is true that the lady has a pigeon on each shoulder, but they are quite small ; even though she symbolises France, she is too large for them. After all, they are the heroes commemorated ! Why not just a pigeon, or several pigeons, and no lady ? They could be wearing a medal or waving a flag or something, if the moral has to be so thoroughly driven home. Anyhow, the idea in itself is pretty enough, and there are homes still centred in chairs that would be empty only for the courage with which the pigeons love the place that is to them home.

HIGH LIGHTS of the NEW FASHIONS

The importance of being earnest about details and accessories is not to be overestimated



An unusual detail is this little detachable scarf trimmed with a sable collar, which is worn with a navy blue ensemble. From Worth



A tiny evening wrap of pale satin, which matches the dress with which it is worn, is weighted by a band of white fox. From Molyneux

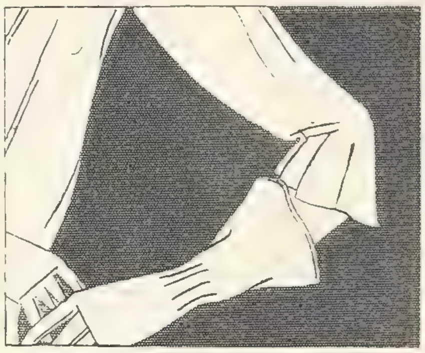
NOW that the major issues of our waist- and hem-lines are peacefully settled, we can devote more time to the all-important question of detail—and that is what the Paris couturiers have done this season. More ingenuity is employed, more carefully thought out accessories are included in this year's collections than any I have seen for a long time. Take sleeves, for instance: they can be quite short, reaching midway between the shoulder and the elbow; just above the elbow, when they are usually finished with a cuff or else cut rather wide and allowed to hang loose; they can continue to three inches below the elbow, or they can be worn long and full, gathered into a cuff and accompanied by a *short*-sleeved coat. One example of this fashion consisted of a navy blue skirt and short-sleeved bolero worn over a white blouse with long full sleeves: another showed a white woollen dress worn with a short-sleeved brown coat. Dresses for summer wear often dispense with sleeves and content themselves with small detachable scarves or capes; one attractive gown entirely made of broderie anglaise had a black skirt and a blue long-sleeved bodice accompanied by a short-sleeved coatee, also of blue broderie anglaise.

Many evening coats have short sleeves.

Another interesting detail is the epaulette. One black cloth coat had tiny epaulettes composed of circles of black broadtail; a summer dress had no sleeves, but simulated epaulettes by a circular yoke which jutted well out over the shoulders. This broad-shouldered effect is important this season.

THERE is very little fur being worn; when it is used it is nearly always for ornament rather than for utility—as, for instance, when the sleeves of a black coat were made of summer ermine.

There are comparatively few long coats; coats and skirts, or one-piece dresses with matching short coats, are fashionable, but with the advent of real summer the long coat of a dark material lined with patterned chiffon or crêpe de Chine, and worn over a dress of the same material, will come into its own.



Gloves are extremely important just now. Note the gathers of this pair and the length, and the three-quarter length sleeves. Worth

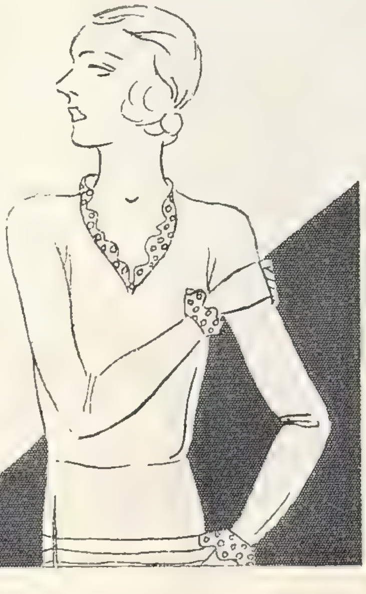
Far more colour is to be seen; many ensembles show the use of at least two, and often three, colours. Brown and white is extremely popular.

The waist, with the exception of a few models of Empire persuasion which are more admired than worn, is around the normal line and is finished with a belt; sashes have been seen again. A novelty is the hip yoke which ties around the waist; one coat and skirt of black jersey had a hip yoke of white and black spotted silk piqué with a point in front, this continued into two long ends which crossed around the waist and tied in a bow at the back. With this costume was worn a white muslin blouse trimmed with lace.

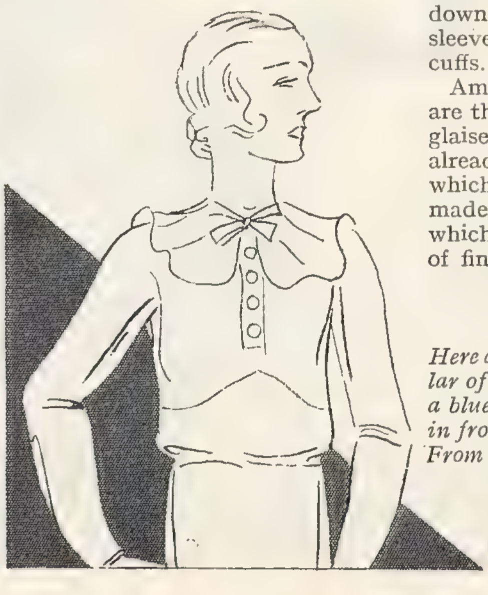
Blouses are extremely important; they are of muslin, organdie, chiffon or satin; many show old-fashioned turn-down collars and short sleeves with turned-up cuffs.

Among new-old materials are the cotton broderie anglaise of which we have already spoken, muslin, of which evening gowns are made! and a thick crêpe which gives the impression of fine pleating.

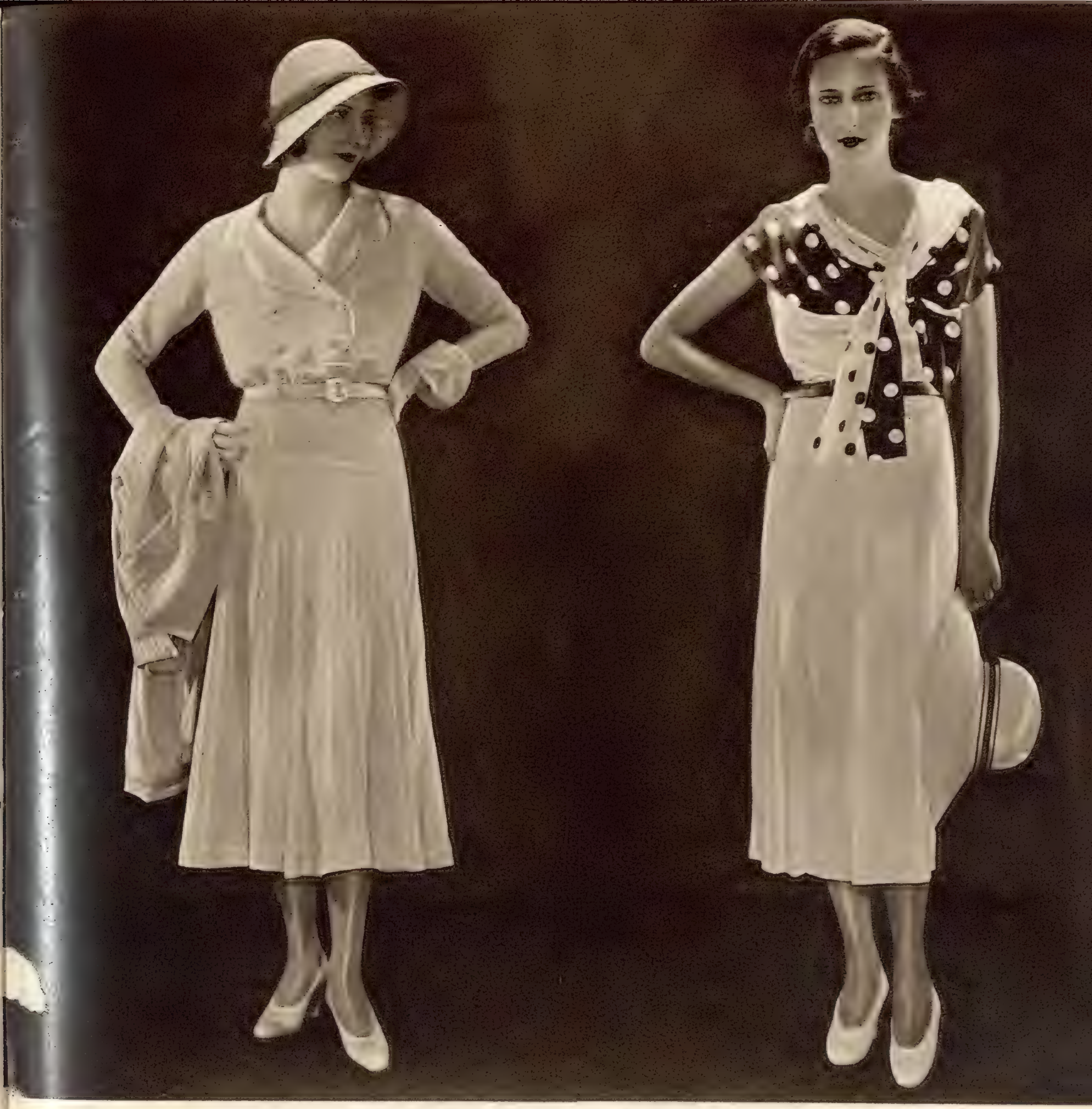
MADGE GARLAND.



A black crêpe de Chine dress from Molyneux has a touch of white broderie anglaise at the décolletage and the cuffs



Here a very youthful collar of white lawn trims a blue dress. It is tied in front by a blue bow. From Champcommunal



Exclusive Photographs by Scaioni, Paris

A LIME-GREEN sports dress from Maggy Rouff has no trimming other than tucks, which run horizontally across its bodice and sleeves and give fullness to the skirt

THIS summer frock of white linen has a pleated skirt and a silk scarf of contrasting spots which pulls through an appliquéd band on the bodice. Maggy Rouff

HERE FOLLOWS

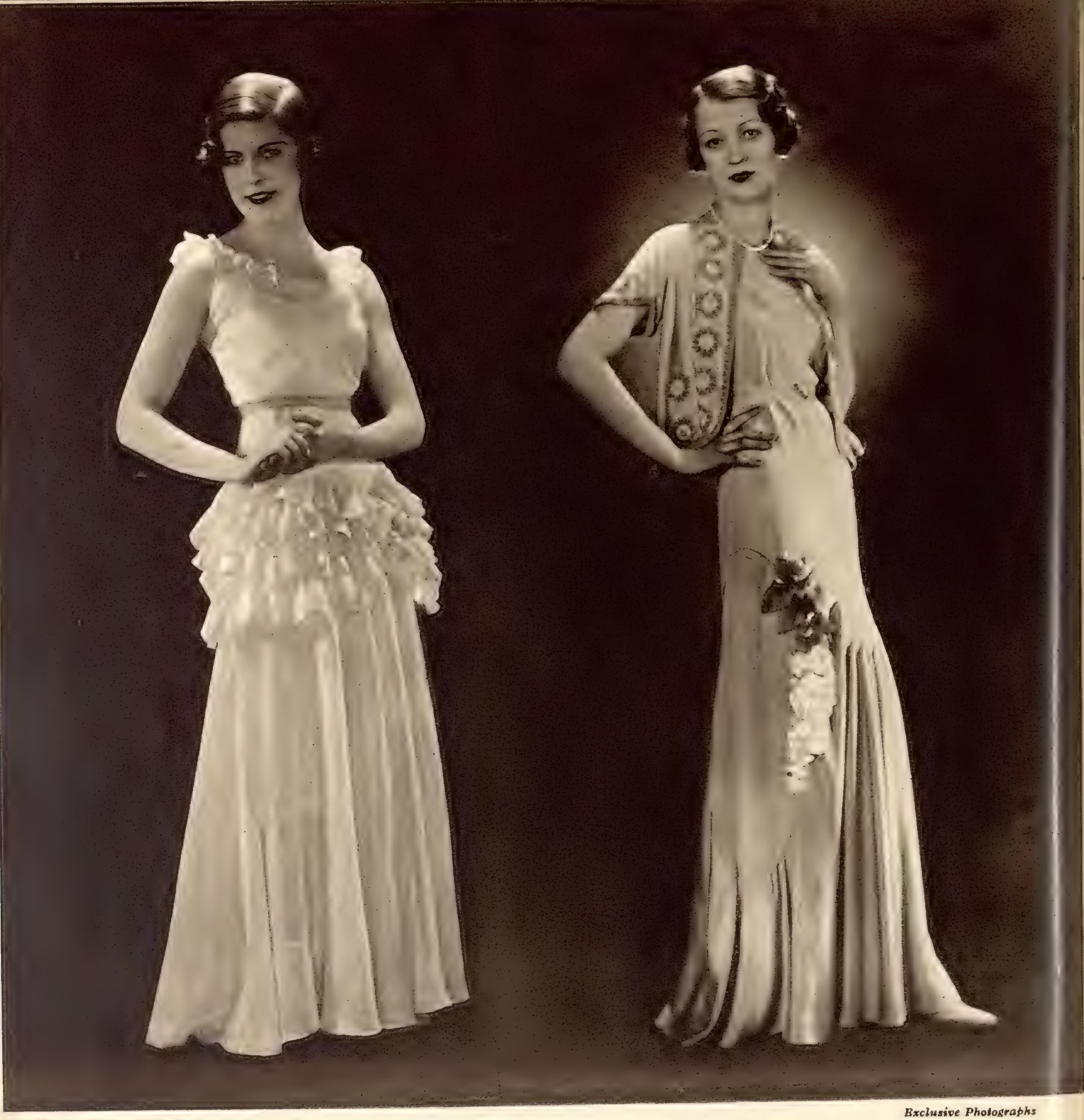
A PORTFOLIO OF PHOTOGRAPHS

showing some of the

NEW SPRING and SUMMER FASHIONS

specially selected and photographed in Paris for "Britannia and Eve"

Note the moderate length of the dresses destined for everyday and sports wear; the comfortable fullness of the skirts; the novel and becoming necklines; and the simplicity and grace of the evening mode



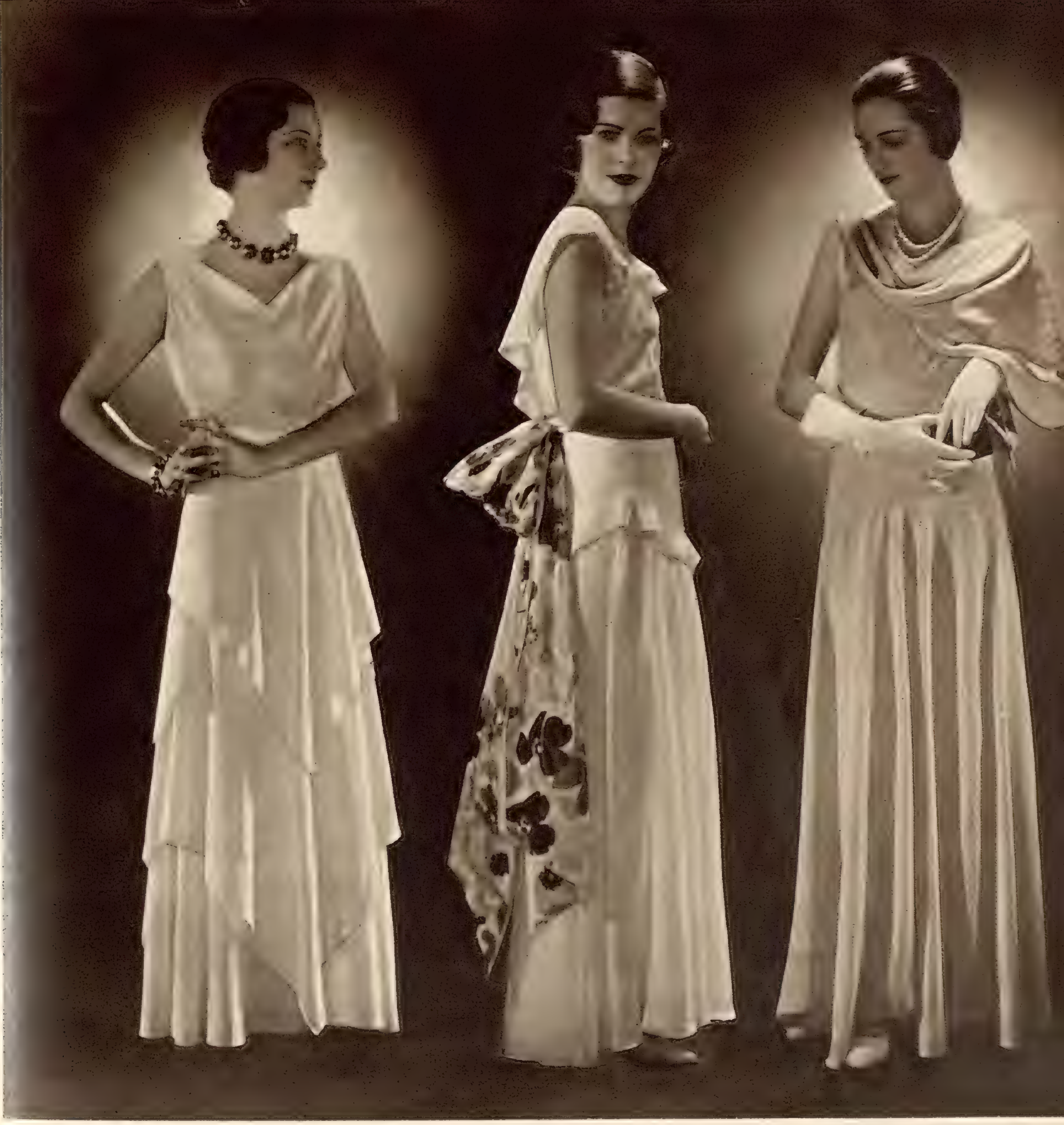
Exclusive Photographs

PARIS FAVOURS FULL SKIRTS OF EVEN LENGTH

ABOVE is shown an enchanting dress for a young girl carried out in pale pink mousseline de soie. The frilled basque is unusual, and is a definitely ingénue protest against the sophistication of the long, fitted hip-line. The skirt is very full and the frill which outlines the high décolletage adds that broad, over-the-shoulder effect which is one of this season's most popular details. The sash is of a deeper shade of rose. From Champcommunal

Décolletages are moderate; flounces are popular; sashes and flowers have returned to favour

A LOVELY evening gown of pale-green crêpe satin achieves a long and slender silhouette by placing the fullness of its skirt very low down, and accentuates this break of the line by placing a trail of flowers at about the height of the knee. The simple bodice is an excellent foil to the elaborate skirt. With this is worn an attractive little coat of the same material trimmed with bead embroidery carried out in green and white. From Nicole Groult



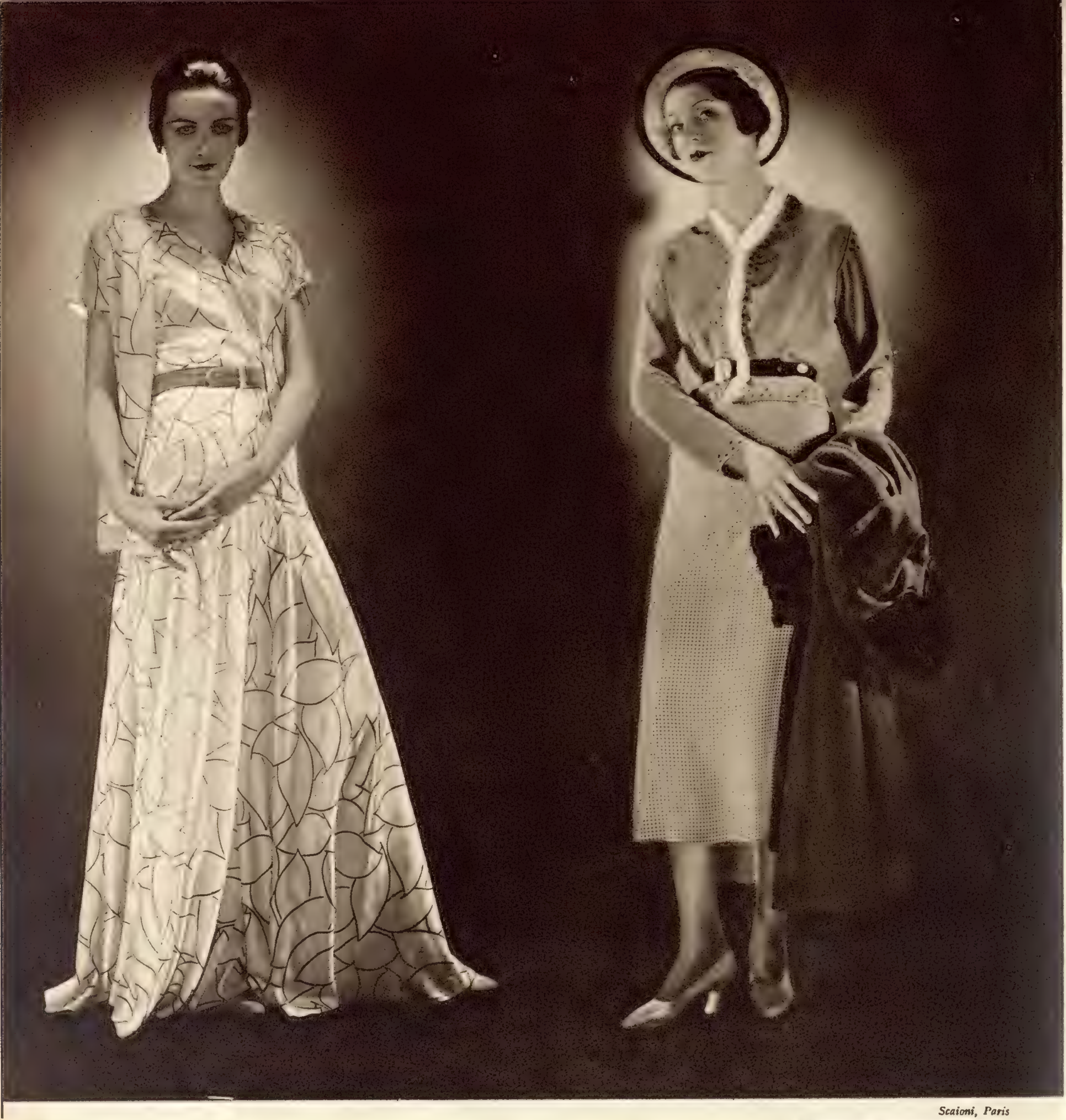
by Scaioni, Paris

THE MATCHING SCARF IS A POPULAR ACCESSORY

VERY dignified and becoming are the intricate diagonal lines of this white georgette gown. The skirt is composed of a full foundation and four over-tunics cut on the cross, so arranged as to fall in points at the front, back, and sides. This is an excellent example of the so-called classical gown which, although it owes its inspiration to antique draperies, has evolved a distinctly contemporary and sophisticated style. From Goupy

THIS youthful model, also of white georgette, is the antithesis of sophistication and would be the ideal gown for a débutante. Its full skirt hangs from a fitted basque finished by a shaped flounce, and another flounce surrounds its moderate décolletage and continues down the back with a graceful cross-over effect until it reaches the sash. The last is of magnificent proportions, and is made of multi-coloured chiné taffeta. From Champcommunal

THERE are many points to be noted in this beautiful gown. It is carried out in pale lavender-blue georgette, one of the new and intriguing shades of blue which are so much in vogue this season, and it relies for its effect solely on its cut and the elaborate fitting of its hip and waist lines. It is accompanied by one of those shoulder-scarves which are almost indispensable just now, and with it are worn three-quarter length gloves. From Mainbocher



Scaioni, Paris

THIS decorative pair of pyjamas is made of white crêpe-de-Chine patterned in black. The full trousers are attached to a close-fitting yoke. Mainbocher

THE LENGTH OF THE HEM-LINE

varies considerably, according to the use of the gown and the time of day

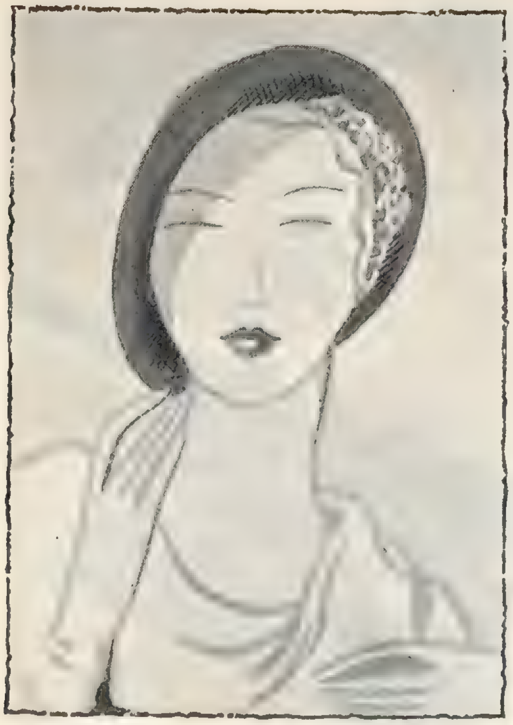
AN amusing ensemble from Nicole Groult consists of a black-and-white check skirt, a coral-pink coatee edged with a white frill, and a long coat of deep coral-red cloth

THE number of divided skirts and pyjama-suits shown in the new Paris collections is surprising. One of the most original and deservedly successful was a pair designed by Mainbocher, and carried out in wine-colour Shetland wool lace. The trousers fitted closely to the hip-line, but flared until they were quite full at the ankles. The bodice was little more than a sleeveless vest, but with it was worn a short coat with long sleeves—surely constituting the ideal dinner-garment for at least nine months of the year in quite ninety-nine houses out of a hundred!

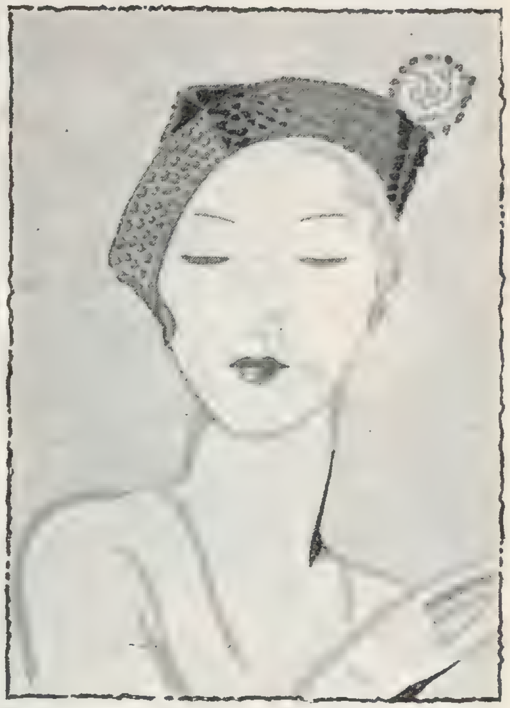
OUR jackets this season have shrunk considerably, and the straight cardigan line has given place to a pinched-in waist and flared basque. A general rule is that the shorter the coat the smaller the collar, until the little bolero jacket is often entirely denuded of one, while the long full-length coat is usually provided with an up-standing collar and wide revers. Two shades of one colour are often combined in one ensemble, such as a coat and skirt of bottle-green and a blouse of paler green, or navy-blue is frequently used with pale blue

NEW HATS FROM PARIS

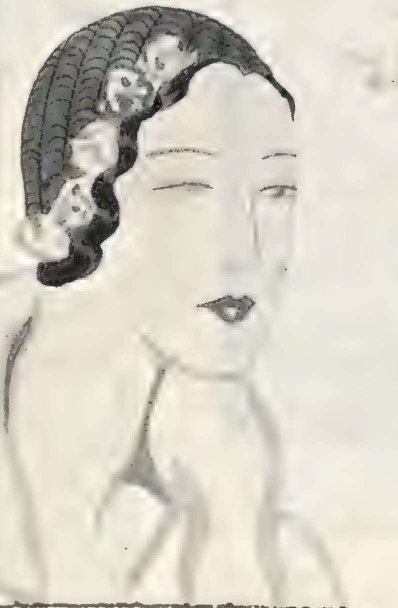
A representative choice from the Spring collections



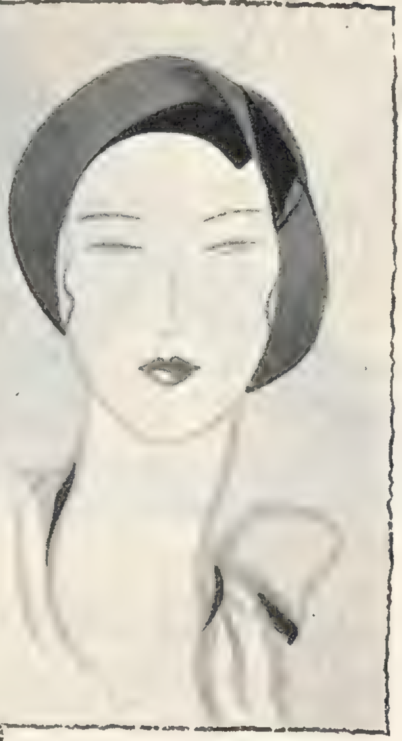
An upturned "boater" of black palmier straw is worn at an amusing angle and has tiny pink and white flowers placed under its brim on one side. Nicole Groult



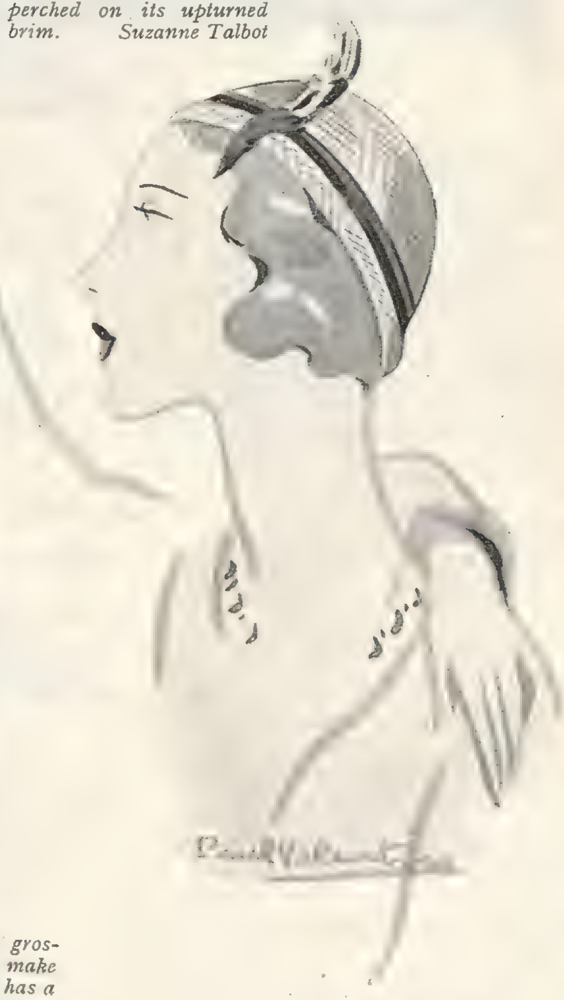
Coarse navy blue straw makes this jaunty little hat, which has a cockade of navy and white orange blossoms perched on its upturned brim. Suzanne Talbot



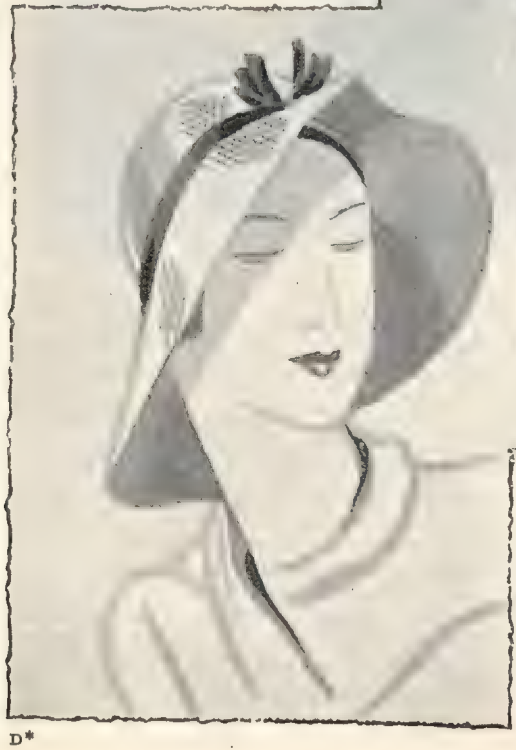
A close-fitting cap of coarse black crochet straw reveals the forehead and the hair. It is trimmed on one side with a spray of pink and white gardenias. Rose Valois



Black plaited straw and grosgrain ribbon combine to make this smart little hat, which has a double brim. Marie Christiane



A tiny hat of cream-coloured tricot is belted with bands of brown and green ribbon finished by plumes of the same colours. Rose Valois

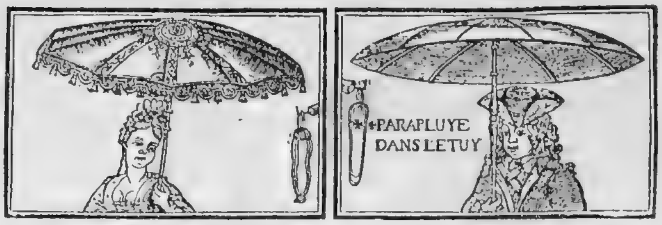


This wide-brimmed model is made of natural-coloured picot straw tied with a dark brown ribbon. Rose Descat

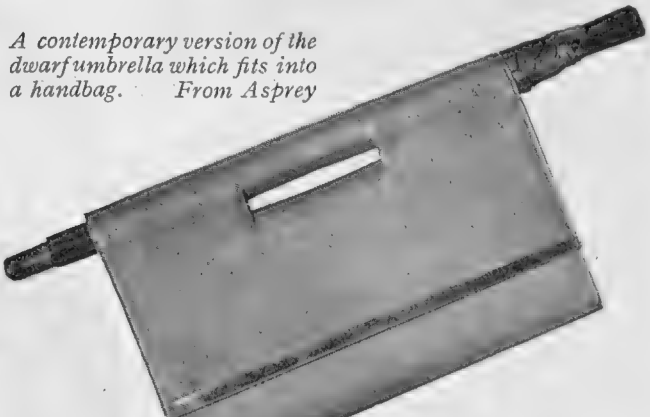
D*

Scaioni

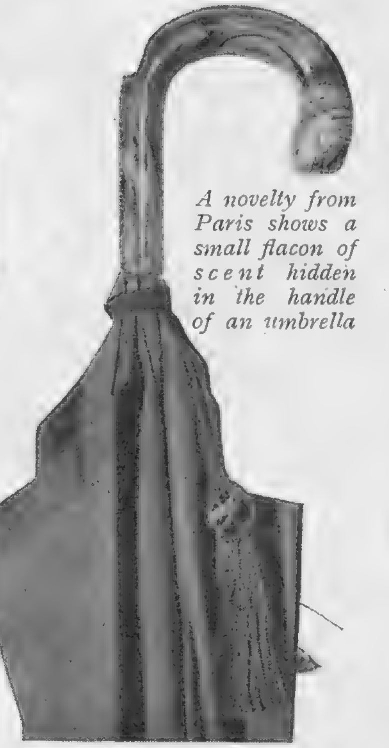
The classic umbrella with a cane handle is always smart and will survive when many of the present-day novelties have vanished



An 18th-century version of the folding umbrella which disappeared into a small case



A contemporary version of the dwarf umbrella which fits into a handbag. From Asprey



A novelty from Paris shows a small flacon of scent hidden in the handle of an umbrella

UMBRELLAS ARE INTERESTING

Novel versions, past and present, of our indispensable companion

By M. SHERRIFF MOTT

THE umbrella, like the poor, is always with us; our climate sees to that. Sometimes it is our own umbrella, sometimes it is not, but in either case it is sure to be an acquisition, for the umbrella of to-day is a delightful affair, and as decorative as it is practical.

When one considers that umbrella-carrying is a national characteristic, one cannot help wondering what the nation did in this matter before 1750, when, with hoots of derision, it first became aware of the invention attached to the person of Mr. Jonas Hanway. This gentleman was a merchant, a traveller and an author, much busied, too, with providing poor children with Sunday Schools, but he is remembered only because "he was the first man who, in spite of ridicule, persistently carried an umbrella in England."

The early umbrellas were large, ungainly objects—although not so bad in this respect as their classic Roman relations, which were made of leather. Ribs of whalebone supported the cumbersome 18th-century covering of oiled cotton or silk, and the result was something rather like the object called "gamp," after Sairey of immortal memory.

After some experiments, gingham (so named because it was made at Guingamp in Brittany) was substituted for the afore-mentioned bulky materials; hence the slang term "gingham," even now occasionally used when speaking of an umbrella. In 1848, however, alpaca became the usual covering, and this in turn was superseded by the present-day silks and taffetas.

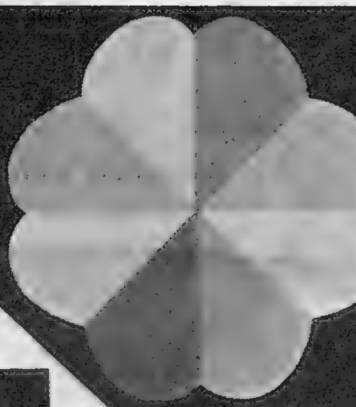
The umbrella was primarily a sunshade (Pliny tells us that it took the form of a large palm leaf divided in two), and it hailed from the East, where from the earliest times it was one of the insignia of royalty and power. In ancient Nineveh and Egypt an umbrella was always carried over the head of a potentate on state occasions, and it is interesting to learn that the Mahratta princes of India had among their titles that of "lord of the umbrella." It is not generally known that the baldachins erected over ecclesiastical chairs, and the canopies of thrones and pulpits, are in their origin closely related to the umbrella and have the same symbolical significance.

The modern umbrella has gained in adaptability what it has lost in significance. It can, for instance, be carried in a handbag, and there is a certain collapsible variety which will slip into a coat pocket.

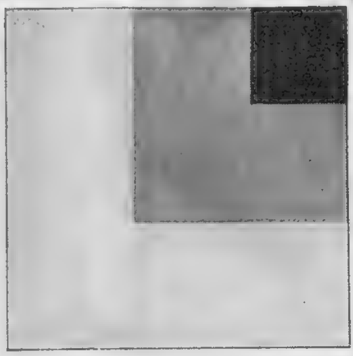
HANDLES have not been neglected by the inventor, for in addition to their obvious *raison d'être* we find them acting as cunningly camouflaged cigarette cases, lipstick and powder containers, scent bottles, and so forth. But this is anything but a new idea, and early 19th-century records prove there were already at least a hundred inventions relating to the secondary uses which could be made of umbrella handles—lorgnette holders, small fan cases, pen and pencil cases being only a few of them.

One of the most ingenious present-day inventions is the stick-seat-umbrella, which offers netted seating accommodation neatly tucked away inside a metal stalk, with a crook handle; this stalk, covered with coloured pigskin, makes a walking stick, and can at the psychological moment dexterously produce a full-sized umbrella. Another is the shooting-seat-stick-umbrella, which manages to retain a slim silhouette in spite of its potential seating capacity.

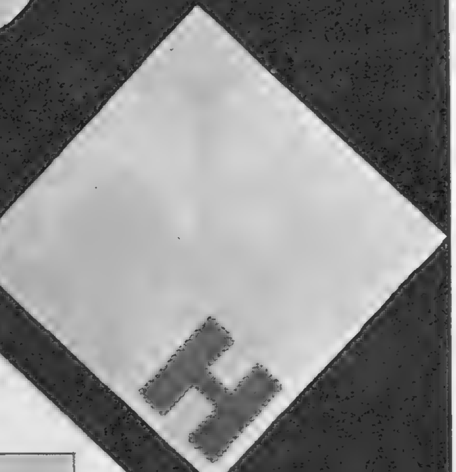
A white chiffon handkerchief rolled and whipped with scarlet has a scarlet corner which deals with the inevitable lipstick marks



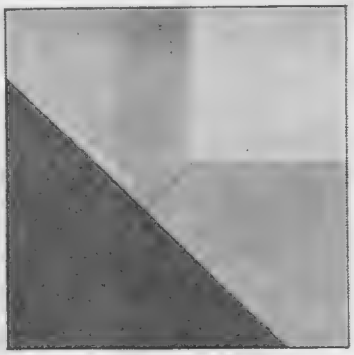
A novel shape is carried out in sections of deep rose, pale pink and cream chiffon



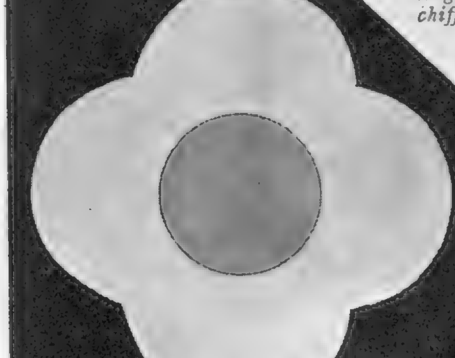
This smart handkerchief is carried out in black, grey and white, and whipped in black



A pale blue handkerchief has a block initial appliquéd in dark blue

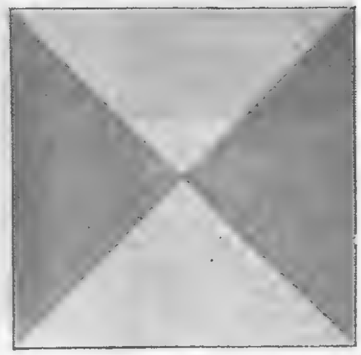


Dark brown, pale green and cream combine to make this unusual handkerchief



Scallops drawn by the aid of a compass and an orange centre distinguish this yellow chiffon handkerchief

A triangular shape is original and attractive, particularly when it has a monogram embroidered in one corner



Triangles of contrasting colours combine to make this simple but effective handkerchief

HOME-MADE HANDKERCHIEFS

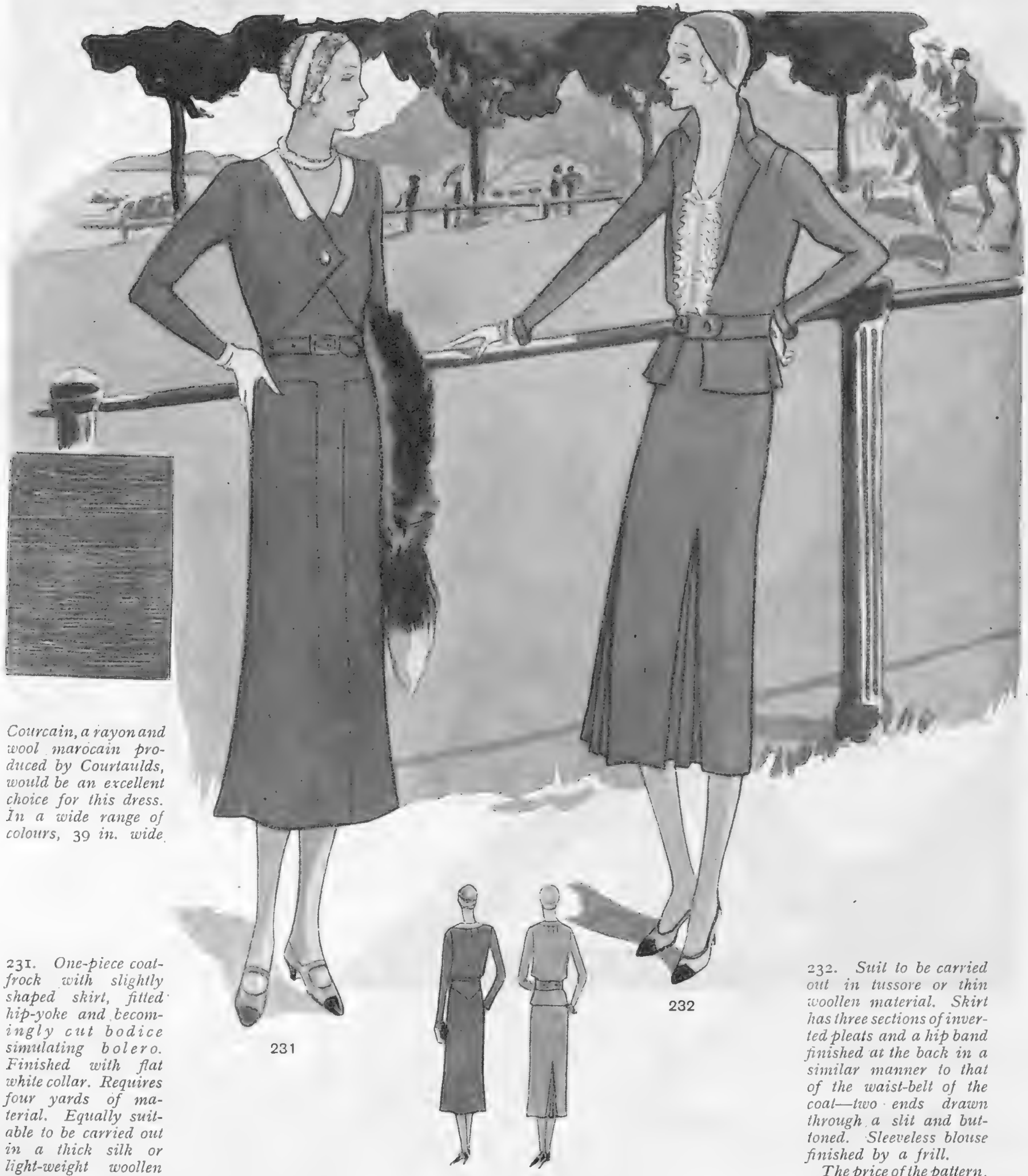
How to make, at a minimum cost, those expensive but delightful chiffon etceteras

NOWADAYS handkerchiefs are an important accessory to any costume, and the present vogue for large chiffon handkerchiefs has only one drawback—that of expense. The new handkerchiefs, however, which are made of two or more different shades of chiffon, are easily made from scraps of material left over from evening dresses or fine lingerie. Several designs are suggested above which show that the conventional "square" has many rivals, most of which lend themselves extremely well to the utilisation of odds and ends of material. The edges should be rolled and whipped; they can be picot-stitched, but never look really well, as they pucker and soon fray.

First cut out the shape of the handkerchief in paper, and when joining two or more pieces of chiffon together, tack them to the paper, laying the edge of one piece *over* the edge of the next, over-stitch together, and even off the frayed strands as close as possible to the stitching; do not tear away the paper background until the whole handkerchief is complete. When appliquéing an initial, choose a small square of material in a contrasting colour and draw or trace the outline of your letter on it. Now tack the square of chiffon on to the handkerchief, together with a piece of tissue paper, and buttonhole around the letter's outline with thin embroidery thread. Cut away the unwanted material and tear off the paper. W. B.

PAPER PATTERNS for the HOME DRESSMAKER

A one-piece dress and a simple coat
and skirt complete with a frilled blouse



Courcain, a rayon and wool marocain produced by Courtaulds, would be an excellent choice for this dress. In a wide range of colours, 39 in. wide

231. *One-piece coat-frock with slightly shaped skirt, fitted hip-yoke and becomingly cut bodice simulating bolero. Finished with flat white collar. Requires four yards of material. Equally suitable to be carried out in a thick silk or light-weight woollen material. Price 1/6*

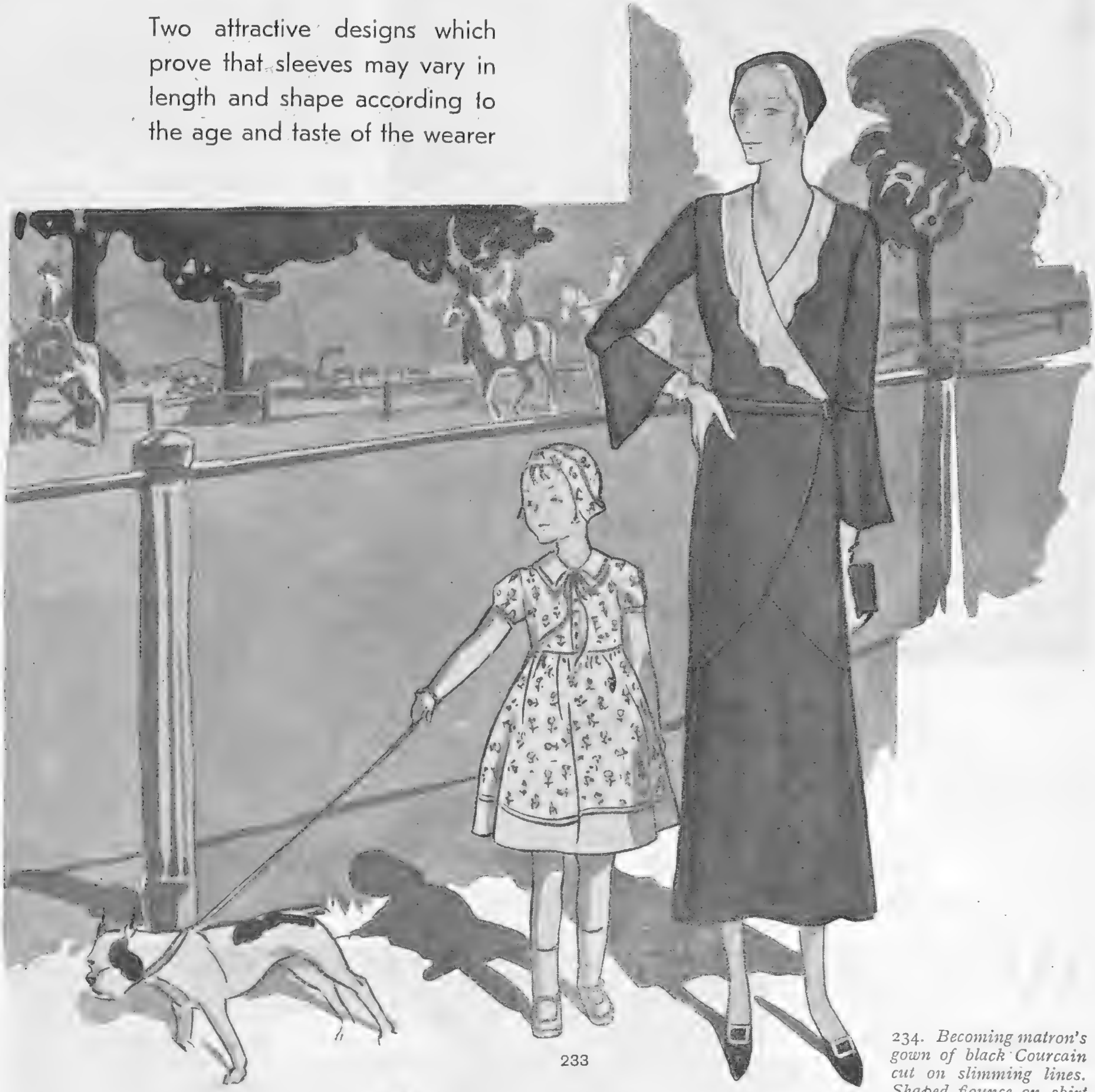
232. *Suit to be carried out in tussore or thin woollen material. Skirt has three sections of inverted pleats and a hip band finished at the back in a similar manner to that of the waist-belt of the coat—two ends drawn through a slit and buttoned. Sleeveless blouse finished by a frill.*

The price of the pattern, including blouse, is 2/-.

The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks 1/- each. Costumes 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

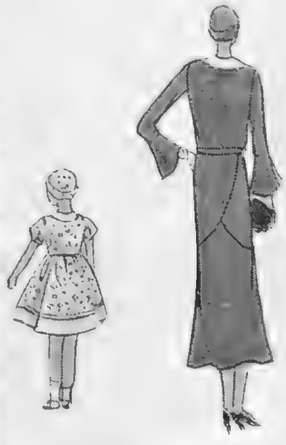
EASILY MADE MODELS for YOUNG and OLD

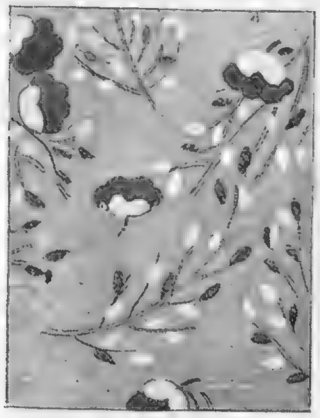
Two attractive designs which prove that sleeves may vary in length and shape according to the age and taste of the wearer



233. Simple dress of patterned material with plain hem and collar piped with contrasting colour. Bodice opens down front, puffed sleeves. Hat with turn-up brim to match. For 4, 6 and 8 years. Price 1/- including hat

234. Becoming matron's gown of black Courcain cut on slimming lines. Shaped flounce on skirt and long cross-over bodice finished white georgette collar. New three-quarter length sleeves. Price 1/6





Courtaulds blue San Toy printed with roses would be charming for the child's dress

The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

The paramount importance of the daily care of the teeth is at last being recognised

THE CARE OF TEETH AND GUMS

A reliable Dentifrice solves the more pressing problems of daily Dental Hygiene

WE are aware that a certain amount of rather mocking criticism is levelled from time to time at the doctors and diagnosists for their tendency to make certain diseases "fashionable." In his curiously interesting, semi-autobiographical book, Dr. Axel Munter described how colitis came to be substituted for appendicitis in the best French circles, and how both the doctors and patients did very well on it! At one time the panacea for all ailments was the wholesale extraction of teeth and, at present, hardly a tonsil is really safe if its owner should suffer with anything from migraine to stomach ache.

But though pyorrhœa is not quite the bogy it was and teeth are not so ruthlessly removed, there is one point on which the medical profession is agreed and the opinion is independent of fashion; that is, the supreme importance of really healthy, aseptic mouth, teeth and gums. Apart from the really serious illnesses such as septic pneumonia, which may be caused by infection from gums and teeth, and the painful rheumatic conditions and dyspepsia, which are often traced to the same source, there are very many illnesses which doctors attribute to infection from the mouth. And again, since so many infectious illnesses reach us bocally, it is only logical that that part of our body, almost above all others, should be kept clean and healthy and in a condition to resist infection.

And it is not irrelevant, perhaps, to refer to the attractiveness of a good-looking, well-cared-for mouth, while consciousness of its possession should, and no doubt does, encourage both men and women to smile the more readily, which, in itself, is a good health measure!

THE majority of people are well aware of the importance of keeping their mouth in good condition and visit their dentist periodically. So that no doubt their teeth have been stopped when they required stopping, or are removed and the gums treated if and when necessary. But "better keep weel than make weel," and it is the daily intelligent care which keeps teeth from the assault of caries, preserves the gums in sound condition and keeps the bocal cavity healthy, fresh and aseptic.

It is almost too elementary to remind readers that a toothbrush should be used up and down and on every facet of the teeth and that dental floss is useful to keep all the interstices clear. But one piece of advice may usefully be proffered. Whatever dental paste or powder is habitually used it is well, in order to keep the mouth what is called "surgically clean," to use as well a liquid mouth wash or dentifrice. The ideal one would combine the properties of both. It should cleanse as well as rinse, act as a germicide and a tonic for gums and palate, as well as being pleasant to taste and to smell.

THE advantage of a dentifrice of this kind is that it will remove any particles left by a powder or paste or any other residue, and it is obvious that a liquid can percolate where even the more soluble mixtures of chalk and soap cannot reach. Thus, adding as it does to the pleasure of the dental toilet, its use should be a popular solution to a number of pressing problems.

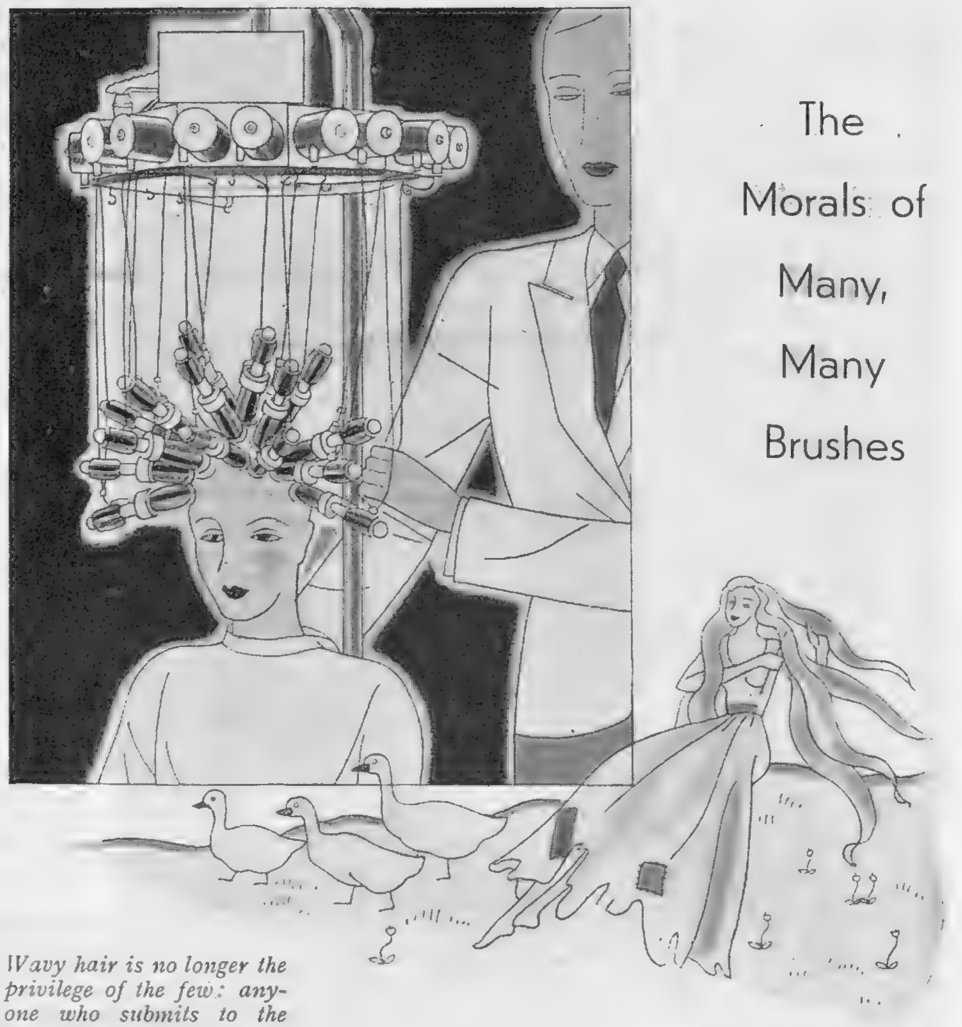
Odol
Half Size
Odol
Odol
Tooth Paste

The use of a really pure paste and mouth-wash and the choice of a good, firm brush are the first essentials for the care of the mouth

LOVELY HAIR FOR EVERYONE

The Morals of Many, Many Brushes

By "CHRYSIS"



Wavy hair is no longer the privilege of the few: anyone who submits to the Eugène method can have it

IF "Curly Locks" is not one of the most morally improving of the nursery rhymes it should certainly be physically improving and might well be considered the first exhortation to beauty culture. The simple rhyme is charming, and how cynically truthful, how profound, yet how clear its message! Impossible for the veriest infant to avoid the inference that it is because of her lovely golden curls that the heroine is offered delicacies and a soft time of it.

Poets and lovers have taught women the importance of lovely hair, and though a woman may not want to be loved only for her outward beauty (though I cannot see the objection!) many, doubtless, have been loved in the first place not because of their lovely natures or pure souls, but because of the fragrance and beauty of their hair.

Strange to think that so much may depend on the possession and use of some good, clean hair-brushes! For the beauty of hair lies in its quality and condition. All hair, long or short, golden, black, red, *cendré* and even white can be lovely if it is healthy and well groomed: and the basis of beauty culture for the hair is brushing.

I was struck the other day by a description, in a newspaper, of a famous actress's dressing room, which included "the many, many brushes for her still lovely red hair." I do not look on the number of brushes as an affectation, but as an explanation of the fact that her red hair is still lovely.

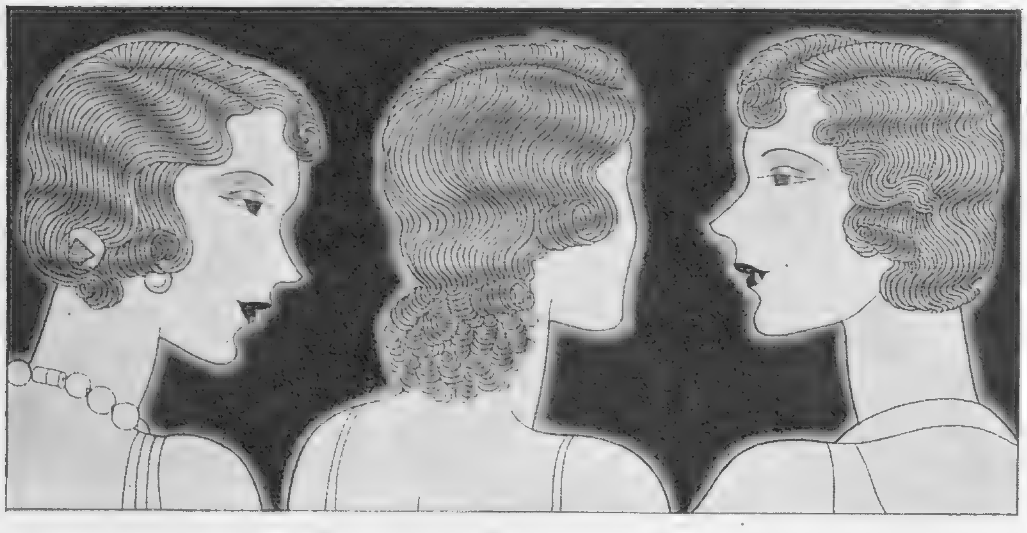
IN order that brushes and combs can be kept spotlessly clean it is well to have at least two sets. For daily, deep brushing either a strong, long-bristled brush should be used or one of the special hair brushes with spaced bristles mounted on a rubber cushion which go through the hair well and are hygienic. Brushing should be a long, smooth, firm movement, not a jab or a dab. And very hard brushes of whale or wire which might break the hair should be avoided. A definitely softer brush can be used for "polishing" or applying brilliantine, if it is used.

One of the first fallacies to unlearn, if you want to have good hair, is the mistaken idea that it is harmful to wash the head often. A normal head of hair should be washed at least once a fortnight, preferably every week, and if there is a tendency to greasiness or dandruff it can be washed oftener still. The only thing that could be harmful is the soap or powder used for shampooing. These should be of the best quality, and it is possible nowadays to get shampoos to suit your particular kind of hair, viz., for dry, greasy or normal hair.

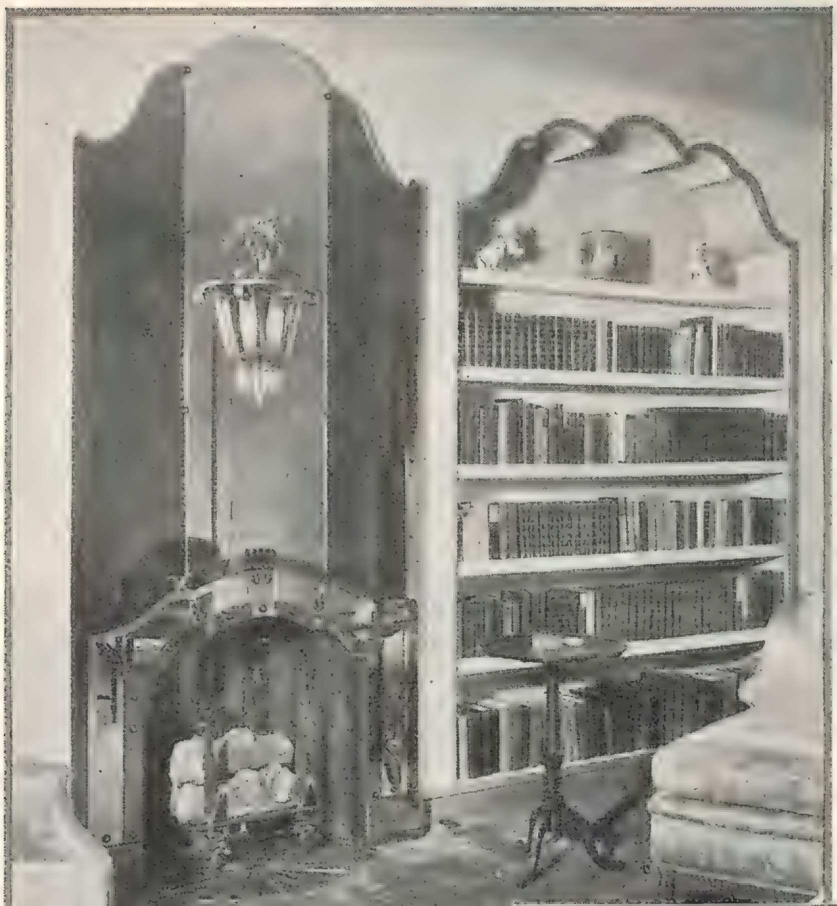
IT is because the health, and therefore the beauty, of hair depends so much on the circulation of blood through the scalp that brushing is so good, and for the same reason massage is excellent. If the scalp is dry an oil friction before shampooing is a good thing, and if inclined to be oily a spirituous lotion and brisk massage after washing will help.

If dandruff does not yield at once to a good lotion, shampooing with a medicated soap such as sphagnol, and massage, a doctor should be consulted, because once it is established the cure may be slow and difficult, while some types of seborrhea are infective and cause skin trouble on the forehead, neck and face.

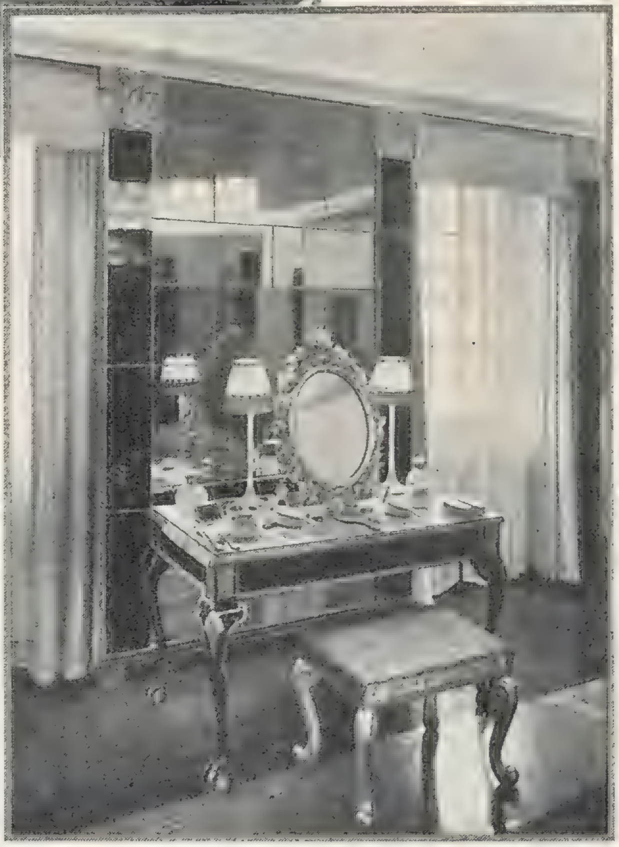
Dandruff may be the result of a little temporary anæmia of the scalp which the stimulating daily care I have indicated, plus, perhaps, some vibro massage or violet ray treatment will correct, but it is well to take medical advice before having treatment.



Once the hair curls of its own accord, it is easy to dress: here are three suggestions from the Maison Nicol for long, medium long, and short hair



An original fireplace designed by Basil Ionides for a flat in Chicago has an overmantel of mirror flanked by panels of coloured glass. The surround of the fireplace is of glass and steel



Detail of bedroom designed for Miss Rosita Forbes by R. W. Symonds and Robert Lutyens. The wall filling at the ends of this room is of grey glass with black marble pilasters

GLASS: for Beauty and Hygiene

By
LEN CHALONER

The uses of glass in the modern home are manifold: it often replaces wood, it is used to preserve furniture, it reflects light and is easy to clean

BECAUSE it allies many decorative possibilities with undisputed cleanliness, glass, and particularly plate glass, is becoming more and more important in the modern home.

Clear glass for bookcases, for instance, has hitherto been used only for protective doors, but if the books themselves rest upon plate-glass shelves, then not only is the most hygienic setting afforded to the volumes, but they present a most ethereal appearance and seem to be suspended in mid-air by no visible agency.

A bedhead of coloured glass, with the design emphasised by leading, can be illuminated at will from behind the glass, and fulfils all the requirements of cleanliness and durability demanded by the most fastidious and economical of women.

Glass for these new decorative schemes is by no means usually clear or white. One whole bedroom was decorated with black glass, bedhead, mantelpiece, and dressing-table, smooth and unbroken by design, yet mysterious with ghostlike reflections. Glass in panels for wall-treatments in bathrooms is actually rather less expensive than tiles. Glass communicating doors convert three rooms into one at a moment's notice, while dark halls or passages have become a thing of the past through such arrangements. Decorative ironwork is allied with many such glass doors.

GLASS tables may be extensive enough to dine eight or ten, or be of the "occasional" variety, saving any possible suggestion of monotony by being designed in a myriad variations, many half in transparent plate glass and half in mirror, for piquancy. Or, again, a glass table may be by such a master hand as Lalique's, with all the cunning of concealed lighting to make it more beautiful and mysterious. Or it may be that the table itself is simply of a beautiful polished wood with a plate of polished glass protecting its surface, but allowing the designer's use of the grain to be seen to full advantage.

Such polished tops are, of course, very wide in their possibilities of application, and almost essential for any dressing-table, while if a washstand is not to be avoided in a bedroom, then a glass top to the table and possibly a glass toilet service are surely essential.

Owing to its unsuspected strength and capacity for resisting heat, glass is even finding its way into the kitchen for table tops, and such details of equipment as are comparable to the bathroom shelves and towel rails; while it is too seldom thought of for door plates, knobs, and window ledges. The hostess who sighs frequently at the cigarette marks on furniture, mantelpieces, etc., finds a solution of many problems in the extended use of plate glass.

Glass requires but warm water and linen cloths, with perhaps an occasional polish with a leather, to keep it in perfect condition. It cannot tarnish like silver, while its surface is not spoiled like that of a polished wood by perfumes or cigarette burns. A patent soap may be used in security to remove unwilling stains, or a disinfectant in such emergency as illness. It has the greatest decorative value to attract the eye, and the hygienic properties that made it known to the hospital before it became so extensively used in the home; while it has labour-saving qualities that endear it to the housewife, and a strength that has long since dismissed it from the category of the luxurious or the transient pleasures.

BATH-ROOMS of To-day and To-morrow

By DORIS HOWARD ROBERTSON, A.R.I.B.A.

On left: Note the decorative glass window and the unframed mirror which masks a shallow cupboard

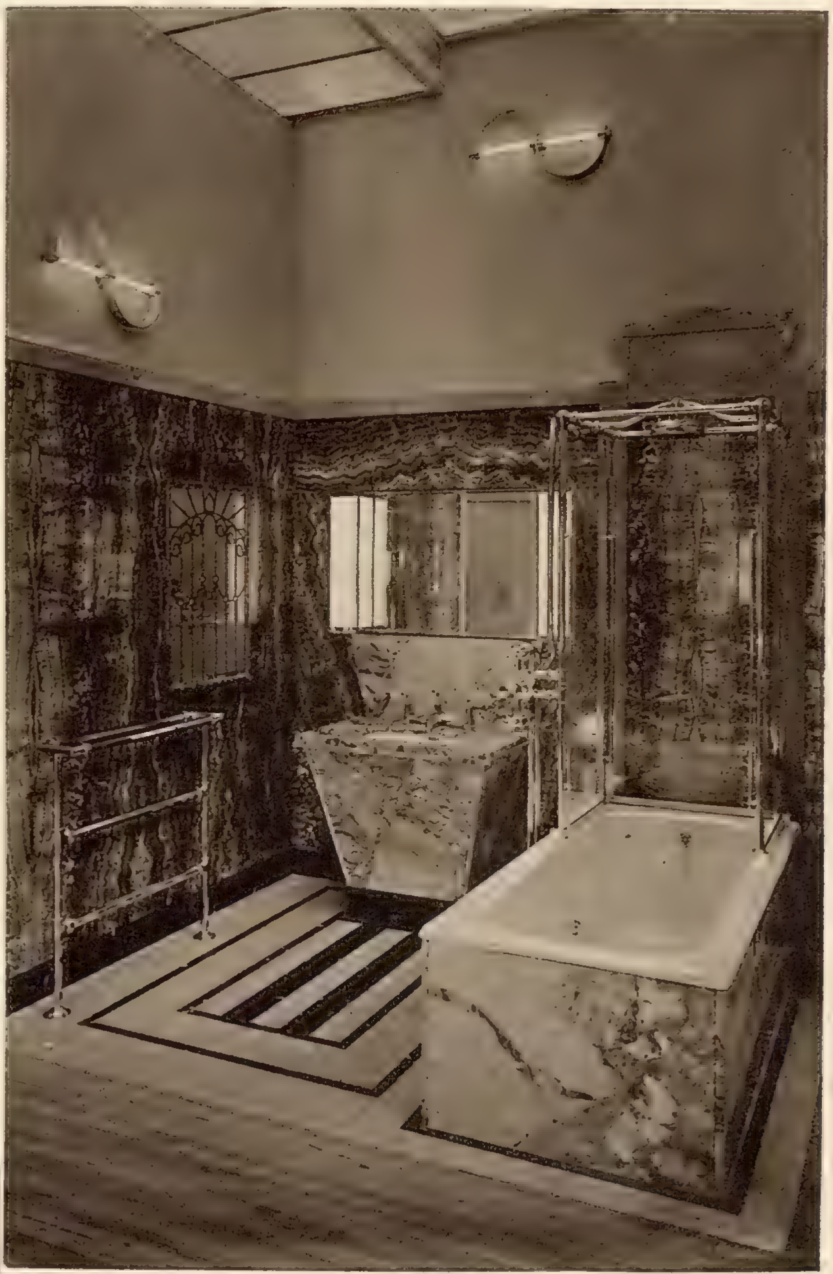
Photographs by Humphrey and Vera Joel

New Materials and a New Point of View lend interest to the Modern Bath-room

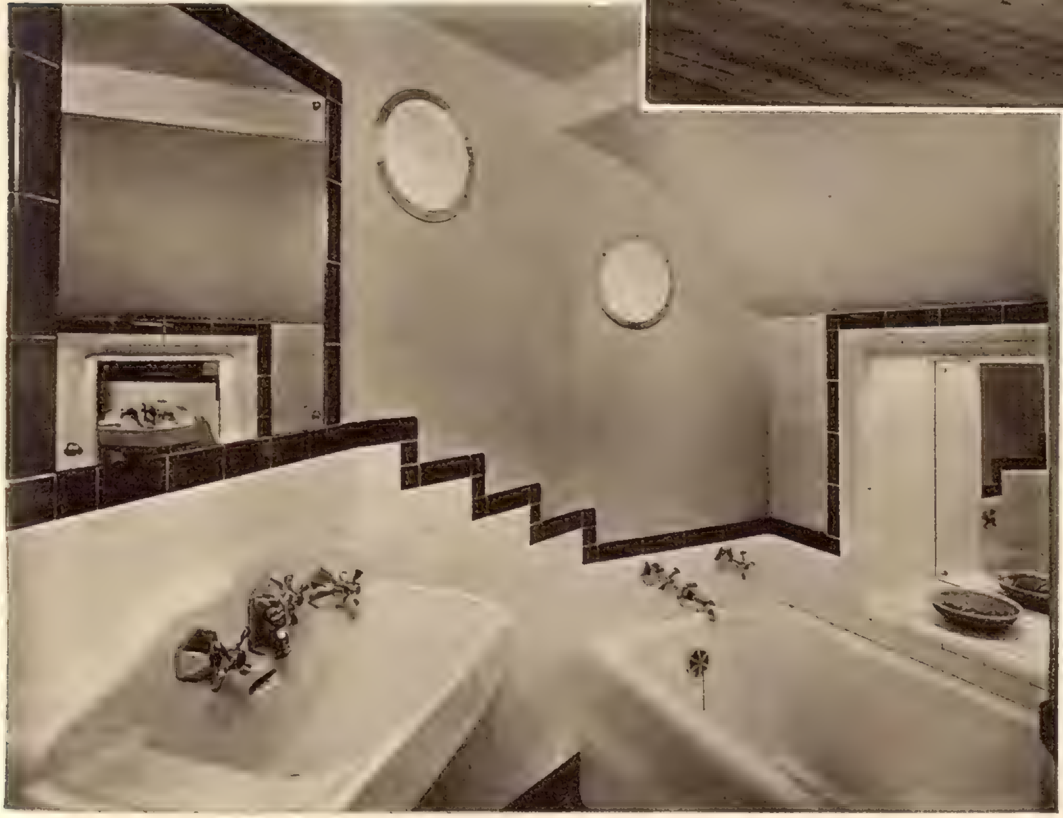
THE importance of the bath-room in the daily life of the present generation is stupendous. We do without many of the household contrivances and necessities of our parents and grand-parents, but we cannot and will not be without our attractive and efficient bath-rooms.

The kitchen may be combined with the dining-room; the reception and sleeping quarters of our abodes may become bed-sitting rooms; but woe betide the designer who tries to cut down on our plumbing!

Much of the loving care that in former times was lavished on the bed-room and dressing-room is now concentrated upon the bath-room. Its principal fittings are extremely well designed, and produced in almost every colour and size. The taps and metalware may also be had in an infinite variety of finishes—in chromium, in colour, in gold, or in hard clean white. There is something for every purse, for the bath-room is no longer only the pretty toy of the wealthy.



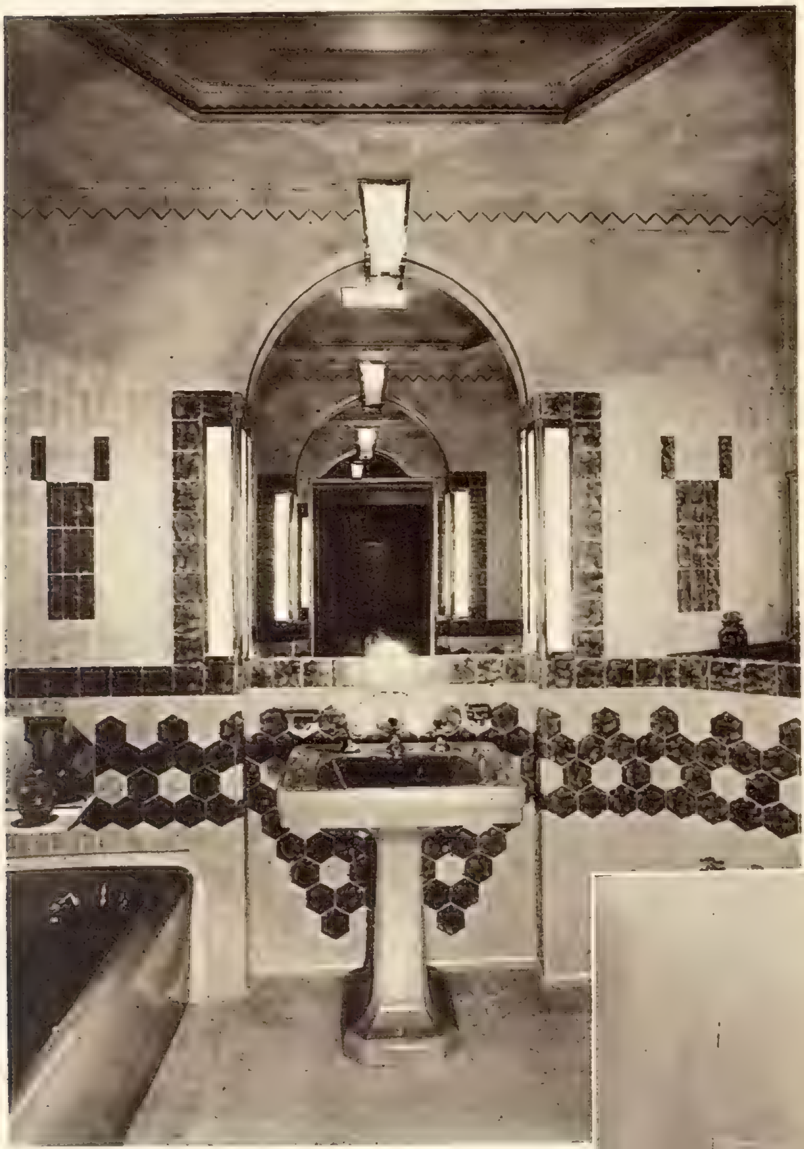
This yellow marble bath-room has a solidly-built-in bath and wash-basin. The mirror is lit by illuminated corners of ground glass

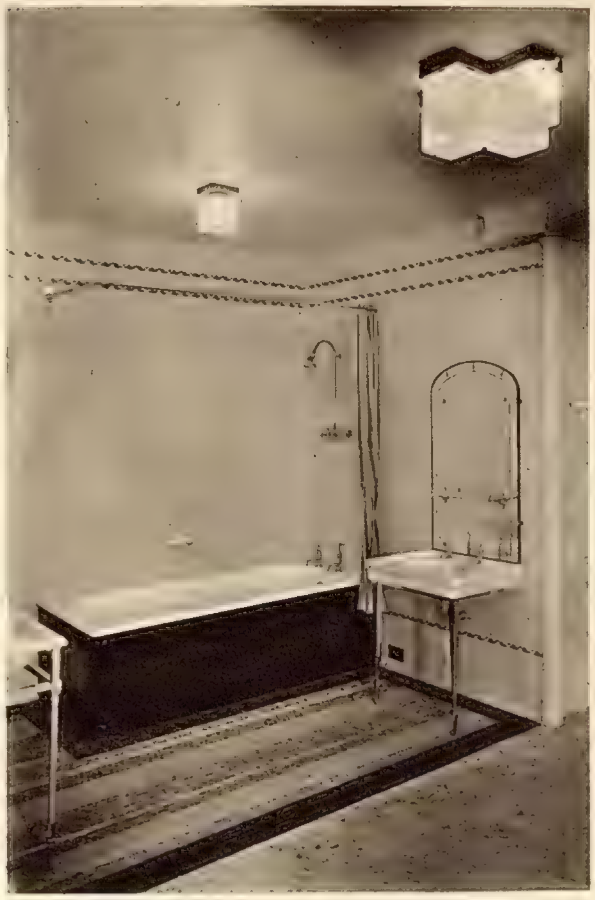


This excellent small bath-room has been cleverly contrived in what is usually a disused dark cupboard beneath the stairs

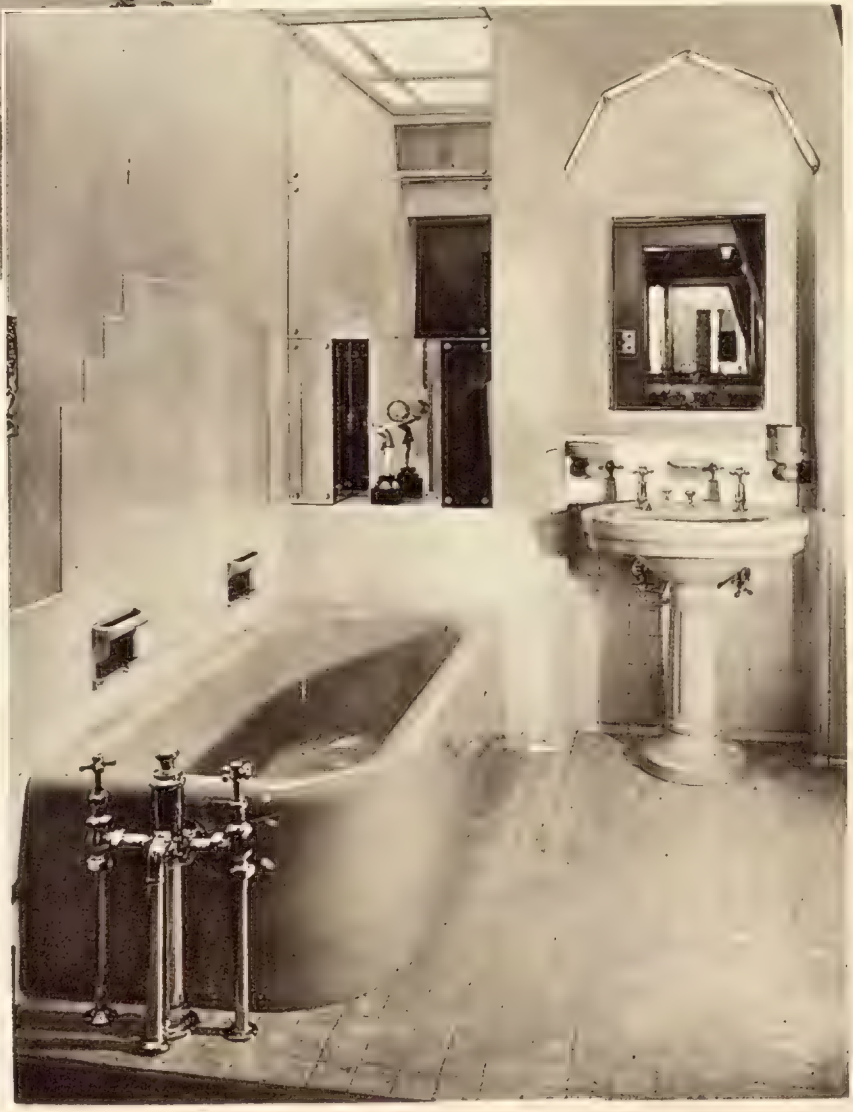
Since the bath-room has gained in favour and importance, many new materials have found their way into some of the more sumptuous schemes. In the past the bath-room was either decorated in marble or tile ; but now the walls may be of mirror, of plate glass, of slate, or treated in composition, vitreous mosaic, or else covered in cork or faced with rubber ; and for the more modest schemes there always remains hard plaster with a finish of enamel. Of course, marble is still a great favourite, and very amusing effects can be obtained by combining different types of marbles, in contrast or in harmony with the general fittings. Tiles and marbles may also be used together, in varying sizes and colours, to form interesting patterns on the walls and floors. Marble baths are rarely used, as they are not as comfortable as porcelain and quickly chill the water.

A scheme carried out in two shades of green tiles with a white and green floor has a green bath and wash-basin with octagonal chromium fittings which repeat the shape of the tiles





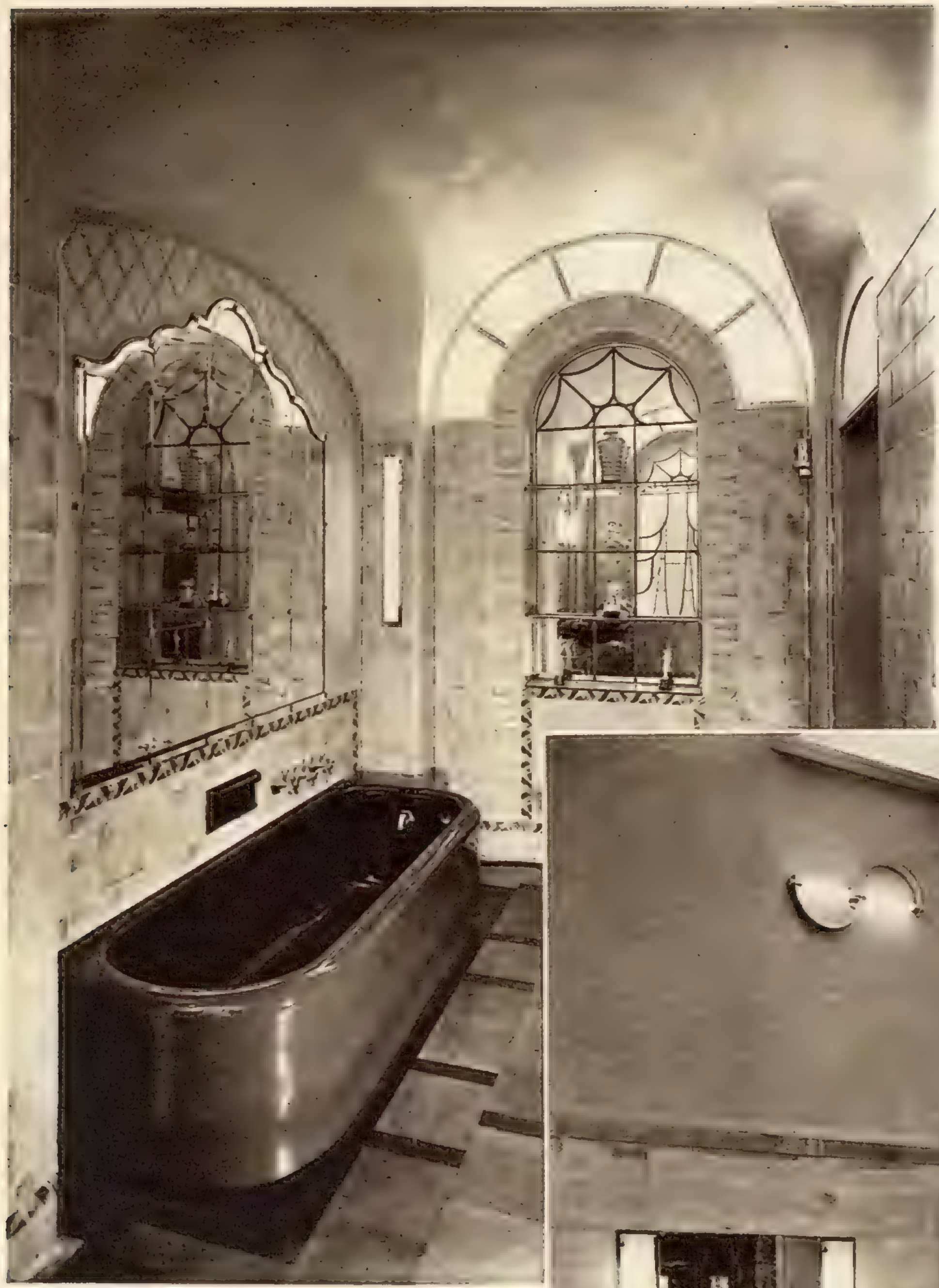
Yellow and black are combined in this bath-room. Note the soap recess, the rubberised curtains of striped silk, and the unusual lighting-fixtures



A bath of pink cast-iron porcelain enamel is matched exactly by a wash-basin of vitreous china which stands in a recess lit by concealed lights

STAINLESS steel, that most modern of building materials, comes most happily into the bath-room. It is pliable, and will bend most conveniently round corners and over unsightly pipes, and has a charming mirrored effect. It is invaluable for smartening-up an oldish bath-room, and looks extremely well used in conjunction with large black-and-white tiles—a decorative treatment that has been adopted for the bath-rooms of one of London's smartest hotels.

To-day we do not display any of our plumbing pipes, but tuck them neatly



An illuminated panel above the mirrored recess and a strip light lend radiance to this lovely bath-room, which has a Copenhagen blue bath, yellow tile walls, a cork floor, and chromium-plated fittings

into the structure. In decorating old work, however, there is always the problem of hiding the jungle of twisting metal that has been left on view, making English bath-rooms the laughing-stock of our American cousins. To-day we no longer have cause to be ashamed.

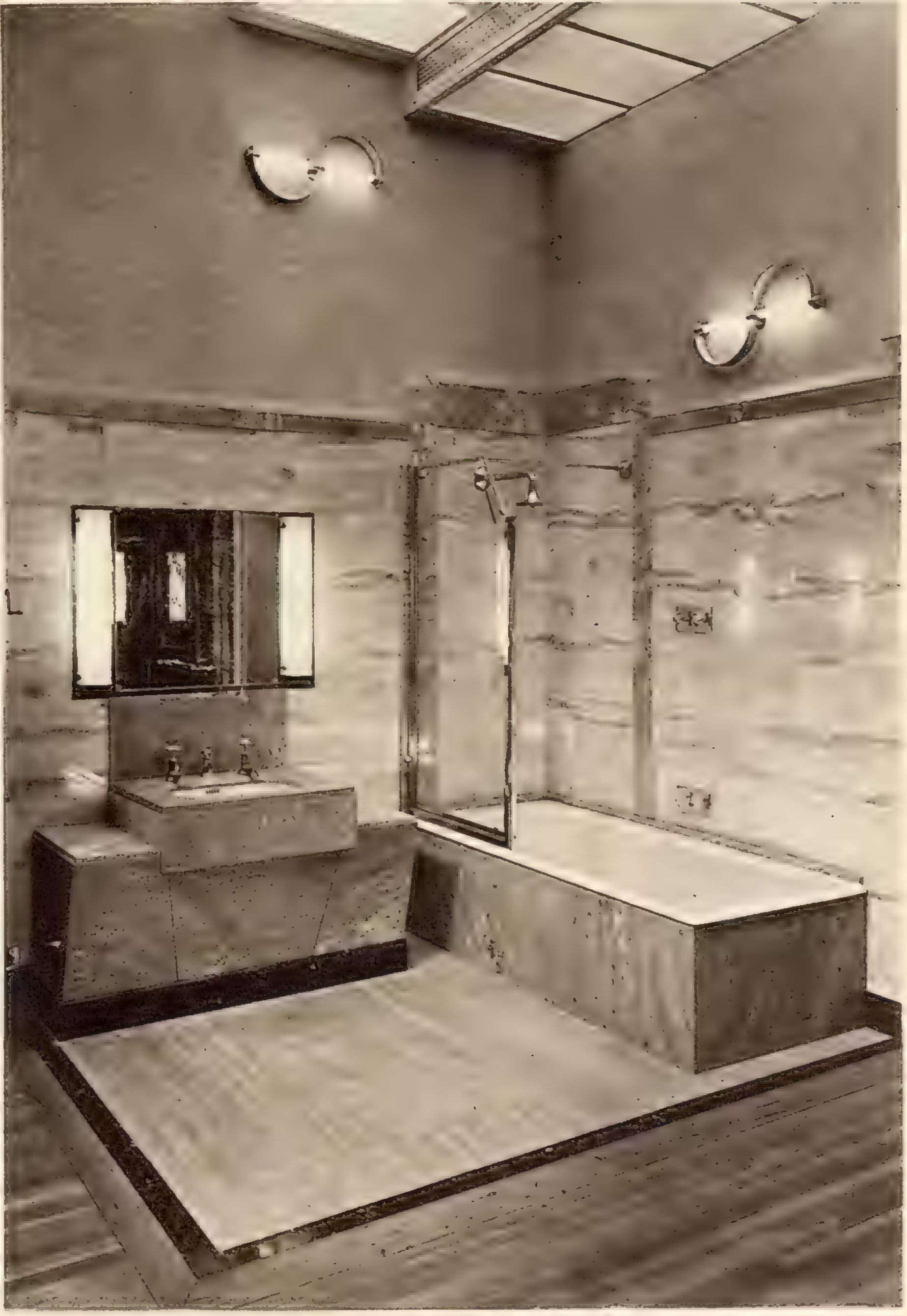
Besides the hard materials for covering walls, there are charming washable papers that may be used. These are especially suitable for the bath dressing-room, and it is perhaps necessary to point out that, with a warm, properly-ventilated bath-room and well-designed fittings, there are no unpleasand troubles arising from the effects of steam.

The small bath-room can be comfortably warmed by the installation of a combined radiator and hot towel-rail. These can now be obtained in many different sizes and types. In bath-rooms of a more ambitious size it is usual to introduce central heating, although some people prefer the cheerful appearance of an electric heater or gas fire. An electric plug is a very pleasant luxury in a bath-room, however well it may be heated, for it has many uses, not the least among them being the provision for a sunlight lamp.

The lighting of a bath-room should be clear and strong, and, unless the room is unusually well supplied with daylight, a daylight lamp should be placed over the dressing-table or wash-basin. Lights are usually built into a bath-room, and, of course, are concentrated round the mirrors. The shaving-mirror requires additional light placed in a low position so that it will light the chin.

We are getting quite familiar with the luxury of the bath-room furniture, such as the little scales in colour to match the fittings, the beautiful glass bottles, the toilet and perfume sets in their recesses, and the delightful array of coloured linen to complete the harmony.

Many hard things have been said about the modern architecture of to-day. But no one can deny that it has given us, in our bath-rooms, something of which the last generation scarcely dreamed.



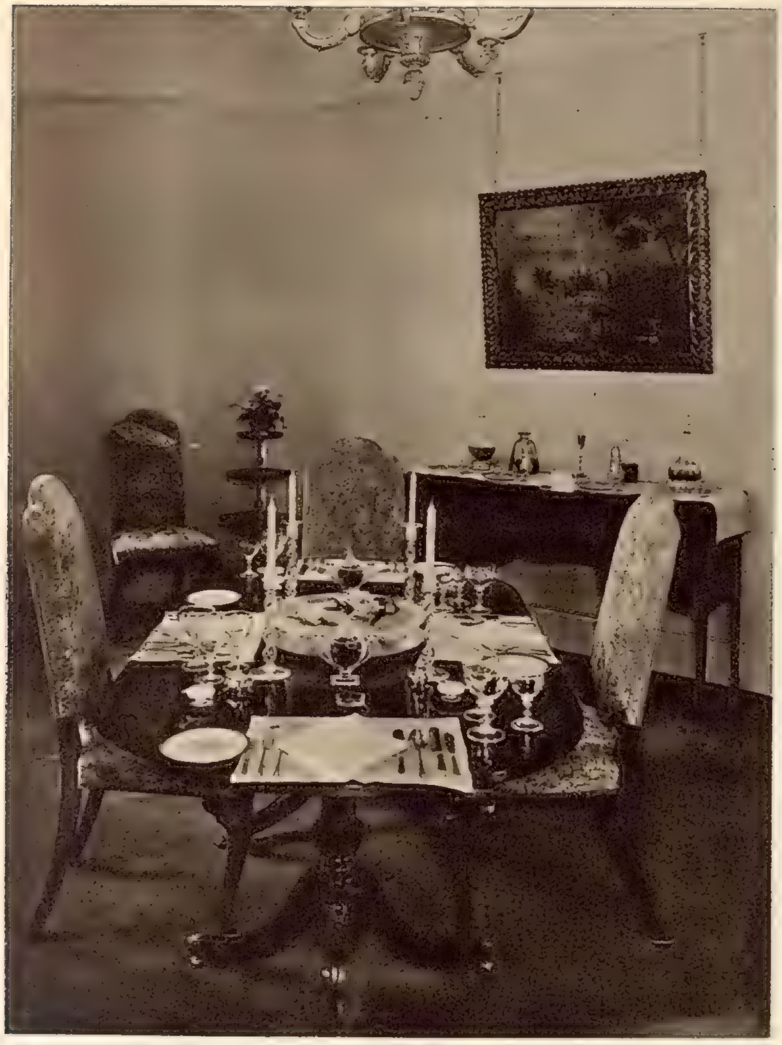
Pale onyx doré marble with strips of green Swedish marble make this practical bath-room, which has a floor of Roman stone. Note the unusual lighting-fixtures and the strip lights which flank the mirror

Other People's Houses

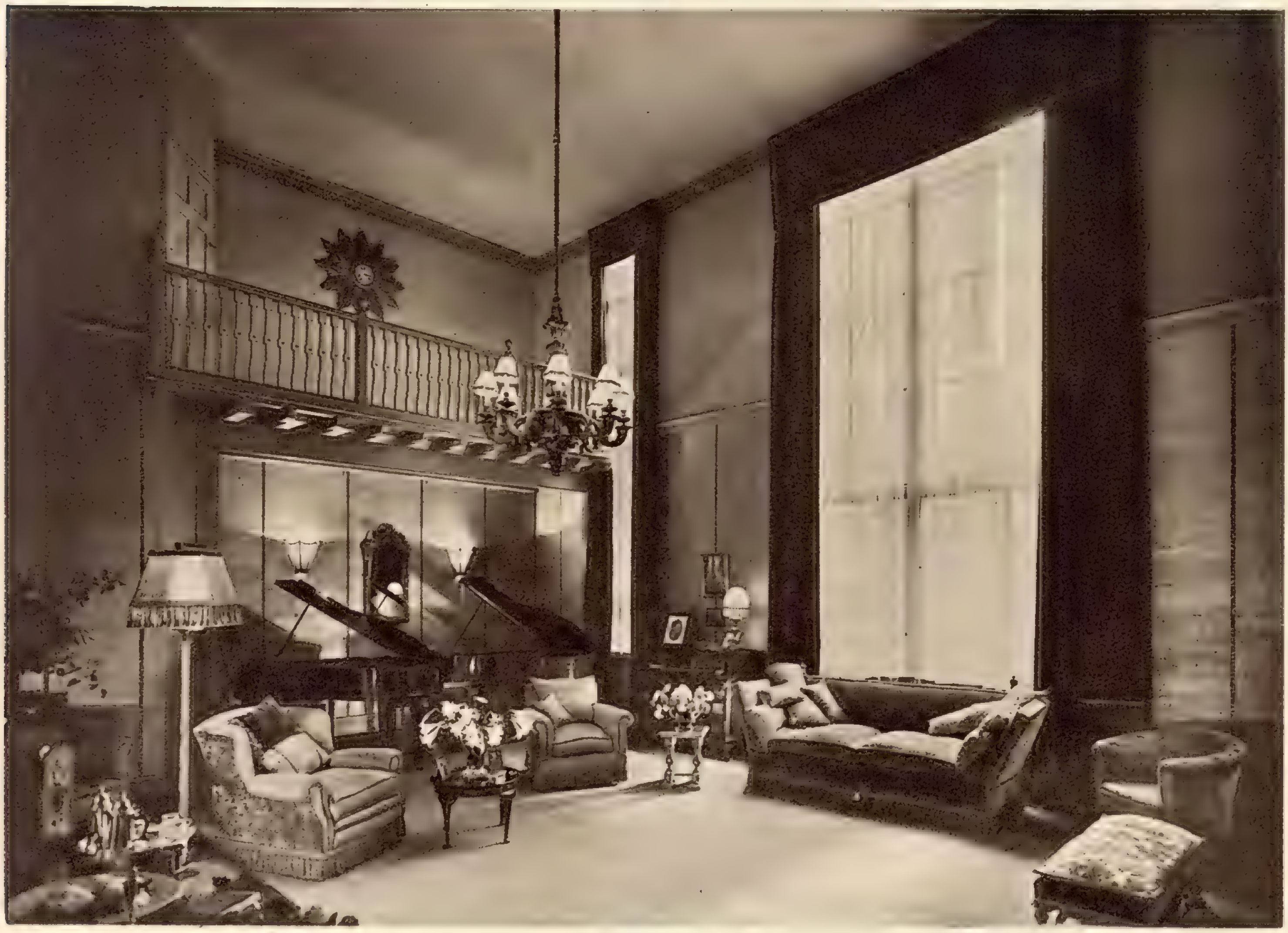
101, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

LONDON houses are inclined to follow a pattern, and an uninspired one at that. We have become so used to narrow halls, oblong dining rooms, L-shaped drawing rooms and square bedrooms that we accept them as inevitable evils, until we meet with a house where irregular levels and unexpected angles give a pleasant shock of surprise. Just such a house is 101, Cadogan Gardens, in spite of its conventional red-brick exterior.

The curved hall gives way to a curved staircase with deep blue stair-rods to match the carpets. Painted wooden rods are superseding the brass variety, as they reduce the housemaid's labours and add to the unity of effect. Cream walls in scrumbled paint accord with blue damask curtains and delicate crystal chandeliers. There is a striking consol table in the hall, its legs like sprays of beech leaves deeply gilded, with a wooden top painted



Cream walls, mahogany furniture, chairs covered in oyster-coloured velvet, and deep blue curtains with a carpet to match, distinguish the three-cornered dining room



The twenty-eight feet high windows in the studio are curtained with emerald coloured velvet, while the inner net curtains are of the same warm gold as the walls

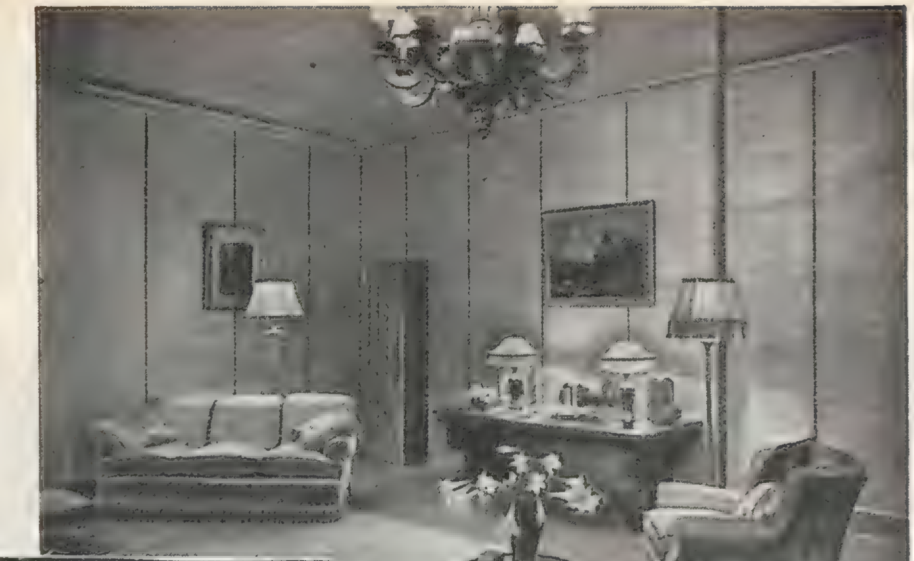
The London House of Captain and Mrs. Van Neck

Described by Pamela Murray

Photographed by Humphrey and Vera Joel

to imitate marble, so blue that it can only be likened to a picture postcard of the Mediterranean and not to the Mediterranean as it really is!

On the ground floor to the left is the dining room, which is curiously shaped, being nearly a triangle, but not quite. It would worry the student of geometry, but it acts as a stimulant to less serious-minded people. Have you ever noticed that conversation flows more vitally in an oddly shaped room, as though the irregular walls themselves were daring the guests to be as wickedly witty as they please? In this case the walls are painted cream colour, and the blue of the carpet is repeated in the blue damask curtains of the four windows, whose inner curtains of cream net are fringed with blue. A gilt candelabrum hangs above the mahogany table by a blue and silver silk cord, and above the simple mahogany sideboard hangs an oil painting of some unnamed Italian town, perched high among improbable scenery, fulfilling all the demands of the picturesque. There is an elegant little dumb-waiter, also in mahogany, to match the high-backed chairs of Queen Anne pattern, which are covered with oyster-coloured antique velvet edged with gold braid. A very tall mantelshelf holds blue glass ornaments lit by silver gilt lamps with quiet rose shades. These, again, are blue-fringed, while the basket grate is backed by marble-cote panels which have a pink glow about them, whether a fire is burning or not.



Tones of peach and apricot are repeated in the chair coverings and lamp shades of the studio. There is a beige carpet and a gilded chandelier

Left: The alcove of Mrs. Van Neck's bedroom is fitted as a boudoir with French furniture, and has a French window looking towards Sloane Street

Below: Mrs. Van Neck's bedroom has peach-coloured walls and Nattier blue curtains. The bed-heads and covers are of peach-coloured taffeta

When I saw the table it was laid to perfection. A tear-glass bowl stood on a glass tray flanked by crystal candlesticks. Some pink roses seemed to forge the missing link between polished wood, shining silver, soft linen and glittering glass. Miniature menu stands supplied each guest with the bill of fare, and the dessert set was as blue as the curtains.

A FEW steps before the upper landing is reached a door opens into the bathroom, which has been furnished with a passion for perfected detail. The walls are painted and enamelled against the ravages of steam, and are as pink as the best type of strawberry ice. Blue and white marbled linoleum provides a gay contrast, while the pink rubber curtains are edged with strips of "Nattier" blue. A cluster of lights on the ceiling are hidden in a Lalique bowl, matched by the Lalique clock on the dressing table. No excuse to steam in the bath for twenty (*Continued on page 122*)

Hors
Savouries

THESE sandwiches without roofs are as good with cocktails as at the beginning of a menu

SARDINES au Parmesan and little Cheese Soufflés are both very easy to make and need no exotic ingredients

By Catherine

THERE are still a few people who argue against hors d'œuvre. They usually take the attitude that hors d'œuvre are unnecessary and too self-important in days when people prefer short and perfectly balanced menus to the labyrinthine variety among which the wise must pick his or her way with care. Also, that they spoil the appetite.

Interesting hors d'œuvre, on the contrary, need never spoil the appetite, unless you eat too much (which you shouldn't anyway).

They are invaluable to the cook, because they enable her to give all her attention to the second course without worrying as to the exact time of the guests' arrival, and many of them are also to be commended to the hostess for other occasions besides the beginning of a meal.

Some of them are excellent accompaniments to cocktails; others exactly right among the light refreshments which help to break a long evening; a few are equally good for either or both.

The most prized and incidentally the most costly hors d'œuvre are the simplest of all—caviare, oysters, smoked salmon.

It is wise to remember the charm of simplicity even when one is planning hors d'œuvre which look elaborate; and nearly all the ingredients for those which are photographed and described in this article may be found at most times in most larders and gardens. The principals are Peneau's sardines, eggs, bread (white and brown), butter, beetroot, tongue, cucumber, tomatoes, mixed vegetables, olive oil, vinegar and condiments. Tunny fish can be bought almost anywhere in tins or glasses; the same may be said about sweet corn and gherkins, tomato chutney, anchovies and olives. The only things for which it may be necessary to visit a big store or a delicatessen shop are the salamis, cervelas and liver sausages.

The large circular dish in one of the photographs holds two different kinds of hors d'œuvre.

The outer circle on the big platter consists of rounds of buttered brown bread, on each of these a round of beetroot previously marinaded in oil and vinegar, and on each round of beetroot a spoonful of tomato chutney. This is a new invention, for which we must thank Mr. Jan Gordon. The blend of beetroot and tomato chutney is surprisingly good.

The inner circle on the same dish consists of rounds of white bread spread with mustard butter, then rounds of scarlet tongue, and finally a rosette of mustard butter on top of the tongue.

Cups of cucumber placed on slices of tomato, filled with a mixture of butter, hard-boiled yolk of egg, anchovies and cucumber, and decorated with slender strips of anchovy, makes another excellent dish.

The hors d'œuvre in the bottom photograph on the opposite page are more varied, but very easy to arrange. A mayonnaise of egg is adorned with capers, a macédoine of young vegetables out of the garden or out of a bottle may be dressed with French dressing, mayonnaise or vinaigrette; the Peneau sardines have a little pure olive oil poured over them, the gherkins a little of their own pickle. The selection of sausages is simply arranged in slices, and rolls or a selection of fancy breads will naturally be supplied, also plenty of butter.

Savouries which can be contrived from everyday ingredients are always in demand.

Here is one, "Sardines au Parmesan," and a second is "Petites Soufflés au Parmesan."

The fourth photograph shows an emergency supper dish composed of spinach, sardines and eggs. Another excellent solution of the same problem is made with a purée of cucumber and grilled ham.

The Mustard Butter for the tongue hors d'œuvre is made with two ounces of butter, one teaspoon of mustard, a few drops of lemon juice, a few grains of cayenne pepper, and a pinch of salt.

Work the mustard into the butter with a wooden spoon until thoroughly mixed: add the lemon juice and seasoning.

SARDINES AU PARMESAN

INGREDIENTS.—1 *oz. Parmesan cheese, 6 Peneau's sardines, 6 fingers of stale bread. Cayenne pepper, butter.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Drain the sardines from their oil, scrape them to remove their skins, cut off their tails, and toss them in the cheese until they are well coated with it. Cut th

d'œuvre

and Impromptus

Some easy methods of simplifying the serving of a dinner, or of elaborating the scope—and lengthening the duration—of a cocktail party

SARDINES, spinach and eggs "marry" very well for an impromptu supper dish. Grilled ham and cucumber purée is a good alternative

Ives

bread in strips a little longer and wider than the sardines, and fry these strips in hot butter till golden brown. Place a sardine on each finger of bread, sprinkle with a little cayenne, and put in the oven till thoroughly hot.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉS

Ingredients.—1½ *ozs. Cheddar cheese,* 1½ *ozs. Parmesan cheese,* 1 *oz. butter,* ½ *oz. flour,* 1 *gill milk,* 2 *yolks and* 3 *whites of eggs. Pepper, salt, cayenne.*

Instructions.—Grate the cheese. Melt the butter in a small saucepan, stir in flour and cook gently, stirring with a wooden spoon. Add the hot milk by degrees and stir till thick and smooth. Remove the pan from the fire, stir in the grated cheese and seasonings. Add the yolks of egg, one at a time, and beating each one into the mixture thoroughly. Whip the whites to a stiff froth and stir lightly into the mixture with a metal spoon. Butter small soufflé dishes, half fill them with the mixture and bake in a good oven till well risen and nicely browned. They must be served at once.

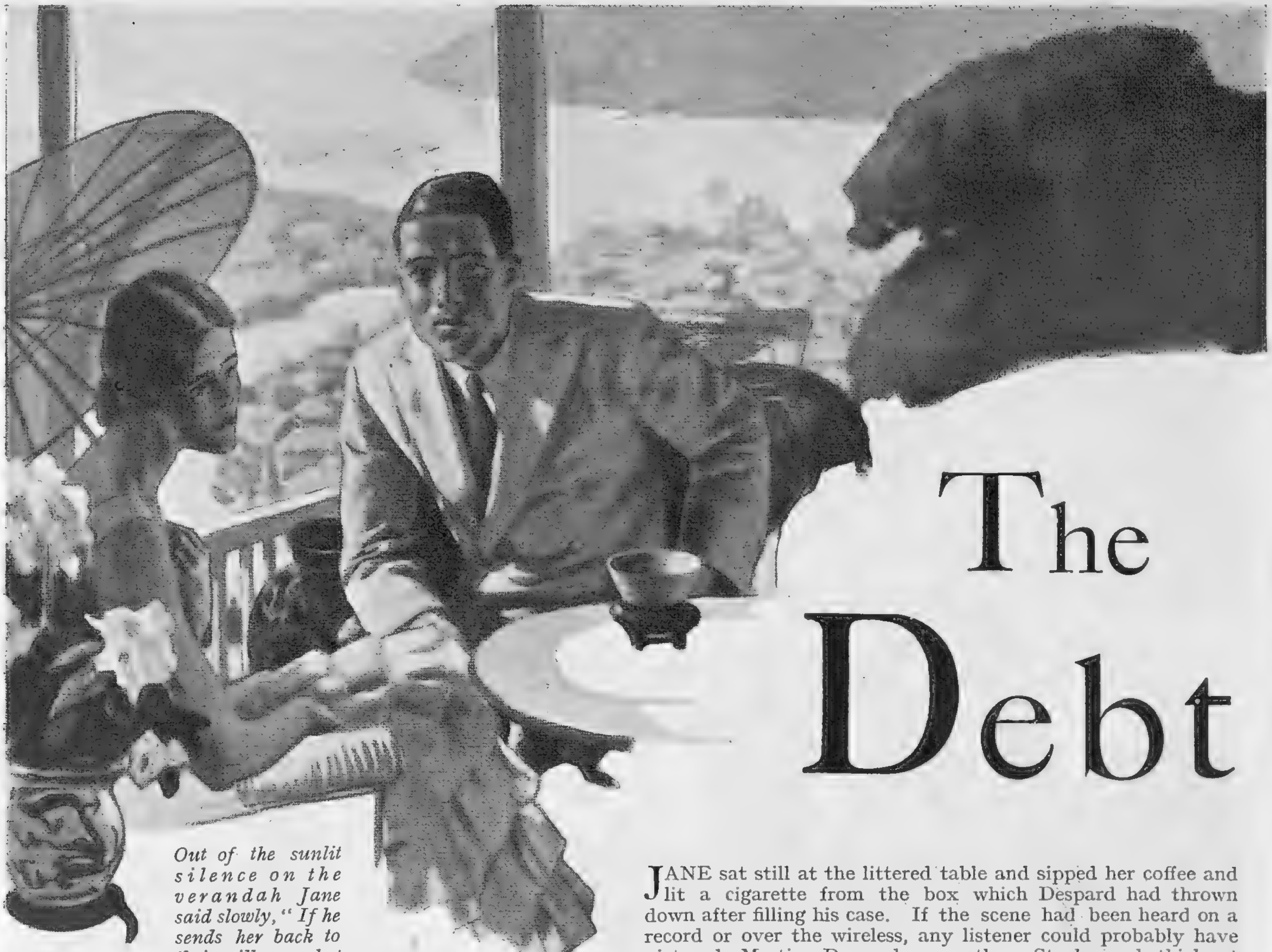
SPINACH, EGGS AND SARDINES

Ingredients.—3 *lbs. spinach,* 3 *hard-boiled eggs,* 12 *Peneau's sardines,* 2 *ozs. butter,* 2 *tablespoons cream. Pepper and salt.*

Instructions.—Pick the spinach and wash in several waters to remove all grit. Sprinkle lightly with salt, put into saucepan and cook without lid till tender. Turn into a colander, drain and press with the back of a wooden spoon till as dry as possible. Chop it finely or rub it through a sieve. Melt the butter in a clean saucepan, add the spinach and stir constantly over the fire till heated through. Scrape and bone half the number of sardines, chop them finely and add them to the spinach with the cream and seasonings. Blend all these thoroughly over the fire. Cut the hard-boiled eggs in slices and sieve a little of their yolk. Scrape the remaining six sardines. Heat both sardines and eggs gently, either in a steamer or in a covered dish in the oven. Arrange the spinach in the centre of a hot dish with the sardines and eggs round it and the sieved yolk of egg sprinkled on top.

EXCEPT for the assorted sausages in the centre dish, these interesting hors d'œuvre variés (below) are contrived from the inhabitants of most larders and store-rooms

The Debt



Out of the sunlit silence on the verandah Jane said slowly, " If he sends her back to their village, what will they do ? "

AT the end of *tiffin* Martin Despard poured himself his third whisky soda and said, speaking for the first time :

" What are you doing this afternoon ? "

Jane said :

" Having tea at the Consulate. Mr. Stewart's taking me down to the Native city to hunt for curios."

" Curios ! And how much money does Stewart think we have to waste on junk ? "

" He says it's because of the Spring festival—that the curio men will let things go for a song, because they must pay their debts——"

" Thanks ! " said Martin Despard, draining his glass and pushing back his chair.

" I don't need to learn Chinese customs from Stewart, my dear girl. I knew 'em before he came here. . . . The Consulate can go to the devil, I suppose, while he meanders round those stinking hovels with you ? "

Despard's face was remarkably ugly colour, and beaded with sweat. He took out his cigarette case, found it empty, and swore.

" There's not a blasted servant in this house fit for his job. Pretty thing, isn't it ? Manager of the Tobacco Company, and not a cigarette in the house. If you paid a little more attention to the house instead of trolloping about with Stewart and every other man in the port, it'd be better, let me tell you. *Boy !* "

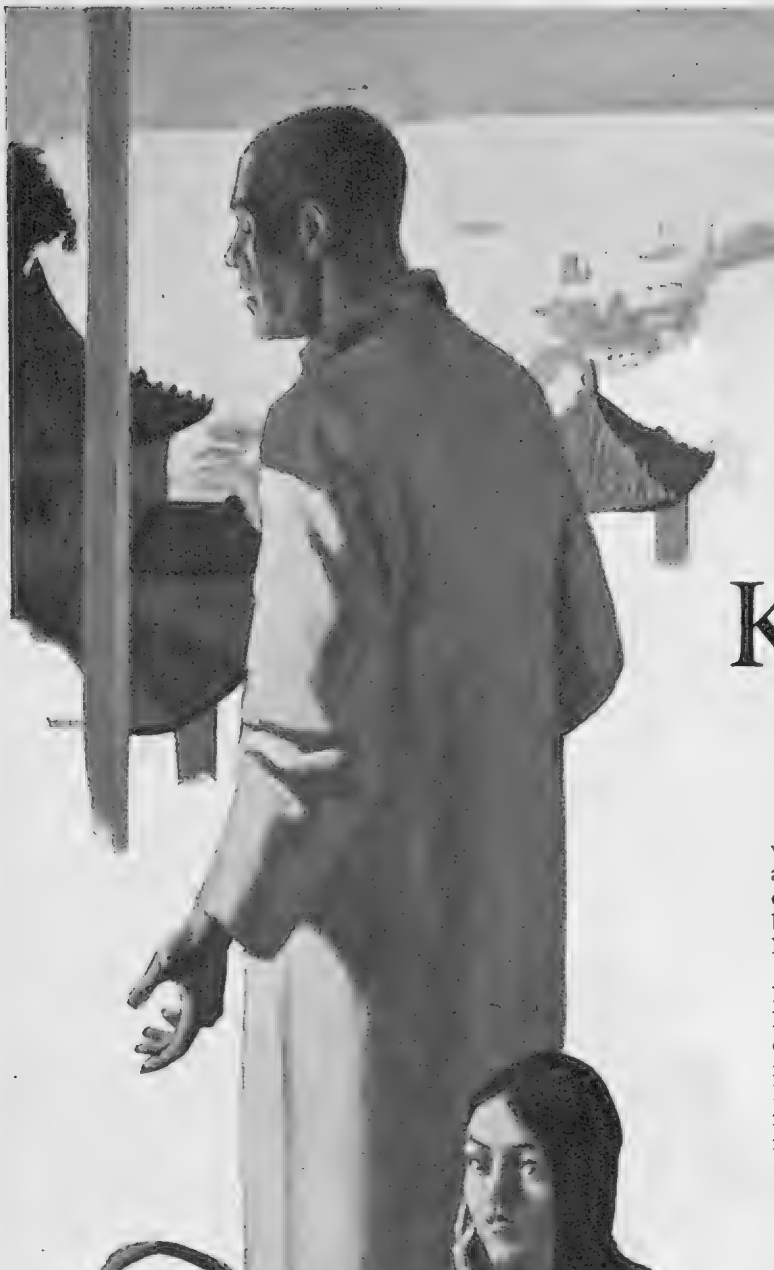
A sullen young servant appeared at the door, and Despard snapped the empty case furiously under his nose and cursed freely in mandarin. The boy stepped to the sideboard and presented a box of cigarettes, saying, " The mistress put them there this morning." As he went out Despard turned to his wife again :

" Couldn't you have said the infernal things were just behind you, instead of making a fool of me in front of my own servants ? "

He strode out and the screen door of the bungalow clashed behind him.

JANE sat still at the littered table and sipped her coffee and lit a cigarette from the box which Despard had thrown down after filling his case. If the scene had been heard on a record or over the wireless, any listener could probably have pictured Martin Despard correctly. Stocky and thick-set because he had let a sturdy body get out of training, and drank copiously in a semi-tropical climate. A face which had been the face of a fair-skinned, rather aggressive-looking young man whose dark blue eyes made a pleasant surprising contrast to his hair, which was the colour of white sand in the sun. Martin's face was jowled and reddened now, and the dark blue eyes were like the eyes of an irritated bullock. Anyone hearing the limpid colourless voice that was his wife's, and her stillness under his ranting, might well have seen Jane as a cowed and mouse-like creature on the edge of tears at the other end of the table among the debris of fruit skins and ash-trays and coffee cups, the general driftwood and derelict fragments of a finished meal. Whereas Jane sat there tranquilly, a cool, small figure slim to emaciation, whose sleeveless frock of checked cotton succeeded in looking as though it had come from Dover Street instead of being run up by the Chinese tailor. Her head, which was really beautiful, was the colour of standing wheat, and the waves of that silken hair lay close to her skull and then rolled into crisp curls at the nape of her too-slender young neck. Her eyes, dark grey under black brows and lashes, were too prominent, and perhaps that helped to give her face the look of blind withdrawal and imperturbable calm which lay upon it. Not pretty, Jane, with her nose like a small pig's, and her wide mouth lip-sticked like a geranium ; but certainly chic, self-reliant, even what the American Consul's wife called " hard-boiled lookin'." People said, " Crime, the way Despard carries on . . . ." And then, " But *she* looks as if she knew how to take care of herself ? Then why on earth doesn't she ? "

Jane put out her last cigarette and went across the hall of the bungalow that was also its dining-room to her bedroom. All the tall windows of the bedroom reached to within a few inches of the grass compound outside. Jane had known some hideous hours in this bedroom ; had known what it was to lie on that bleak white bed broken with sobbing. But it was still a joy to her to wake and look out at such green, flowing like a river on three sides of the high room. Her amah, Ni-ning, was putting away clean laundry. Despard had engaged her for his young wife before Jane arrived, an admirable servant, a Southerner as her name indicated. Jane pulled her slip of a frock over her head, kicked off her shoes, and extended a shapely leg for



A *Triangular* Drama *or* an Eastern Stage

By Kathleen Wallace

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

Ni-ning to peel off her stockings, and lay down on the wide bed under the mosquito netting for her siesta. Ni-ning tucked in the net and stood with her hands in her sleeves.

"Mississy! Please! Can-go out tea my cuzzin?"

"Yes," Jane said drowsily.

"Thank you, mississy. Be back plenty time."

Not so easy a thing to sink into sleep when the hour for which you lived hung waiting at the other end of the afternoon, a lit window against a sky. But then it was peace as well as ecstasy. Peace that welled through your veins and lulled your body into rest. "Pillar of fire . . . pillar of cloud . . ." Jane had learned that miracle.

She woke when the heat of the afternoon was like a lowered blade, and went through to the little stone-floored cell which was her bathroom, to sit up to her armpits in cool water in the Soochow tub that was shaped like a barrel. Then to change into a frock of leaf-coloured organdie whose dozens of tiny frills reached her feet, and stood out almost like a crinoline from the green ribbon at her waist. A most unsuitable frock to pack into rickshaws and carriage, to sweep through the alleys and hovels of the curio shops. But Richard liked it . . . And anyway, Jane thought philosophically, may as well wear it while I can. Shan't be able to much longer. She scrutinised her flat, thin body in the glass, twisting and turning. No, no sign yet.

HER rickshaw ran over the white road and put her down in a clearing that was like the bottom of a green well, so steep and so encircling were the grass cliffs which rose above it. Jane climbed up the flight of rock steps where flowers and flowering shrubs brushed against her skirts, to where the Consulate stood on its green headland, and all round it the steep green hills which were the city wall.

The turf terrace immediately below the Consulate verandah was set with scarlet quince trees a few inches high, mingling with the sheets of violets growing in the grass. As Jane stood there the string of donkeys carrying the wooden water pots wavered across the grass followed by the driver. Twice a day they clambered up the hill from the well and the tubs in the bathrooms were filled.

A young number two boy ushered her into the small back drawing-room, cool and swimming in shadow. The master, he said apologetically, was "just now finish Chinee lesson, teacher, verandah." Jane nodded serenely. She curled up in one of the deep chairs and lit a cigarette. She could see the two figures at the bamboo table on the verandah. Richard Stewart, tall and spare and very dark, with the startling and beautiful contrast of hair that had turned silver early above his dark young face. The figure of the Chinese professor wearing steel spectacles and dressed in a coat of dark satin and long gown of grey cashmere. His voice flowed in a steady chant, the "tones" rising and falling on a scale. Richard's voice followed with an occasional halt. Suddenly he interrupted, speaking in English:

"But I know that thing! It's been translated—I've got the translation in here somewhere——"

Jane heard the creak and scrape of the chair as he went into the office at the other end of the verandah and came back to the motionless figure at the table.

"Here it is!"

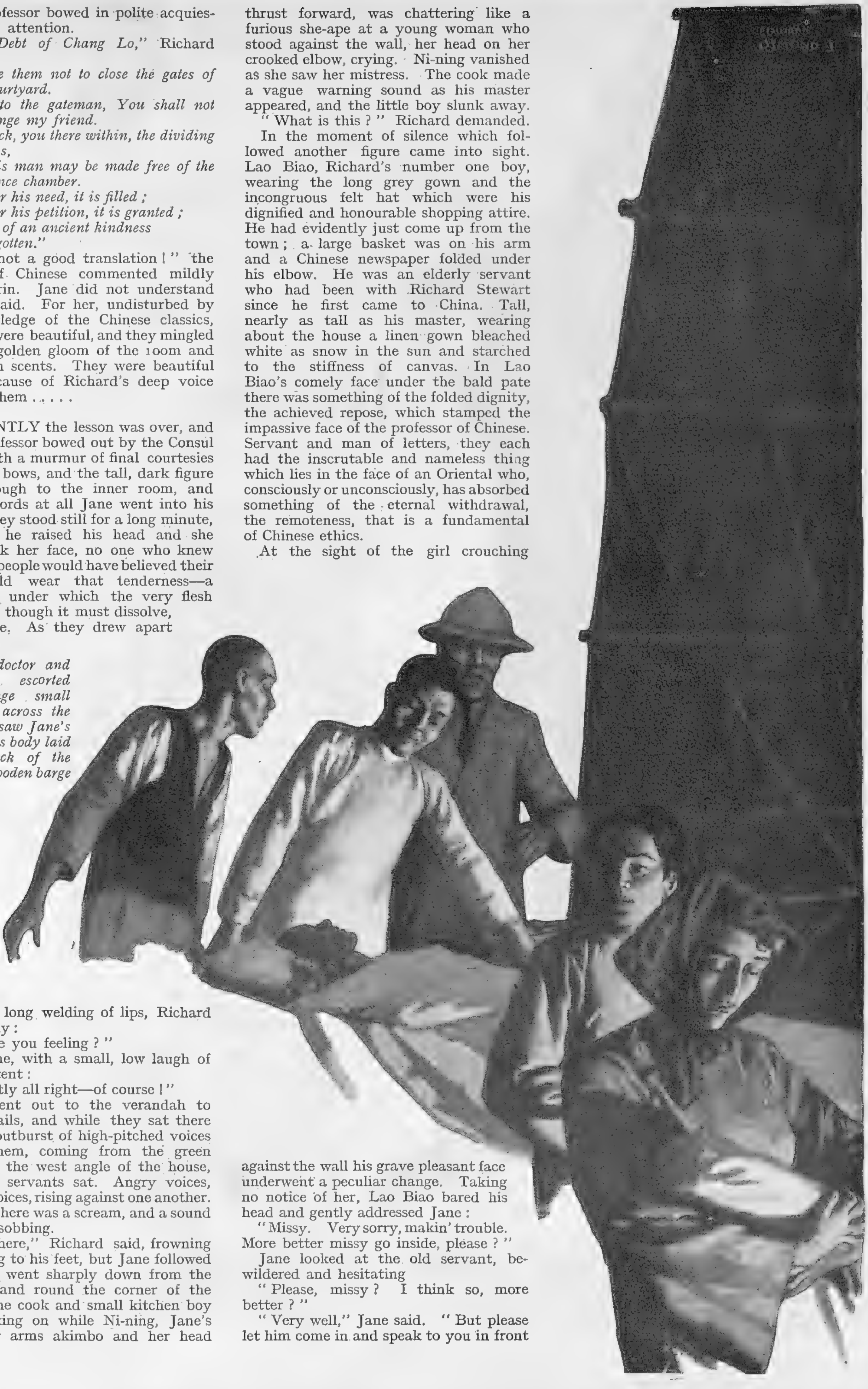
The professor bowed in polite acquiescence and attention.

"*The Debt of Chang Lo*," Richard read.

"*I bade them not to close the gates of the courtyard.*
I said to the gateman, You shall not challenge my friend.
Slide back, you there within, the dividing screens,
That this man may be made free of the audience chamber.
Whatever his need, it is filled ;
Whatever his petition, it is granted ;
Because of an ancient kindness
Not forgotten."

"It is not a good translation!" the teacher of Chinese commented mildly in mandarin. Jane did not understand what he said. For her, undisturbed by any knowledge of the Chinese classics, the lines were beautiful, and they mingled with the golden gloom of the room and the garden scents. They were beautiful partly because of Richard's deep voice speaking them . . . . .

PRESENTLY the lesson was over, and the professor bowed out by the Consul himself with a murmur of final courtesies and many bows, and the tall, dark figure came through to the inner room, and with no words at all Jane went into his arms. They stood still for a long minute, and when he raised his head and she threw back her face, no one who knew these two people would have believed their faces could wear that tenderness—a tenderness under which the very flesh seemed as though it must dissolve, disintegrate. As they drew apart after that long welding of lips, Richard said huskily :



The old doctor and Lao Biao escorted that strange small procession across the grass, and saw Jane's unconscious body laid on the deck of the stinking wooden barge

"How're you feeling ?"

And Jane, with a small, low laugh of sheer content :

"Perfectly all right—of course!"

They went out to the verandah to find cocktails, and while they sat there a sudden outburst of high-pitched voices startled them, coming from the green plateau at the west angle of the house, where the servants sat. Angry voices, women's voices, rising against one another. Suddenly there was a scream, and a sound of stormy sobbing.

"Stay here," Richard said, frowning and getting to his feet, but Jane followed him as he went sharply down from the verandah and round the corner of the house. The cook and small kitchen boy stood looking on while Ni-ning, Jane's amah, her arms akimbo and her head thrust forward, was chattering like a furious she-ape at a young woman who stood against the wall, her head on her crooked elbow, crying. Ni-ning vanished as she saw her mistress. The cook made a vague warning sound as his master appeared, and the little boy slunk away.

"What is this ?" Richard demanded.

In the moment of silence which followed another figure came into sight. Lao Biao, Richard's number one boy, wearing the long grey gown and the incongruous felt hat which were his dignified and honourable shopping attire. He had evidently just come up from the town ; a large basket was on his arm and a Chinese newspaper folded under his elbow. He was an elderly servant who had been with Richard Stewart since he first came to China. Tall, nearly as tall as his master, wearing about the house a linen gown bleached white as snow in the sun and starched to the stiffness of canvas. In Lao Biao's comely face under the bald pate there was something of the folded dignity, the achieved repose, which stamped the impassive face of the professor of Chinese. Servant and man of letters, they each had the inscrutable and nameless thing which lies in the face of an Oriental who, consciously or unconsciously, has absorbed something of the eternal withdrawal, the remoteness, that is a fundamental of Chinese ethics.

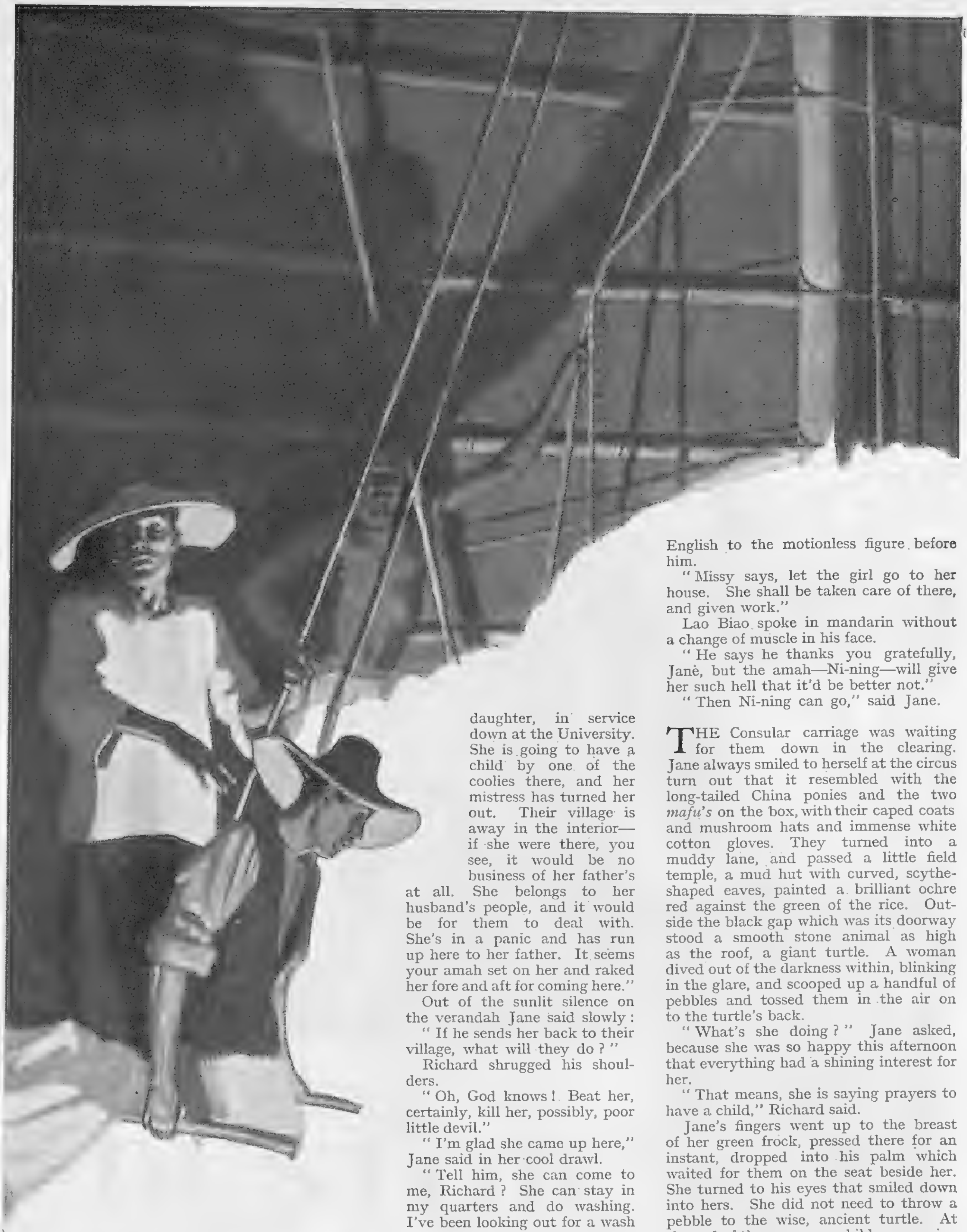
At the sight of the girl crouching against the wall his grave pleasant face underwent a peculiar change. Taking no notice of her, Lao Biao bared his head and gently addressed Jane :

"Missy. Very sorry, makin' trouble. More better missy go inside, please ?"

Jane looked at the old servant, bewildered and hesitating

"Please, missy ? I think so, more better ?"

"Very well," Jane said. "But please let him come in and speak to you in front



of me, Richard ? That woman of mine is mixed up in this."

On the verandah, Richard listened without turning his eyes, and the boy spoke, looking over his master's head to the sunlit valley. Richard translated quietly.

"He says he asks pardon for the trouble to you. He says, the girl is his daughter, in service down at the University. She is going to have a child by one of the coolies there, and her mistress has turned her out. Their village is away in the interior—if she were there, you see, it would be no business of her father's at all. She belongs to her husband's people, and it would be for them to deal with. She's in a panic and has run up here to her father. It seems your amah set on her and raked her fore and aft for coming here."

Out of the sunlit silence on the verandah Jane said slowly :

"If he sends her back to their village, what will they do ? "

Richard shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, God knows ! Beat her, certainly, kill her, possibly, poor little devil."

"I'm glad she came up here," Jane said in her cool drawl.

"Tell him, she can come to me, Richard ? She can stay in my quarters and do washing. I've been looking out for a wash amah. She can stay there and have her child."

"My dear ! " Richard Stewart said gently. "You've not been out here long, or you would know that this sort of thing happens every day. I don't think you can possibly—"

"Please ? "

Richard paused. Then he spoke in English to the motionless figure before him.

"Missy says, let the girl go to her house. She shall be taken care of there, and given work."

Lao Biao spoke in mandarin without a change of muscle in his face.

"He says he thanks you gratefully, Jane, but the amah—Ni-ning—will give her such hell that it'd be better not."

"Then Ni-ning can go," said Jane.

THE Consular carriage was waiting for them down in the clearing. Jane always smiled to herself at the circus turn out that it resembled with the long-tailed China ponies and the two *mafu's* on the box, with their caped coats and mushroom hats and immense white cotton gloves. They turned into a muddy lane, and passed a little field temple, a mud hut with curved, scythe-shaped eaves, painted a brilliant ochre red against the green of the rice. Outside the black gap which was its doorway stood a smooth stone animal as high as the roof, a giant turtle. A woman dived out of the darkness within, blinking in the glare, and scooped up a handful of pebbles and tossed them in the air on to the turtle's back.

"What's she doing ? " Jane asked, because she was so happy this afternoon that everything had a shining interest for her.

"That means, she is saying prayers to have a child," Richard said.

Jane's fingers went up to the breast of her green frock, pressed there for an instant, dropped into his palm which waited for them on the seat beside her. She turned to his eyes that smiled down into hers. She did not need to throw a pebble to the wise, ancient turtle. At the end of the summer a child was coming to her and to her lover.

She had known the whole scale of pain ; the starving desire for a child to fill the crying void that her wretched marriage left, the slow knowledge that Martin's squandered forces were not equal to creating life. And then the most bitter thankfulness that it should be so, that no child was in danger of starting existence with Martin Despard for its father.

They plunged through the cool shadows of the city gate, down the hill into the maze of the narrow, teeming streets, whose clamour and stench were something to deafen and choke you. As they went over the bridge the river below them was a solid mass of boats swarming with coolies and women. Jane, expecting a sort of Aladdin's cave, was surprised when the carriage jarred to a standstill before a low, dark hovel where an elderly Chinese with flowing grey moustaches bowed to them, his long finger-nails folded in his black sleeves.

"The point is," Richard said, as they made their way into the crowded gloom within, "that you can get anything at a bargain price just now, because the spring festival's next week, and they *must* pay their debts."

"They seem to take a debt very seriously," Jane hazarded.

"A debt's a thing of life and death to them," Richard answered her.

JANE wandered into the recesses of the dim room, stacked with porcelain bowls and jars, lacquer and blackwood, all filmed with dust. Richard sauntered through to the inner room.

"Found anything you want, Jane?"

"Only these," Jane said.

She came out, carrying a pair of fat red lacquer parrots.

"Those?" Richard said, smiling at her. "My dear girl, why? They are rather amusing, though! Do you like lacquer?"

"I don't know anything about it," Jane answered calmly.

She thought that the two plump red birds would be a nice and laughable thing for a child to watch, set on a mantelpiece above his bright, inquisitive eyes in that ground floor bedroom; that was all. So the parrots were wrapped in a Chinese newspaper, and Hung followed out to the carriage.

Jane was tired when she reached her own bungalow. She lay down on the divan, and Ni-ning came to her there. The amah was smiling now, a deprecating, secret smile.

"Mississy. Listen, mississy—" (Ni-ning always used the form of address of a southerner.)

She stood before the divan like an image.

"Mississy only little-time come this side, plenty thing no savvy. That boy, that old boy, my cuzzin, he long-time stay Consul, he think he can do everything what he like. He think my mississy no savvy. That girl, she his daughter, she bad girl, she very bad girl. Her husband savvy, he kill she. I tell she, 'You no dare come here—'"

"That will do," said Jane quietly.

But Ni-ning stood her ground, pouring out a stream of pidgin English, her demure face a livid mask of sullen passion.

". . . she wicked girl, shame-girl, she father lose face, everyone spit on her, he should be shame. If Mississy let such girl stay here, *I* no stay—"

"No, you don't!" said Jane, putting her feet to the floor, and going across the room to her desk.

"Here's your money—take it, and go. If you're here half an hour longer, I telephone the police—see?"

By and by, into the silence of the shaken room that seemed to quiver and pulse about Jane's head, the boy announced stolidly:

"Missy, master no come. Shall do dinner?"

"Master have telephone?"

"No, missy."

She passed her hands across her throbbing forehead. God knew where Martin was. In a poker game at the club would be the mildest possibility.

"I don't want any dinner, boy," Jane said wearily. "I go bed."

She woke with the full moon flooding her room with light and black shadows, woke to the lurching and stumbling of Martin Despard and to his hands wrenching at her mosquito net.

"Jenny—Jenny—not 'sleep, are you? Don't go—sleep, darling. Old mansh come home—"

She sat up, her heart pounding her to pieces. It was like one of those nightmares, trapped, boxed, in this frail tent of net that was giving way under his hands.

"Martin—don't, Martin! Don't tear it—"

"Must get—in. Not going—to shleep all by myself—to-night—"

She pulled the net free, and as he stumbled and sat down on the bed, she set her hands on his arms and held him from her and faced him.

"You're — shaking —" Martin said, "Whatsh matter, J-Jenny?"

"Martin—you can't. You mustn't—not to-night—"

"And why—not? Sh'ld like t'know—why not?"

"Listen, Martin. Listen to me. Do you hear what I'm saying? I'm going to have a child. I've started a child—"

"*What?*" said Martin Despard with a hiccough.

"Yes—that's it," said Jane through suddenly chattering teeth.

"Do you see—Martin—you must leave me alone—to-night. Come along and I'll help you get to bed."

She got into a kimono, shivering, and he went heavily to the door.

"My. That's funny!" said Jane's husband with a peal of laughter. "'S life in th' old dog yet, what?—"

He was still laughing as he felt his way across the hall.

THE port of Kanliang stole into summer. The willows were a golden-green veil, the open beanfields swam in scent that caught Jane up and swung her back to the roads and fields of home. Whenever Richard Stewart came to the bungalow and caught sight of the young amah shuffling about the house, he thought tenderly and with amusement that Jane was sweet and funny. This clumsy country girl, awkward and unsightly, was such a contrast to Ni-ning, trim, swift, and well-trained. He didn't like seeing Lao Biao's unsightly daughter moving about with her arms full of Jane's dainty belongings.

At the end of one of those summer afternoons the American Consul came out of the British Consulate office, where he had been talking to Richard Stewart.

"Well, I'm glad it petered out like that," Dewar, the American Consul, said thoughtfully. "Might have been a very ugly business. You simply can't tell with a Chinese crowd. Matter of seconds, and the thing's an uproar—or nothing."

"Yes. But the point is," Richard Stewart said slowly, as a man feeling for his words, "an incident like to-day's is only a straw, showing the way the wind's going. There's an anti-foreign section working steadily in Kanliang. There has been all this spring. One never knows when it'll break out, or where, or for what trivial cause. I tell you, Dewar, these are difficult days to be in China. I'll be glad when the women and kids all get out for the summer."

He sat staring at the white road before him as his carriage took him to the club. Difficult days, yes, by God, they were! They passed a tea-house at the edge of the road, and Richard glanced at the group of Chinese sitting before bowls of tea at the door, and noticed that two of them wore the tattered grey uniform of disbanded soldiers. If there were any disturbance going on, trust some of them to be in it, he reflected. He noted a woman who sat drinking tea from a bowl between the two tattered soldiers. It all happened in a flash, the quick look of recognition that swept into her face, the swift gesture with which she shot out a hand and prodded one of the soldiers, and pointed to the Consular carriage. It was Ni-ning, he realised with a small shock of surprise as the carriage went on. Queer, that. A respectable amah, highly recommended when Despard had engaged her for Jane, sitting in a tea-house with a handful of soldiers.

That evening, as Lao Biao set the coffee-lamp and cigarettes before his master, he spoke in his accustomed manadarin.

"Excellency, there is a son born to the woman, my daughter. I have a grandson."

"So?" Richard commented. "That is good news. And does all go well with them?"

"Passing well, Excellency. The lady of the house has herself tended my daughter, and summoned even the foreign doctor to her. Yes, even so. The coffee waits, sir."

AS the summer deepened to white heat, Richard Stewart grew accustomed to an occasional sight of his number one boy taking the air on the lower slopes behind the house with the fat brown babe in his arms. Once he himself, climbing up from the valley by a side path, came upon Lan-yi squatting with a zinc pail of water between her knees, in which she was immersing her baby.

"Bath, hah?" Richard said as he passed, and the girl, instead of ducking her head to avoid notice, gave him a sheepish child's smile of flashing white teeth.

"To cool him, Excellency. My lady said *thrice* daily, and gave me this."

Proudly she held up a tin of talcum powder. Richard nodded and went on. Jane, he realised, had given Lan-yi the coolie girl something more than her life and the life of her child. She was not ashamed now to look her father's master in the face.

There came a night when the port lay like a dark lake below the hills, and the lights were like a cloud of fireflies. Away beyond the city gate a long glow lay in the sky that deepened and rose as Richard Stewart watched it. The telephone rang sharply behind him, and he stepped back through the glass doors to his desk.

"Stewart? Dewar speaking. Listen, man. There's trouble in the city—pretty bad, too. A rising's broken out—yeah—and they've fired the Tobacco Buildings——"

"God!"

"Yeah . . . pretty ugly. Despard got through to me here just before his line went. Seems they've roped in some hundreds of those disbanded soldiers who've been trailing round the hills all summer, and the mob seems to have got completely out of hand. You know what that means——"

"Do I *not*!" Richard's voice said quietly. "Thanks, Dewar. I'll get through to Shanghai and ask for a gunboat to be rushed up here at once. And get in the British women and kids to the Consulate as quickly as possible. Your nationals coming in? Good! Thank heaven most of the women and children are out of the port!"

Richard hung up, and his hand, clenched on the stand of the instrument, left a wet mark as he raised it to take down the receiver again. He called the Despard bungalow, and the voice that answered him was unfamiliar.

"What did you say? Tenney speaking—Dr. Tenney. Yes. Trouble? Well, my God, man, I can't move Mrs. Despard, unless I want to lose her and the child. What? Yes. Oh, about an hour ago. Yes, of course there's a nurse here. Despard? God knows! Heard of him as being seen down at the Yangtze Villa early this afternoon—anyway, so long as he's not up *here*, that's all I ask."

The old port doctor rang off, and Richard Stewart sat for a moment before the instrument, with his head in his hands. Then he unhooked it again and set about his work of summoning the women and children of the British community up to the Consulate for protection, while Jane and his child fought for their lives outside the shelter of his walls and a Chinese mob pressed up from the city.

So the stifling night unfolded. The glare above the valley was blood-red now. In an interval of seeing to the arrivals as they came, Richard went out to the verandah and stood for a moment's breathing-space. His task was made more complicated by the fact that Lao Biao, usually a tower of strength, was nowhere to be found. The noise reached him now, the dull roar of voices. He could hear without actually hearing the dull thudding of feet, bare feet and soft-shod feet, in the dust. And meanwhile, in the room at the back of that bungalow, the old doctor

(*Continued on page 91*)

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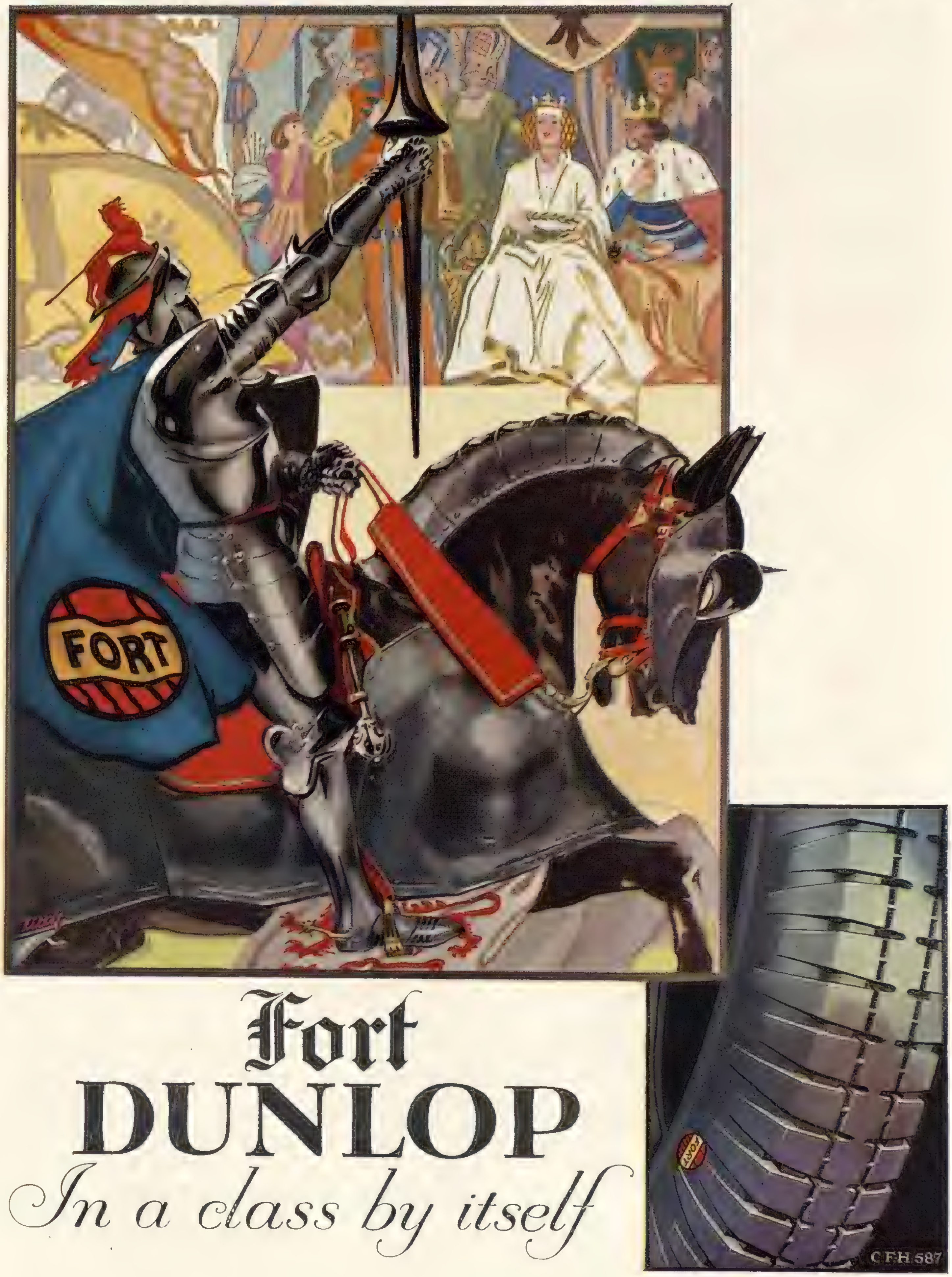
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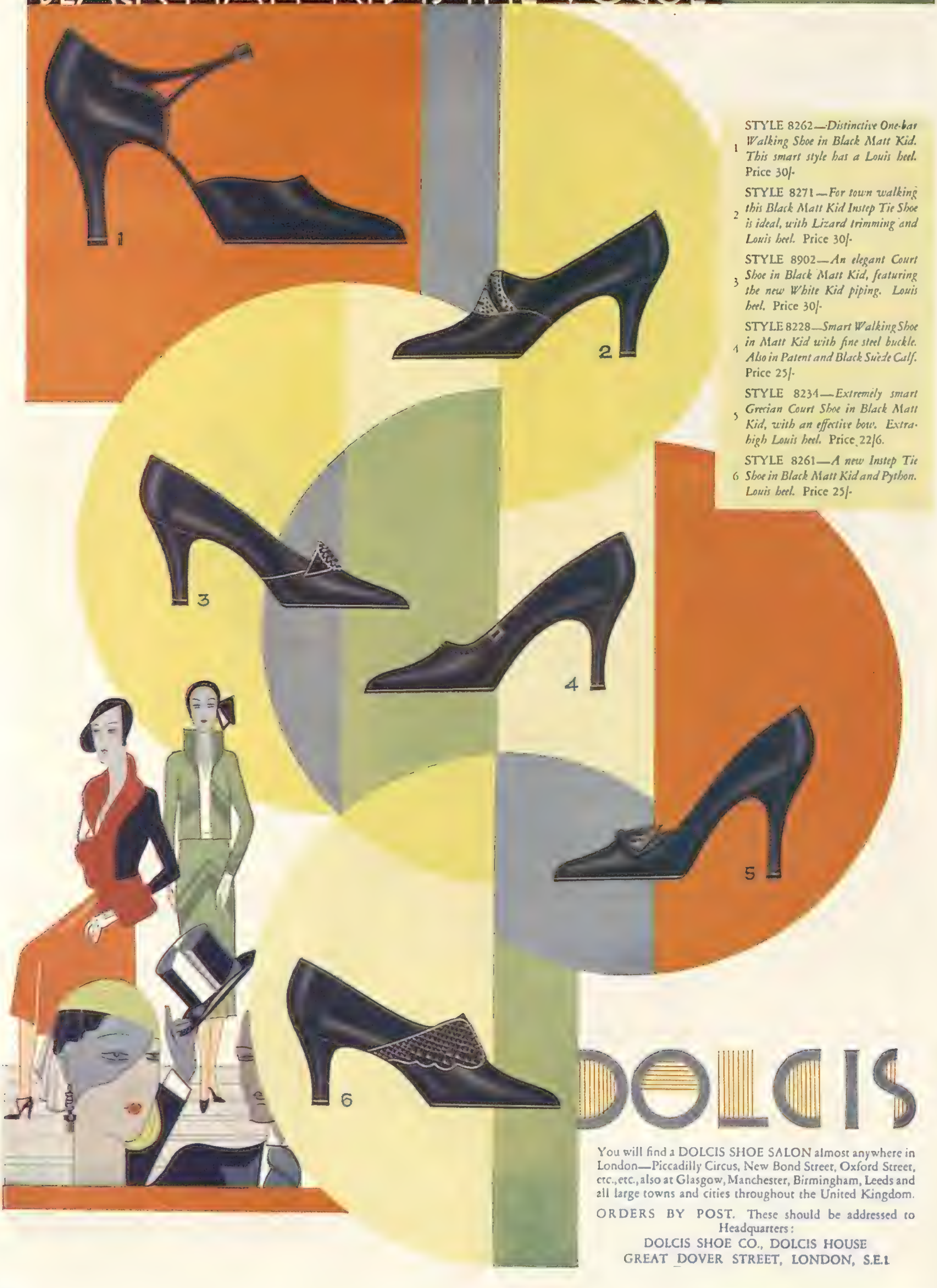

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The Debt

(Continued from page 88)

and some nurse were wrestling for Jane's life—their child's life. And he must do nothing—nothing!

SOMEONE came softly from the house and stood behind Richard. He swung round on the tall figure, curiously still, and saw and noted, even in that moment, that Lao Biao stood in his master's presence in the short singlet and trousers of a coolie, not in his decent white gown.

"Master. The lady—how is it with her?" Richard checked in sheer amazement.

"The child—is it born yet, Excellency?"

"Not yet," Richard Stewart said, with a sort of groan. "And there is massacre in the city."

"I know it. Wait, Excellency. Only a little time—my daughter sent word to me directly the hour came upon her mistress—it will not be long now, if the doctor will not let them move her, then it will be soon. . . . And the mob is not yet into this district. They are looting and firing the city—they will delay. And all is arranged for, master. All is ready."

"Where were you!" Richard demanded. "Why did you leave the house? The foreign ladies and children are even now sheltering here—I needed you."

"Excellency, it had to be. There were arrangements to be made. So soon as I got word from my daughter that the nurse-lady had telephoned to the doctor, I went, knowing that the trouble had started in the city. Listen then, sir. Directly the child is born, Lan-yi has orders. They are to wrap up the lady in the blankets, and the litter and bearers are even now there, waiting, and the boat is moored in the creek there—my cousin's boat—and the litter-men are the sons of my cousin. I ask pardon that it is a night-soil boat. But that is safest. No one will take notice of one of the night-soil boats passing down the creek to the river. By dawn they reach the river, and join one of the merchant steamers; so the lady and the foreign nurse-missy get to Shanghai and are safe—she and the child, master. Lan-yi and her child, my grandson, with them."

Richard wetted his cracked lips, and tried twice before he could speak.

"You did this thing, Lao Biao?"

"What else should I do, Excellency? I have been with the *doran* these many years; and this lady, newly come to my country, and a stranger, gave shelter to the girl, my daughter, and life to him that is my grandson. The moneys that I have—that are promised to these men my kinsmen, so that they will indeed perform this thing—I saved them in the service I have had with you. Whatever I have belongs to you, Excellency."

When the night was dimming to grey, the old doctor and Lao Biao escorted that strange, small procession across the grass and saw Jane's unconscious body laid on the deck of the stinking wooden barge, and the nurse, wearing one of Lan-yi's Chinese suits, and carrying the new-born baby in its wrappings, and the young amah carrying her child. As the boatmen plunged in their poles, and the creaking boat set off down the stream, the doctor, who had tended life and death in that port for a matter of twenty years, took Lao Biao by the arm and spoke in mandarin.

"Well—*that's* well over! Whew! This has been a night! Now, we'd better cut along to the Consulate and the hospital—I'll be needed there before this business is over! You come too, boy?"

"Presently, sir, yes, I come. Just now I go back to the bungalow and fetch a few matters—and hide a few things under the floor perhaps . . ."

"I wonder," Doctor Tenney said, thinking aloud, "where Despard is while all this is going on?"

"The tobacco *taipan*, master? You have not heard?"

"No. What do you know, boy?"

"He is killed, sir. Yes. This night, in the streets. Yes. My cousin the boatman brought me the news just now. Good-bye, sir. I see you presently, at the Consulate."

"Well," Doctor Tenney said tersely in English, "I can't say I feel it as any loss."

HE disappeared into the grey dark and Lao Biao turned and began to follow the winding path from the creek back to the bungalow. He gasped once, sharply, as shapes sprang upon him, but he made no further outcry and he did not attempt to struggle. He knew the futility of that. In the light of the lantern he saw the grey, ragged uniforms of two vagrant soldiers, and the mad, grinning face of the woman, Ni-ning, the amah.

"Here he is—the swine, the rat, the one who sides with the foreign devils—who gets them off in secret! Well—*he* won't get off!"

Her shrill babel was in his ears as she struck him in the face and spat. They dragged him up to the wall of the wash-house and stood him there, and the woman pinioned one of his arms and a soldier the other. He stood there as though stretched on a cross, and the other man drew upon him and shot him. Ni-ning laughed as his long body crumpled and fell beside the wall, and kicked him in the face as he lay.

"Finished—that dog!" she said.

They went on, up to the deserted house, for loot, and the body of Lao Biao lay face downwards in the morning dew under the sunrise. His debt was paid.

END

English Actors *on the* Screen

(Continued from page 41)

In this picture Ronald Colman is likely to subjugate afresh the devotees of "Raffles," "Drummond" and "Beau Geste." He is debonair and delightful and has some quite witty and amusing lines. Fred Kerr is delicious as the irascible and cynical old Earl and Paul Cavanagh, one of the coming men, is a Russian Grand Duke who wears a white hat at the Derby as if to the manner born. There is, of course, an English butler who, strangely enough, knocks at the drawing-room door, and even George, the dog, wherever he was born, is, indubitably, an English-bred fox terrier. To ensure the authenticity of the English atmosphere Lady Maureen Stanley was engaged to supervise. There have, therefore, been some expressions of surprise that the Derby should have been presented as it is. The hero and heroine "and friend" see the great race and the grand stand from a woodland grove which it would certainly be difficult to find on Epsom Downs, but it must be remembered that if Lord Derby's daughter-in-law is responsible for this strange solecism, which is doubtful, it may be accounted for by the fact that she has probably never been on "the other side" of the course!

Among all this Englishness there is an American heroine, Loretta Young. Her histrionic ability is, fortunately, not overstrained; she is of the mannequin type, blond and svelte and made to please the camera, just so much less significant than her lovely frocks. Then there is good-looking Florence Britton, also American, as the sister of the oh, so English ne'er-do-weel, and Myrna Loy in a fair wig as an actress—the only real complication in a singularly simple plot, eked out with amusing chatter.

Since they are not in Hollywood it might be supposed that all the lovely and talented English girls are employed in the English Studios. But again one looks in vain. In recently produced and representative films from Elstree we have seen Fay Compton in "Cape Forlorn," a morbid piece of work, and in "Uneasy Virtue," a wordy comedy on an old-fashioned theme—a wife's attempt to make her husband jealous, bedroom scene and all. Miss Compton is an experienced and deservedly popular stage actress, but it is obvious that it is not a progressive policy to ignore potential talent among the young andambitious aspirants *if such talent exists*. Hollywood has taught us that stars are made, not born.

The most photographed young English film actress is Madeline Carrol. She has looks and can act, but it cannot be suggested that she approaches as a personality, in style or in command of a situation, let us say, Constance Bennet, the American girl who came into prominence at about the same time. Norah Baring has potentialities and showed in "Underground" that she has emotional power, but she has never been properly exploited or photographed since. With all due deference I know of no young English actress who can compare with Norma Shearer, Joan Bennet, Ruth Chatterton, Bebe Daniels, Clara Bow, Helen Twelvetrees and a lot more.

EVERY now and then we hear of an English "discovery" who appears in a few pictures and then disappears. The latest is Dodo Watts, who was in the successful "Almost a Honeymoon," in "The Middle Watch" and that excellent thriller "The Man from Chicago." Let us be quite honest. Dodo Watts is a pretty, smiling, fair, young thing who doubtless has a sweet nature. She knows nothing about acting, and her movements are so unaffected as to approach awkwardness. She has a prominent chin and she is, therefore, almost invariably photographed in profile, looking upwards with a good strong light concentrated on the lower part of her face.

The only two actresses on the English screen who can compete at all with the self-expressive well-turned-out American women are Isobel Jeans, whose genius for wearing beautiful clothes beautifully seldom gets full play, and Adrienne Allen, who has sophistication beyond her experience and, once again, the figure and the flair for good clothes. In "Loose Ends" she made a secondary part so significant that everyone else in the picture seemed inadequate.

THE best American film that we have seen this year is "Min and Bill," a masterpiece of casting and direction and perfectly acted by Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. In this Dorothy Jordan showed that it is possible to be young and pretty without being just silly. It was a great picture, terribly moving and a triumph for Marie Dressler.

It occurs to me that in this type of picture we could compete. Maisie Gay was brilliant in "To Oblige a Lady." This was a farce, but Dressler has often played merely comic parts, and Maisie Gay is quite capable of those depths which bring comedy so near to tragedy. And what has become of Marie Ault, one of our finest character actresses? Her performance in "The Lodger" still stays in one's memory?

"*Quand les Anglaises sont chic elles dépassent mêmes les Parisiennes*," a French dressmaker once said to me. "Quand!" When! But those who know the secret of self-exploitation are in a small and cosmopolitan minority. The rest are content to hide their light under a bushel or a bustle or whatever it may be, and the average film audience is not exploratory. They want the beauty and the goodness and the passion and the "pep" of their favourites bare and brazen and obvious and illuminated from every angle. Our stars are too "refained," too inhibited, too diffident and too dowdy.

English men have always been self-confident, have always had the reputation for being the best dressed men in the world. Physical and psychological "style" are necessary for success on the screen, and if English actresses are ever to come into their own they must learn to look and act like a proclamation, not like an apology.

END

INTERNATIONAL GOLF: Important Developments

SPRING 1931 will go down in the annals of ladies' golf as a memorable moment. International golf, instead of being a bone of contention, has now become a definite item in the programme for the year, or if not for this year, at least for 1932 and after. It was more than high time that something should be done. Invitations from the Dominions, challenges from America and France cannot be put aside with non-committal answers for ever. British prestige cannot stand that sort of shilly-shallying indefinitely, and it is only right that challenges should be accepted. We all believe the women golfers of these islands to be the best in the world, but we can no longer go on saying so unless we are ready to put our faith to the test. And that is what the decision taken by the Annual General Meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union has done. Responses to appeals for funds from the clubs have failed to raise the requisite capital sum, but what has come in is a beginning. There will be gate money from the championship at Portmarnock available this year, and the L.G.U. has a substantial balance. Under such circumstances one can only welcome very heartily the decision that the challenges of America and France should be accepted for 1932, during which year it is proposed that we shall entertain the American team over here, whilst a touring team is to visit the Dominions in 1932 or 1933. It is sincerely to be hoped that we shall be able by then to send the real cream of our golf. For these will be the first International matches or tours ever officially undertaken by the women of Great Britain.

Both Press and public this spring have most unfortunately tried to attach international labels to the private party, of which our Open Champion was a member, who went out to Florida in search of a good time. None of them except Miss Fishwick had any pretensions to International form and were the first to disclaim the greatness so ignorantly thrust upon them. But there is all too much fear that an equally uninstructed public in America may have assumed that this was really an English team and if so, their disappointment at the standard of play was both inevitable and understandable. Things must be very different when we send an official team abroad.

ELEANOR E. HELME

"EVE" FOURSOME WINNERS IN 1930

NORTHERN
Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss C. E. C. Rudgard

SPRING MEDAL
Miss D. Pearson and Miss Enid Wilson

SCOTTISH
Miss Leetham and Lady Alness

RANELAGH
Miss Lulu Esmond and Miss Diana Esmond

ROEHAMPTON
Miss Evershed and Miss G. Hartopp

THE "EVE" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES AT GULLANE

By ELEANOR E. HELME

THERE are still a few more days before entries for the Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth will close, and now entries are opening for the BRITANNIA AND EVE Scottish Foursomes. For the benefit of those who are new to that event, it should be reiterated that these are in no way confined to Scottish golfers; the event is Scottish in locality only and is, indeed, held at this moment by two English golfers, Lady Alness and Miss Leetham. But Scottish players have usually held very tightly on to their own, and large numbers of them will doubtless rise up to try to get back the cups across the border. Moreover, Gullane is a delightful place and a most popular place. Recollection of Turnberry last year, when those who were beaten in the Foursomes still had so much excitement left them in competition for the National Playing Field Cup generously given by Mrs. Dunlop Hill, will spur on others to enter, and the urgent advice of the minute to everybody, Scottish, English, Irish, Welsh or any other nationality, who wishes to play at Gullane on June 16th and following days, is to lose no time about filling in the entrance form on page 127.

It is curious to look back to Eve Foursomes played at Gullane in 1925. They were only the second of the series; the entry, judged by present day standards, was small. So was the ladies' clubhouse, a charming but quite humble cottage, in the neighbourhood of the first tee. That has now given place to a delightful new building on the same site. Moreover, much has been done to the course in the way of tightening up the bunkers. Nobody found Gullane No. 1 too easy in 1925; they will find it even harder now, but the charm of the course will be there, only enhanced by the alterations. The winners in 1925 were Miss M. J. Couper, then an unknown player of much promise, long handicap and long hitting. Now she is accepted as one of the best young players of the many good new recruits to Scottish golf, and one can only hope that she will be quite fit again this year, and able to show the Foursomes what an entirely different player she is now from those early days. Her partner that year was Miss Lloyd Price, a Welsh golfer, whose steadiness made an excellent admixture with Miss Couper's brilliance. Mrs. Percy was comparatively unknown then; she won the Scottish championship the week after the Foursomes, to the surprise of herself and everybody else. Now everybody knows that "One Putt Percy" is greatly to be respected, for her putting is as famed as ever, whilst the adoption of wood through the green, and steel shafts, has lengthened her game most considerably and valuably.

There is, perhaps, no item more greatly to be desired in your foursome partner than the ability to putt really well when the need arises. The lurking fear that a partner will waste your good shots by an attack of squandermania on the green generally produces wildness sooner or later in the long game, because you try—quite futilely—to save a shot before reaching the putting part of the hole. On the other hand, the soothing influence of the perfect putter reacts all through the play up to the green. If one may whisper a word in the ear of anyone who is doubtful about the choice of a partner, it is "Choose the best putter."

The "EVE" LADIES' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(8th Year) at GULLANE (No. 1 Course) JUNE 16 to 19, 1931

Holders: Lady Alness and Miss Leetham

Entries close Monday, May 25th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, "Britannia and Eve" Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, May 25.

"Eve" reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under ⅜ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

The "Britannia and Eve" Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be The Marine Hotel, Gullane, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each for those sharing two-bedded rooms, 16s. 6d. per day for single rooms, inclusive of room, attendance, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and morning baths. Early morning tea and after-dinner coffee extra. One person occupying a double room extra. Special cheap railway fares (a single fare and a third for the return journey) will be available from June 13 to June 29 or intermediately for parties of not less than four travelling together. Apply to the Passenger Traffic Superintendent, Kings Cross (L.N.E.R.), London.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played on Gullane No. 1 course from 16th to 19th June. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BRITANNIA AND EVE" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Holder of Cup: Miss Fenton, Turnberry.
Entries received on day of play only.

The "EVE" (1931) SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES

(7th Year) at WENTWORTH: On the East and Centre Courses, FRIDAY, APRIL 24th, 1931

Holders: Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Dorothy Pearson

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps, if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three and a half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, 18 holes on the East Course and 18 on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Tuesday, April 7th, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest in the week preceding the competition.

The Directors of Britannia and Eve reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course: ties for the 18 hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. No card taken out in the second round can compete for an 18 hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first round card.

The entry form is on page 127.

GULLANE. **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM.

To reach Miss Helme, "Britannia & Eve" Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Monday, May 25, 1931.

"BRITANNIA & EVE'S" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Gullane, (No. 1 Course) June 16, 1931, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ....
of....................................*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*....................
Home Address..
Telephone No...

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Gullane with

Mrs. / *Miss* ....
of....................................*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*....................
Home Address..
Telephone No...

Please notify change of address or partner to Miss Helme as above: or after June 13th to her at Marine Hotel, Gullane, East Lothian. Telephone: 106 and 107 Gullane.

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the FEBRUARY Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss E. Hollis	West Byfleet	87	17	70	76	6 Below
Mrs. E. S. Graham	Tollygunge(India)	90	14	76	81	5 ,,
Mrs. Duncan	,, ,,	79	1	78	81	3 ,,
Mrs. Elcock	,, ,,	94	14	80	81	1 ,,
Mrs. Hutchinson	,, ,,	93	12	81	81	Equal
Miss M. A. Mill	Croham Hurst	80	4	76	76	,,
Mrs. E. M. MacLeod	North Hants	84	7	77	77	,,
Miss Greene	La Moye	87	13	74	73	1 Above
Miss Elsie Lawrenson	Hillside	90	16	74	73	1 ,,
Mrs. Rostron	Tollygunge(India)	94	12	82	81	1 ,,
Miss J. D. Withers	Sandwell Park	81	4	77	75	2 ,,
Miss Agnes Wilson	Lancaster	92	15	77	75	2 ,,
Miss Hackney	Trentham	93	15	78	76	2 ,,
Mrs. R. B. Laird	New Course, Tollygunge(India)	88	12	76	73	3 ,,
Miss S. R. Ward	Notts	92	14	78	75	3 ,,

CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. S. R. Robertson	Camberley Heath	87	23	64	75	11 Below
Mrs. R. B. Baird	New Course, Tollygunge(India)	85	20	65	73	8 ,,
Mrs. Ian Clark	New Course, Tollygunge(India)	87	21	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. H. A. Luke	Tollygunge(India)	109	35	74	81	7 ,,
Mrs. Radmore	New Course, Tollygunge(India)	102	36	66	73	7 ,,
Miss K. Cardwell	Worsley	98	30	68	74	6 ,,
Miss P. E. Smith	Notts	95	26	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. F. Rooney	New Course, Tollygunge(India)	104	36	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. Warlford	Tollygunge(India)	110	34	76	81	5 ,,
Mrs. Benjamin	New Course, Tollygunge(India)	105	36	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. Adams Williams	New Course, Tollygunge(India)	96	26	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Martin	New Course, Tollygunge(India)	94	24	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Brown	Birkdale	101	29	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. Stronach	North Hants	93	19	74	77	3 ,,
Mrs. Herbert	Frilford Heath	103	31	72	75	3 ,,

"EVE" Club Competitions. Leading results for February

Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.
Ryde	66	23	34·86
Cowes	62	14	23·03
Langholm	76	13	17·10
La Moye	45	4	8·88
Tamworth, Ltd.	70	5	7·14
Sandwell Park	90	3	3·33
Hockley	80	2	2·50
Kingsthorpe	87	2	2·30
Bowdon	46	1	2·17
Trentham	100	2	2·00
Birkdale	267	4	1·48
Stamford	70	1	1·43

Club.	Membership.	No of Cards.	Percentage.
Camberley Heath	140	2	1·43
North Hants	150	2	1·34
Worlsey	150	2	1·34
Ringway	156	2	1·28
Frilford Heath	200	2	1·00
Hillside, Ltd.	100	1	1·00
Bramhall Park	129	1	·77
Tyneside	130	1	·77
Lancaster	161	1	·62
Bramhall	190	1	·53

Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

	Percentage.
Langholm	28·28
Ryde	25·56
Cowes	17·16
Tamworth, Ltd.	7·85
Bowdon	6·51
La Moye	5·55
Thonock	3·70

	Percentage.
Trentham	2·50
Chesterfield	1·92
Hockley	1·87
Camberley Heath	1·78
Sandwell Park	1·66
Kingsthorpe	1·15
North Hants	1·00

SHOTS OF THE MONTH

Britannia and Eve has much pleasure in congratulating Miss M. E. Shearer on holing in one at the 3rd hole of the Hampstead Golf Course.

THE "EVE" NORTHERN FOURSOMES (1931)

(9th Year) at WOODHALL SPA: APRIL 14 and following days, 1931. (Entries closed March 26)

Full particulars regarding entries, conditions, the consolation competition and the hotel accommodation appeared in last month's Britannia and Eve.

By the courtesy of Woodhall Spa G.C. competitors will be allowed to practice free of charge on Monday, April 13.

Green fees on other days preceding the competition, 3s. 6d. per day or £1 per week. No restrictions on Ladies' play during the week-end, but Saturday and Sunday green fee 5/- per day.

All entries for Eve's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* Britannia and Eve *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* Britannia and Eve, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **APRIL**

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss*..
Address..
....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of....................................of which I am a member.

Are your gums pale, spongy, tender?

They mask the poison wells of pyorrhœa!

Thousands today are neglecting Nature's warning signal—tender gums that bleed easily. Are you? You wouldn't, if you knew what Pyorrhœa means. Slow Poison! Poison that filters into your bloodstream from the diseased gums, sapping your health, undermining your constitution, making you always run down, an easy prey to illness.

If you have the slightest sign of Pyorrhœa, act at once. Used in time, and used regularly, Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhœa, check its progress. It was made — by a dentist — expressly for that purpose. Brush your teeth with it twice daily and regularly massage your gums with a little on your fingertip. Even if you have a healthy mouth now — take this simple, but very certain, precaution. You cannot buy a more efficient dentifrice — but Forhan's For the Gums is more than a dentifrice — it checks Pyorrhœa. Obtainable of all chemists.

STATISTICS SHOW THAT AMONG PEOPLE OVER 40
4 OUT OF 5
SUFFER FROM PYORRHŒA

Forhan's
for the gums

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 OLD SWAN LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT

Ladies Prefer . . .

(*Continued from page 17*)

Rudolph Valentino had a legion of amateur imitators, eagerly studying his every look and mannerism in the hopes of getting educated in "this Sheikh stuff." The women made Valentino the Lover à la Mode. Fiction, movies, fashions glorified his type until the next idol was hoisted.

Reviewing the panoramic procession of popular idols which have succeeded each other in such quick succession since the beginning of the century, one wonders if Woman is so fickle that she must always be changing her hero of the moment. May it not be due, perhaps, to the fact that in each she generally sees but one aspect, one quality of fascination, one particular vibration of sex-appeal?

There is the story of the diplomat who surprised his wife with four lovers. "Two . . . three . . . four . . . Then she is a fourfold woman, and I must develop a fourfold existence for her satisfaction." Philosophically, he applied himself to the task, and only left his wife when she took her seventh lover, as he could no longer compete with so many.

This incident may throw light on the mystery why hundreds or thousands of women and girls create for themselves, communally support with applause, popular idols to "fall in love" with, and savour vicarious thrills to supplement their unsatisfied emotional lives. The same incident explains why the triumph of the lover *à la mode* is an inevitably temporary affair.

Most women are far more complicated than merely "fourfold" or even "sevenfold." It would seem that the diplomat's wife had only discovered one aspect in each lover, and no doubt, being disposed that way, she eventually collected as many lovers as the susceptible hero "fan" falls in love with in a lifetime.

I contend that the kind of men Ladies Prefer matters much more to the world than Gentlemen's amorous gravitation towards Blonde or Brunette. I am surprised that no one has written a book about the matter, staged a movie, or produced a ponderous tome of historical research to tell us whether proletarian prototypes of Anthony were "in fashion" in Cleopatra's day. Nobody seems to have realised the supreme significance of Ladies Prefer . . . as a landmark of social and sociological evolution.

Ladies Preferred Troubadours in the days when nations were clamouring for soldiers. Following father's footsteps is the exception rather than the rule. A self-made millionaire too frequently sires spendthrifts. The offspring of geniuses and brilliant parents are often mediocre — the daughter of a gay mother a prude. Victorian repression was responsible for the lively *fin de siècle*. Then what more natural than that the descendants of care-free mediæval gigolos should revert to sterner stuff? If the morale and psychology of future generations had depended entirely upon Knights, Crusaders and warriors, who could have guaranteed the nation against successive generations of war-satiated and war-sickened pacifists?

Dashing highwaymen stood for Romance at an unruly period when the country needed policemen! Soldiers as fashionable cavaliers of War days, the close of which orgy of destruction called for a peace-loving, constructive generation. Glamour of the Sheikh lured strongest as feminine emancipation, abolition of hareems, and adoption of monogamy heralded the disappearing power of his kind.

The war-initiated of to-day are all for peace. The majority of World War soldiers' children have inherited an unconscious revulsion against War. The War-fearing will wed in Peace, and from the habit of Peace will spring the lust for War again. When fighters were in fashion we bred bureaucrats. No doubt bored descendants of post-war lounge-lizards will start the next World conflagration.

END

"From early infancy my little daughter has enjoyed and looked forward to her daily feed of 'Ovaltine.' Her splendid health, sound nerves and vigorous constitution speak volumes for its intrinsic value as a nerve and body-building food.

"And before she was born I myself drank 'Ovaltine' with relish and was greatly benefited by its refreshing qualities.

"To 'Ovaltine' I accord the highest praise both for its excellence as a most appetising drink and a most nourishing food."

That is what the mother of this lovely child says about "Ovaltine."

"Ovaltine" is the ideal daily beverage for growing children. It supplies, in a concentrated and easily digested form, the essential food elements and vitamins in which the ordinary every-day dietary is deficient, and which are so vital for correct growth and development.

Children who are given delicious "Ovaltine" every day for breakfast will have ample energy for their games and lessons. Taken at bedtime a cup of "Ovaltine" will soothe and restore weary little bodies and ensure sound dreamless sleep.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve & Body

Prices in Gt. Britain
and N. Ireland
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P703

Spring clean with Izal after Winter Epidemics

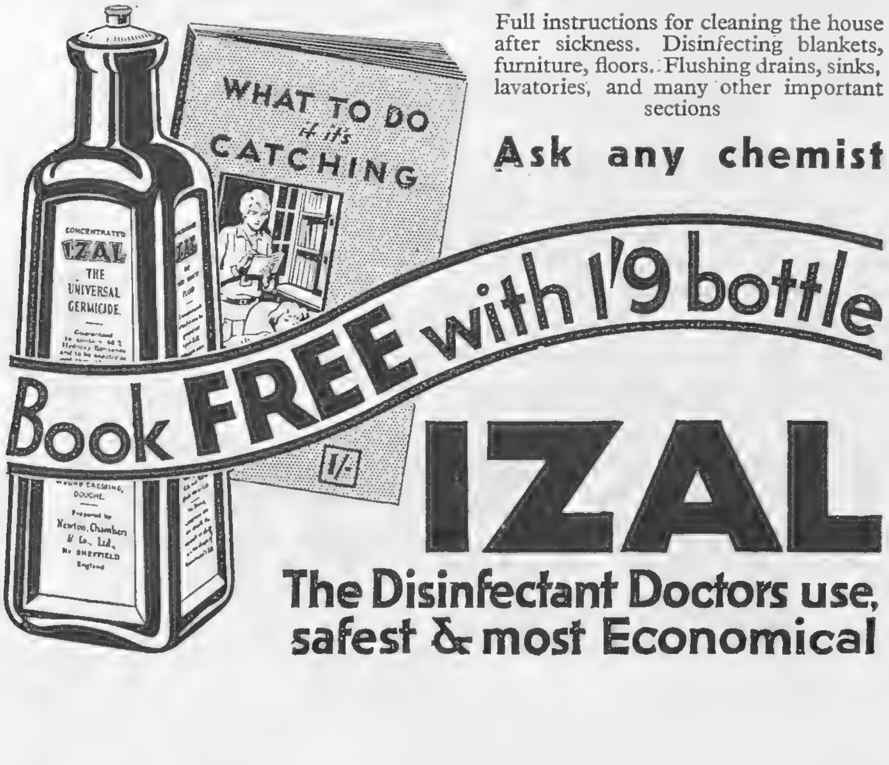
Take special care this year

Soap and water is not enough to bring true cleanliness. You need Izal, the doctors' disinfectant. Doctors use Izal in their own practices, their own households, their Hospital and Public Health Work because it is the strongest, safest disinfectant obtainable. Important! Izal does not burn or stain and is most economical because you use it by drops instead of by tablespoonfuls. Your own doctor will confirm these facts.

FREE 64 page book, published at 1/-, given away with 1/9 bottle Izal.

Full instructions for cleaning the house after sickness. Disinfecting blankets, furniture, floors. Flushing drains, sinks, lavatories, and many other important sections

Ask any chemist


WHAT TO DO if it's CATCHING
1/-
CONCENTRATED IZAL THE UNIVERSAL GERMICIDE
Prepared by Newton, Chambers & Co. Ltd., Nr. Sheffield, England
Book FREE with 1/9 bottle

IZAL

The Disinfectant Doctors use, safest & most Economical

Elizabeth *and the* Earl *of* Leicester

(*Contd. from page* 37)

everyone knew, but which no one had dared to mention. Leicester had married Lettice Knollys, the widow of the Earl of Essex.

The Queen was staggered at the information. Leicester was called into the full court and publicly abused. The Queen excelled herself with the vulgarity which was ever at the disposal of the Tudors. Dudley listened to her tirade in silence and gladly walked away to imprisonment in a fortress for the crime of getting married.

Simier failed in his suit like Leicester before him. But he had no illusions about Elizabeth. When the negotiations for the marriage of the Queen with Alençon, whom she disrespectfully called "The Frog," were carried to the point of a formal betrothal, the experienced diplomat in him doubted if the marriage would ever take place.

The years passed and both the Queen and Dudley passed into the monotonous years of late middle age. While they were growing old Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded in front of the great fireplace of Fotheringay Castle. Leicester had regained his mistress's favour. The Queen overlooked her favourite's lapse from fidelity in marrying a second wife, and indeed Dudley did not let his latest married state sit heavily upon him.

The war with Spain was inevitable. It followed the predatory raids of Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake.

The preparation of the great Armada in Cadiz Bay under the command of the Duke of Medina alarmed the Queen. Dudley had become an excessive Puritan and his girth had no longer the sylphlike proportions of the man who had entertained the Queen to the greatest pageant of all time in the grounds of Kenilworth Castle. He was inclined to gout and his conversation had lost its sparkle. But he was no poltroon and, in the face of national danger, urged the Queen to place herself at the head of an army and rally the people to resistance. Elizabeth put on a metal corselet and reviewed the troops assembled at Tilbury, where Medina was expected to land. For a moment let us believe that the Queen really did make that magnificent speech which acted like the sounding of the tocsin. "I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king—and of a king of England, too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm." Her words were electrical. But the army did not have to fight, for presently the news filtered through that the Spanish galleons were in full flight.

LONDON rejoiced with Elizabeth, and Elizabeth, softened towards the lover of yesterday, declared she would make Dudley Lord Lieutenant of England and Ireland. The document was prepared, but it was never signed. The Queen dared not meet the opposition of Leicester's enemies.

It was a pity that Leicester should have been humiliated when he was so close to death. He was now fifty-five, fat and unhealthy. He had never quite recovered from his experiences in the Dutch wars. Now the old complaints triumphed over a neglected constitution. He was travelling with his wife and came to Cornbury, where he found strength to write a letter to the Queen. Perhaps he knew his end was imminent. He asks pardon in writing to ask after her health, "for her to have good health and long life, being the chiefest thing in this world I pray for." And in continuance of his prayer, he writes, "I humbly kiss your feet." As soon as the letter was despatched he died.

Elizabeth took the letter and retired to her room, where she refused to be comforted. She spent her own birthday weeping the memory of the Earl of Leicester and then demanded that the dead man's estate be made to pay every penny he owed to the treasury. The debts were sufficient to leave his widow penniless.

END

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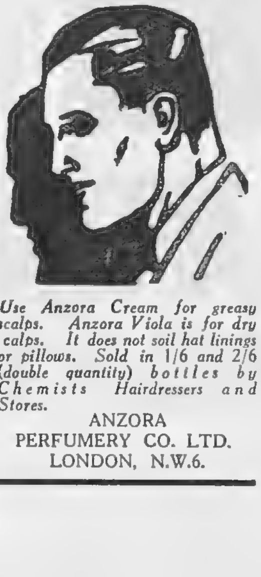

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Mutiny *at* Sea

(*Continued from page 11*)

vain attempt to rescue the captain's brother, whom the mutineers were finishing off on deck, he was driven back into his cabin, where he locked himself in. After a while he was called out, the mutineers telling him that they had decided to spare his life if he would navigate the ship for them to some South American port. The rest of the crew were also told off to work the sails.

The gang then broached the champagne which formed part of the "Flowery Land's" cargo, and shared out the worthless coins.

A week passed, during which all, especially Andersen and the bosun, went in hourly fear of their lives, and then a ship, the "Friends" of Liverpool, was sighted. The second mate, perhaps hoping against hope to be able to signal for help, asked leave to speak her in order to verify his position, and this was granted. But one of the mulattoes suspected his purpose, and stood with the point of a knife pricking Taffir's ribs while he replied to the usual query "What ship is that?" that the "Flowery Land" was the Dutch ship "Louiza" bound for Valparaiso.

About a fortnight later land was in sight, and the mutineers scuttled the ship, and rowed off to the land, leaving the unfortunate Chinese to drown.

The seven ruffians stood their trial at the Old Bailey in February, 1864, before Mr. Baron Bramwell. All pleaded "Not Guilty," but the evidence against them was overwhelming, and all were condemned to death. Two were reprieved: the remaining five paid the penalty of their misdeeds on one dark wintry morning, with flakes of half-melted snow falling on the upturned faces of the great crowd that had gathered to see them die. Theirs was one of the last public executions in this country.

SO recently as the third year of this century there occurred a mutiny which is remarkable alike for its cold-blooded ferocity and for its entire pointlessness. This was the case of the New Brunswick barque "Veronica," which left the Gulf of Mexico for Monte Video in October, 1902, with the usual polyglot crew, which included four Germans. Two months later the captain of the steamer "Brunswick" picked up on the uninhabited island of Cazneira, on the Brazilian coast, five survivors of the vessel—the four Germans and the negro cook. Their tale was that the ship had been burnt at sea, and the other boat, in which were the captain and mates, had been lost. Shortly afterwards, however, the cook, Moses Thomas, asked for an interview with the captain, and revealed the fact that the "Veronica" had been burnt by the four Germans after the murder of the officers and the rest of their shipmates.

The four men were duly charged with the crime, and one of them, the ne'er-do-well son of a University professor, promptly turned King's evidence, and corroborated the cook's story in every important particular.

The moving spirit in the crime was one Gustav Rau, like his companions, a man of aliases. By means of a cock-and-bull story to the effect that the captain—one of the mildest of men—intended to throw all four of them overboard, he induced his compatriots to join him in the plot.

All three men were sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Lawrence—the junior counsel for the Treasury, it is interesting to note, being the late Lord Birkenhead, then a rising young Liverpool barrister, Mr. F. E. Smith.

But mutiny seems to be in its strict sense largely a thing of the past. The mutinies in the Russian and German Fleets at the end of the War belong to another category. But bloodthirsty tales like those here recorded are now seldom heard of, and it is something to be thankful for that changing conditions afloat, which have involved the disappearance of so much that is beautiful and romantic, have also taken with them one of the darkest and most terrible elements in that old sea life.

END

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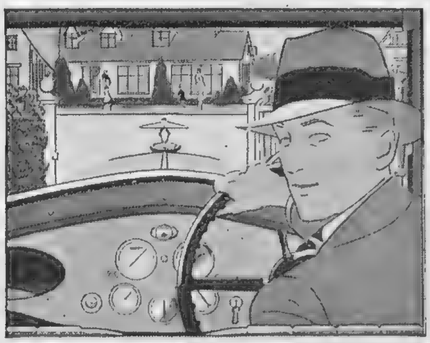
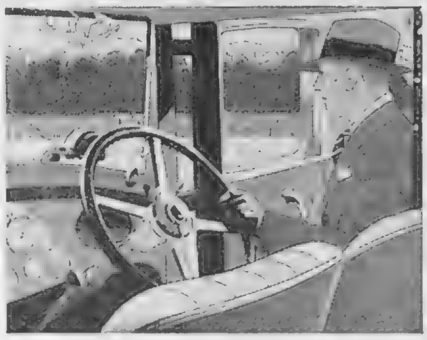
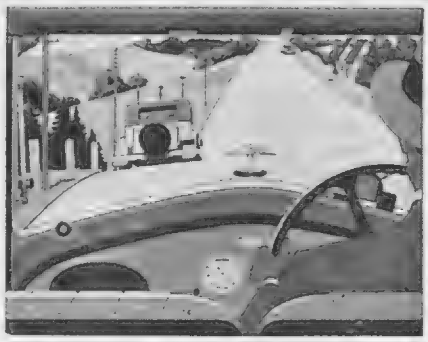


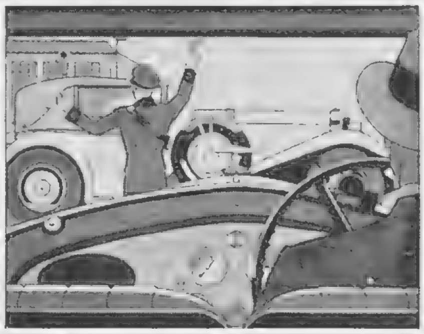
" She starts up right away at a touch of the foot. The engine is beautifully quiet, isn't it?"



" To show you how slow she'll go in top I'll get out and walk by the side. She's perfectly smooth-running at this speed."



" I'll open her out on this straight stretch. She'll keep up a level sixty for miles on end."



" These brakes give you complete control at any speed, and pull you up without a sign of jerking."

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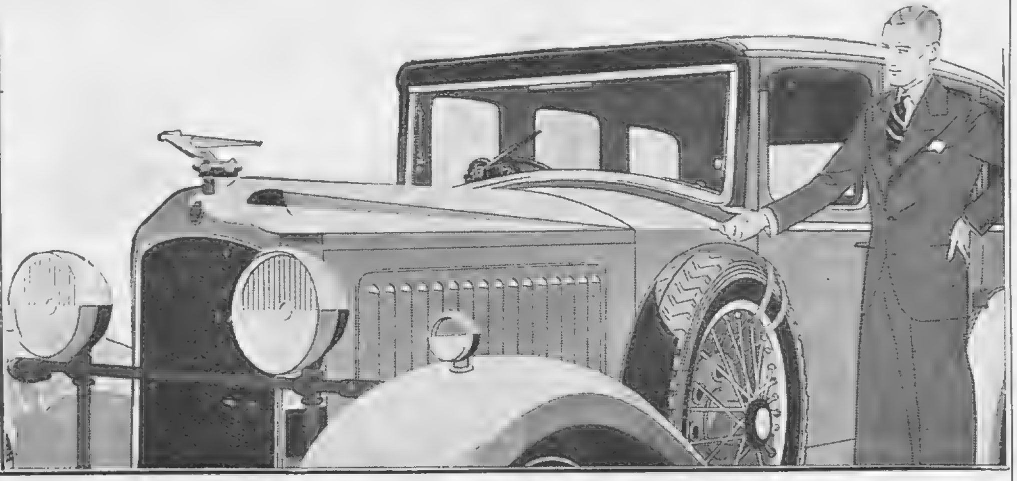
" She's fine looking, too. Yet she's only £280. Or there's the De Luxe Saloon with sliding roof and Protectoglass for £298."



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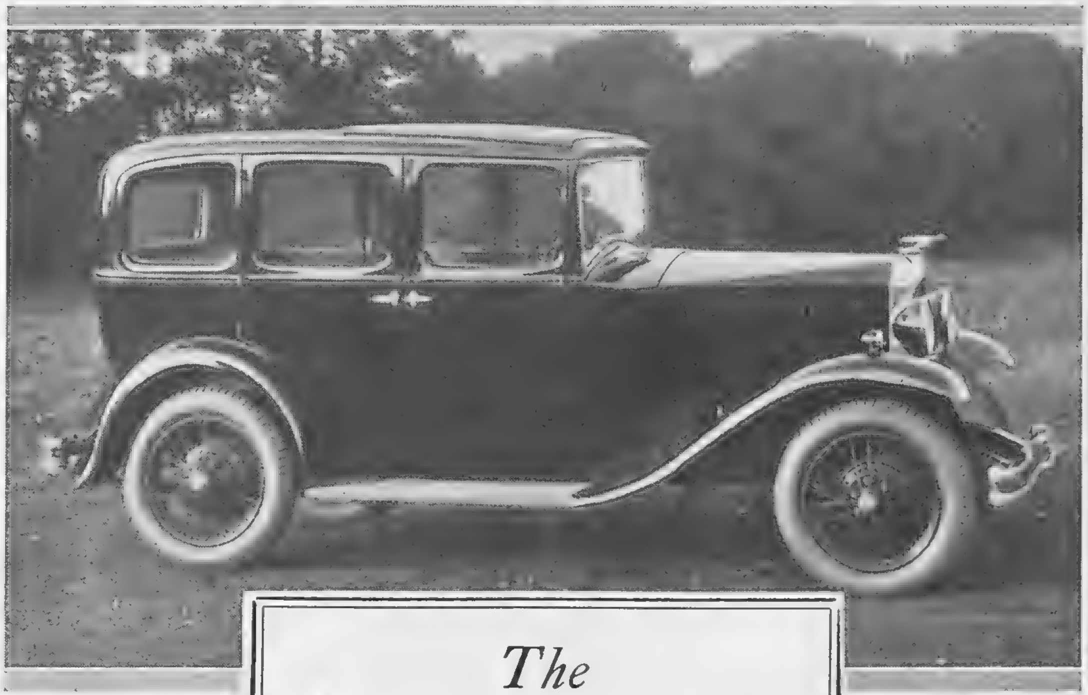
17 h.p., 6 cylinders

BRITISH

MOTORING

Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan

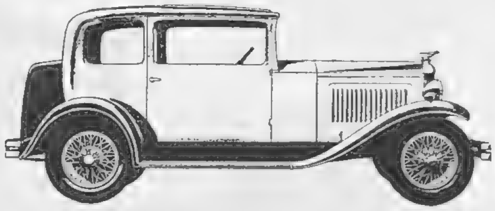


The standard Vauxhall "Cadet" Saloon costs £280. The model illustrated above, with sunshine roof and safety glass, is reasonably priced at £298

The Vauxhall "*Cadet*"

A *really* Remarkable Value-*for*-Money Proposition

By The Earl of Cardigan



The Vauxhall "Cadet" 4-light Coupé with Sunshine roof and rear trunk. £298

THE new Vauxhall "Cadet" is in some respects rather a difficult car of which to form a clear impression. In general outline it is rather similar to the earlier "14/40" model, whereas internally the difference is sufficiently profound to make comparison impossible. Old motorists may regret this change of character—they may indeed be tempted to declare "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas un Vauxhall," but the new motorist will, I think, agree that it is a fine motor car selling at a price £50 or £100 less than one might reasonably expect. At £280, the standard saloon represents quite remarkable value for money.

On the road, the outstanding feature of this new model is undoubtedly its good power-weight ratio, with all the virtues which this necessarily implies. The phrase "power-weight ratio" is rapidly becoming commonplace, but the importance of this quality is not always clearly understood. Actually increase of power, combined with reduction of weight, is the root of every engineering success. It is, for instance, only the good power-weight ratio of the petrol engine that enables an aeroplane to leave the ground. It is their power-weight ratio which distinguishes the racer from the touring car.

In ordinary motoring, a good power-weight ratio provides better acceleration, improved hill-climbing, and greater flexibility. In all these respects the new Vauxhall has a remarkable performance. The 17 h.p. engine enables a speed of 60 m.p.h. or more to be attained without sacrificing in any way the slow-running qualities on which the modern motorist is so insistent. The car can be driven in top gear up any ordinary hill and through any but the densest traffic. It will accelerate in this gear from a walking pace, and will cruise very happily between 40 and 50 m.p.h. At all speeds the engine is extremely smooth, and the only idiosyncrasy I noticed was a curious period of resonance at about 35 m.p.h.

With such an engine, the gearbox takes a place of very secondary importance, and only three speeds are therefore provided. The maximum in second gear is about 40 m.p.h., and this is a useful ratio for making a quick "get-away" in traffic. First gear is low enough to tackle any gradient, and its only defect is that, lacking a clutch of exceptional smoothness, it sometimes induces a jerk when the car is started from a standstill.

THE rarity, however, with which the gears are needed is proved by the fact that I made a top-gear run in both directions between Maidenhead and Henley. There is a steep hill out of Henley which is seldom taken in top gear except by considerably larger and more expensive cars. The Vauxhall, in addition to accelerating very well up the preliminary slope, "hung on" with great determination over the steepest section near the top. Another useful test, surmounted very easily, is the hill near Temple golf club which includes a formidable S-bend.

On one of these hills I took the opportunity to test the brakes, and found them excellent. They are very light in action, extremely powerful, and absolutely smooth. The hand brake acts on the rear wheels only, and is intended chiefly to hold the car at rest. For this reason it is somewhat inaccessible except to persons built on simian lines. Possibly the average man prefers it so, although I personally find a hand brake useful in ordinary driving.

THE steering is quite exceptionally light and pleasant—in fact, I do not think I ever remember a steering wheel turning with so little effort. The control, however, is quite definite, and the Vauxhall corners in a way that gives one entire confidence. Some praise for this must, of course, be given to the springing and general "balance" of the car. The suspension is by long semi-elliptic springs which are underslung at the rear, and the degree of riding comfort is much above the average. For a short-wheelbase car, the efficiency of the springing may truthfully be termed exceptional.

THE coachwork has harmonious lines, and is comfortably upholstered in soft leather. The seating has been well thought out; the front seats are widely adjustable, and the controls are conveniently placed.

A minor point which struck me, as an example of the manufacturers' thoughtfulness, was the choice of screen wiper. This is of the suction type, very reliable, and has the magical property of returning to its correct position at whatever point it may be switched off. There is no doubt that the "Cadet" is a highly attractive proposition for the man who wants a sound, powerful motor car at £300 or less.

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THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON

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On the question of car values, some folk would place the question of cost first. But low *initial* cost may not spell economy. For motoring cost can only be reckoned truly in *years of service* rendered by a car.

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Then, that vital factor—appearance. We all value coachwork which not only is good to look upon but which is good and practical *inside* . . . with wide vision, ample headroom, airiness, comfort and luxury of appointment.

When cars are appraised in this manner, choice becomes easy . . . the finest value, obvious. For the Austin satisfies all these essentials. Outstanding dependability is inseparable from the name Austin. The new bodies are striking in their good looks, their comfort, their completeness of equipment, which even includes folding occasional tables, folding foot-rests, and folding centre arm-rests.

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"These American Cars . . ."

Some National Characteristics

Above: A typical American six-cylinder two-seater on modern and sporting lines

Right: The British-built Ford has an individuality of its own. The 24 h.p. model puts the case for the large engine even when only four cylinders are employed

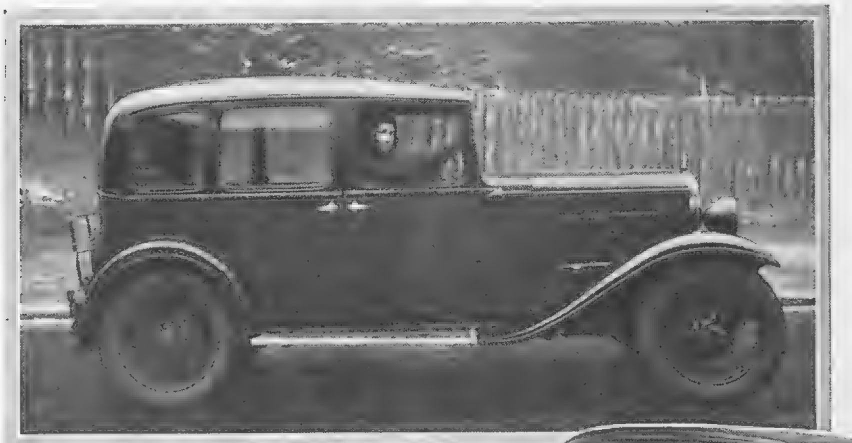
AT a season of the year when many people are thinking of buying new cars, discussion centres very largely around the respective merits of British, American, and Continental products. The Continental car, generally speaking, appeals chiefly to the individualist—the man who demands a certain standard of performance at a certain price, and who possibly does not lay too much stress on refinement and "finish." The average man, however, tends to buy either British or American.

It is frequently argued that a car of British make should be bought for patriotic reasons, but with this I disagree. It would, in the long run, seriously damage the British motor trade if its cars were bought for any reason other than their superior attraction to the purchaser. Personally, I do buy British cars, but that is because I honestly prefer them.

It may be interesting to try to analyse the preference in many quarters for the American product. One reason, of course, is its combination of useful dimensions with reasonable price.

In the matter of price, it seems inevitable that America should always have a slight advantage. In the United States there are some 24 million automobiles—an almost incredible figure which represents approximately one per every five inhabitants! Where there is such an enormous home market, it is obvious that the sales of any individual make are higher, and production costs correspondingly lower, than they can be here.

With regard to size we are, as I pointed out in a previous article, severely handicapped in this country by taxation. A big car must have a big engine. A big engine, with us, pays a big tax. To pay a big tax requires a big income. Hence our notion that only rich men want big cars. Those purchasers who think otherwise are, or used to be until quite recently, catered for by the Americans. This monopoly, however, is gradually being broken, thanks very largely to the deservedly successful Humber-Hillman combination.



Above: The British vogue for light sixes is typified by the latest Austin which sells as a saloon for the astonishing price of £198

Another economical British light six is the Riley "Stelvio" model (£398), a development of the famous Riley Nine

ANOTHER reason why American cars are popular is the ease with which they can be driven. This, however, cuts both ways. There are many people, and I admit to being among them, who will never buy an American car because it is altogether *too* easy. I do not like manufacturers who assume that I am incompetent, and I should never buy for my family a car which would encourage careless and slovenly driving.

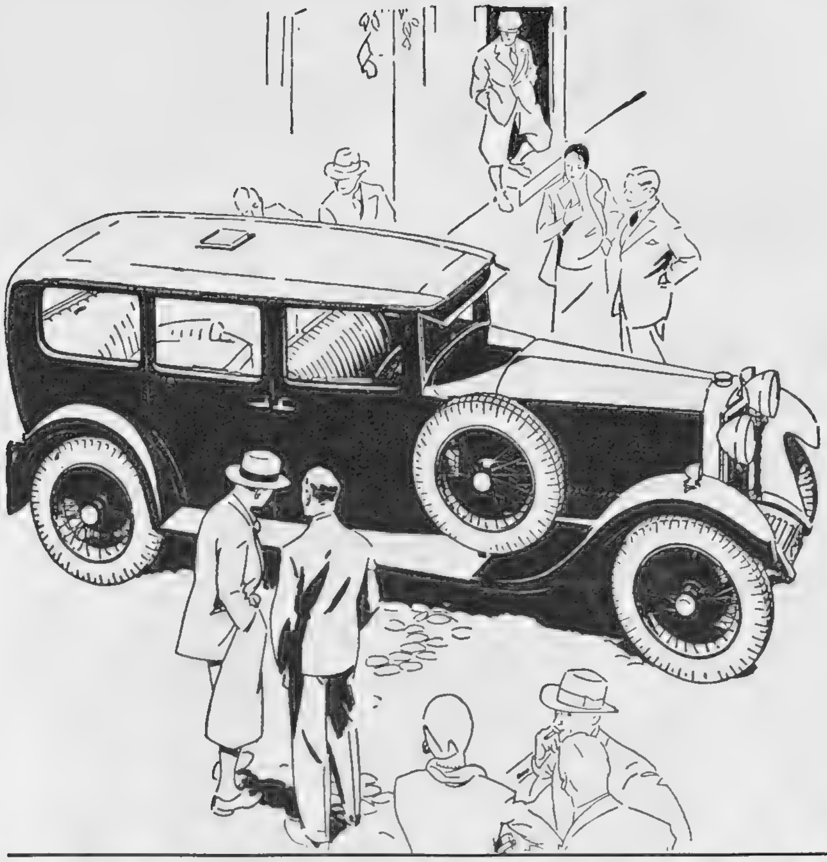
Another very arguable advantage of the American car is that when you have learned to drive one you can drive any other. This in itself is a useful attribute, but the effect of it is to render American cars a little bit monotonous to the enthusiast. The truth is, I imagine, that the average American, whose enthusiasms in certain directions are notorious, is not an enthusiast in motoring. His car is more a comfortable means of conveyance, and less a vehicle of enjoyment, than ours.

Considered, however, as a convenient and comfortable conveyance, the American car must be given very high marks by any unprejudiced person. Manufacturers in the States have a very interesting co-operative system by which the technicians of the various companies all work together for the solution of any problem which arises. This, while it may cramp individuality in design, is certainly a highly practical method of keeping the general quality of their cars at a consistently high level.

An interesting problem which is at present being dealt with is that of the free-wheel. This has been adopted by several manufacturers, but is apparently regarded with mixed feeling by the general public. The objection is mainly that the driver feels himself being "run away with," and has to make excessive use of his brakes. It has also been found that the saving effected in fuel is considerably less than was expected.

ANOTHER problem which is being vigorously, and very successfully, attacked is that of simplifying gear changing. One American company has a device which is admirable at any rate in its simplicity. Every third tooth on every gear wheel projects by a small fraction of an inch. The result is that the number of teeth passing over one another and liable to scrape is reduced nine times, and the driver has a nine times better chance of making a clean change. Although the strain thrown on these projecting teeth must be considerable, breakages in actual practice have never yet occurred.

In the matter of lubrication, the Americans are probably ahead of us. Another American development which we might do well to watch is the great development of the use of ethyl petrol.



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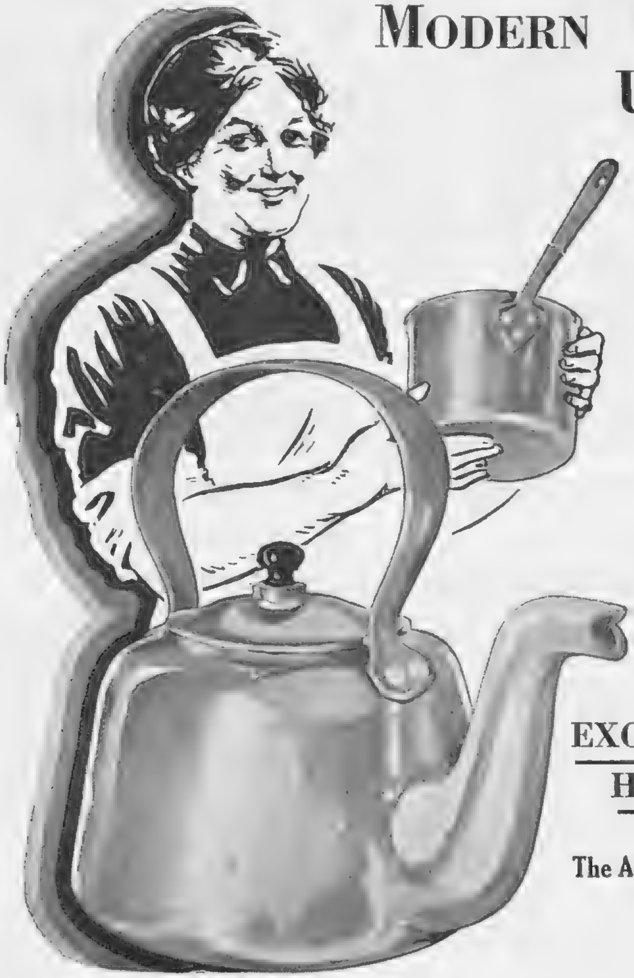

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Books

(Continued from page 45)

TURNING to lighter and less literary themes, I recommend *The Gardener's Year*, by the Capek brothers (George Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.). Thousands of humorists have made capital out of gardens and gardeners, but the authors of *R.U.R.* make a new, quiet fun of their own, none the worse for being simple and unambitious. Their book will amuse all amateur horticulturists. In fiction there is, of course, *Tobit Transplanted*, by Stella Benson (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). This writer works so slowly and conscientiously, and her charm is so genuine that her public is always eager and waiting and there is no need for me to discuss her book at length, beyond saying that she has modernised the story of Tobias (from the Apocrypha), drawing a parallel between the exiled Jews of his day and the exiled White Russians in Manchuria to-day. Unlike Miss Benson, Mr. John Hampson, the author of *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.), is a newcomer. His first book is a good one, and its virtues are so solid that he may well be a real novelist in the making. Sometimes his touch is uncertain—his lady and gentleman of fashion are utterly unconvincing, but the background of working folk against which they are set is beautifully rendered. Not often does a new novelist succeed in being at once so quiet and so impressive. Beside his book, Mr. Bowyer Campbell's *Black Sadie* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) seems breathless and excited. This tale of a coloured dancer is like a frieze. Its figures move, but they are perfectly flat. Although the author shows no sign of attempting to exhibit them in the round, I cannot believe that they are deliberately flat.

"*A Realist Looks at Democracy.*" By Alderton Pink. (Benn, 10s. 6d.) The author of this book (which is three shillings too dear) bases his claim to realism on the fact that he disapproves of modern English democratic government. People who disapprove of existing conditions generally call themselves realists, whereas they are for the most part idealists. Mr. Pink, for instance, is an out-and-out idealist. It worries him to death (or to words) that scientific thought is more precise than political thought, or that captains of industry can and often do effect changes which are beyond the power of the legislature to bring about. Everybody accepts these phenomena, and understands the reasons for them—everybody except Mr. Pink. Not only does he refuse to accept them; what is far stranger, he doesn't seem to know the explanations, or even to realise that explanations exist. Mr. Pink, indeed, accepts very little. He would not care to live in Russia or Italy; he has no suggestions for the formation of a satisfactory oligarchy; and he has no use for democracy. It might be thought that he would be happy, living as he does in a country which is traditionally a monarchy, ostensibly a democracy, and actually a mixture of oligarchy and bureaucracy. But his is not a happy nature, and he sees comfort nowhere, or any sign of hope. What, then, has he to say? Very little, though by repetition it is swollen into an imposing volume. Mr. Pink's chief weakness is a common one—he greatly underrates the public of which he is a member. "Beclouded by mists of newspaper misrepresentation" is his description. Flatterer! He knows, as well as any writer, that the public chooses its own favourites, and its own Governments. He cannot have failed to notice that twice, in a few years, a Labour Ministry has been returned to power in the very teeth of the (practically united) Press. What autocrat, what oligarchy, could show such independence? It is true that the public is often, even usually, wrong. But so are tyrants and oligarchs, and they, unlike the blessed public, have absurd prejudices against changing their minds.

Stories

"Afterthoughts": *by Logan Pearsall Smith (Constable, 3s. 6d.)*

MR. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH is one of those writers who divide middle-class England into two. There are families, sets, parishes, towns even, where his work is as well known and as freely accepted as the work of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Bennett or anyone who might be mentioned. And there is another world next door, mingling with the first, jostling it, a more Philistine world, where mention of him or his works is met with blank eyes and an evident expectation of further identifying details. "Smith?" these waiting faces seem to ask; and one realises, with a faint but distinct shock, that there are people to whom the author of *Trivia* is merely one more Mr. Smith.

In his new book of aphorisms—a little book, of course—there is the same perfection as before. Thus: "Solvency is entirely a matter of temperament and not of income." Or thus: "Artists who do not love their art are more numerous, and more unhappy, than we think." If you like to see a thought taken and cut and polished and laid on black velvet, you will derive a quick, keen pleasure from the efforts of this rare aphorist. But the jewels are best in a drawer, to be taken out and looked at occasionally and one at a time. They dim one another when the whole collection is examined at once. For these small, shining sentences are of many colours. They clash and contradict each other. They are not true to each other. They are true to something else, though what that something else is no one has ever defined.

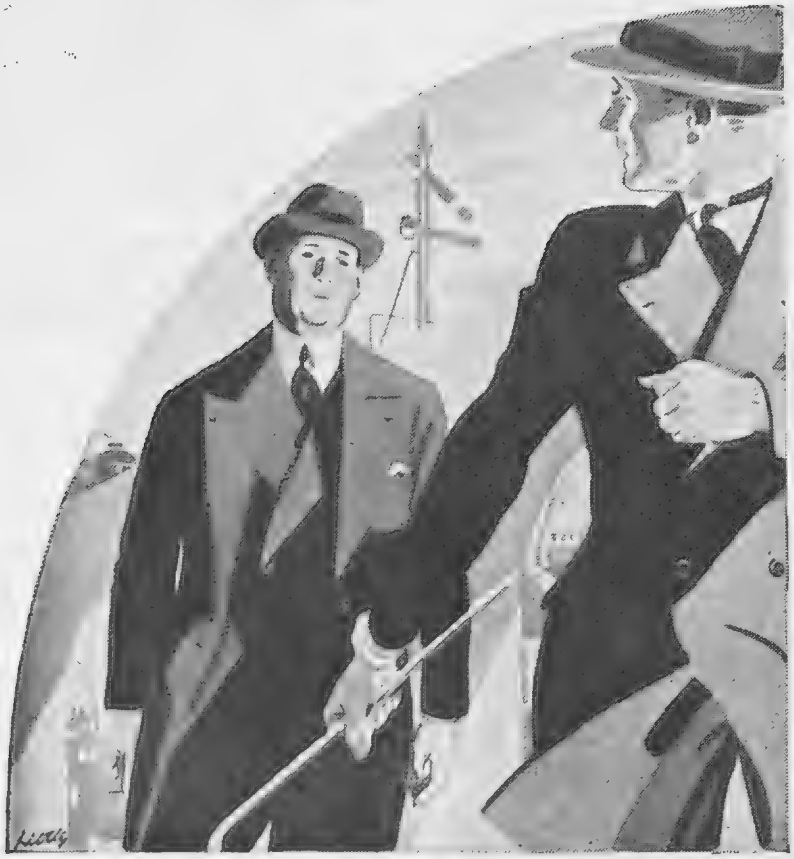
Crime and Character

"Proof Counter Proof": *by E. R. Punshon (Benn, 7s. 6d.)*

"The Great Southern Mystery": *by G. D. H. and M. Cole (Collins, 7s. 6d.)*

IT must be very difficult to write a detective story. And it must be almost impossible to write one which really wins the approval of readers, since they are in the habit of despising the author if he allows them to guess the identity of the criminal, and of accusing him of cheating if he doesn't. In both the books mentioned above I spotted the culprit fairly soon; but I do not, let me add, despise the authors. On the contrary, I esteem and cherish them, because they have told their stories with humour and common sense. As a result of their tactful handling, I feel immensely flattered by their failure to hoodwink me. Only one small but horrid doubt plagues me. Was I meant to guess right, and feel superior and self-satisfied? No. I cannot believe in the existence of such duplicity.

Both these stories are in striking contrast to the majority of their rivals in that they show that a sense of style and character is not incompatible with a dark, swift current of events. This has been shown often enough before, but it is far more often ignored. The existence of so many writers of "mysteries" who know nothing at all about writing (no knowledge of human nature, portraiture, the art of narrative, composition, etc., etc.) suggests that their readers are entirely lacking in discrimination. Whether this is so or not, there must be a few epicures in thrills who will be glad to know of two exciting books by writers who possess humour, a sense of character, a knowledge of mankind, and an eye for the dramatic.



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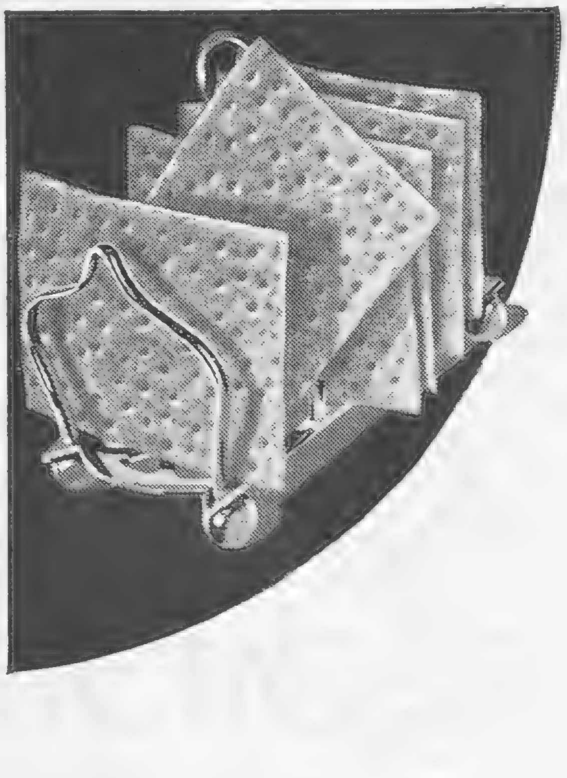

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The Mark *of the* Monkey

(*Continued from page* 57)

a mark on the neck of the dog, visible through the sweat-clotted hair. I parted the hair carefully with my fingers.

“Purple marks,” I reported, “dullish, not unlike bruises.”

“What's that!” Smith almost shouted.

“I have found three,” I went on, “here and here—look! And there's a fourth!”

Nayland Smith suddenly sprang to his feet.

“And you will find a *fifth*,” he said slowly.

I looked—and it was true!

“It's the Mark of a Monkey!” he whispered, “the Mark of a Monkey! What in heaven's name does it mean?”

“Smith!” I said sharply, and grasped his arm. “If you know how this dog died, for heaven's sake tell me, because I have never seen a similar condition in all my experience.”

“I don't suppose you have, Petrie,” he returned, and looked at me in a weary way. “Does the arrangement of the marks suggest anything to you?”

“Certainly! They resemble those which would be made by the grasp of a very small hand . . .”

“Such as the hand of a monkey?”

“Exactly.”

“That is why this thing is called the Mark of the Monkey.”

“But what *is* it?”

Nayland Smith shook his head.

“It is known in Nepal as the Hanuman Death, and is reputed to come to those who excite the anger of the Sacred Monkeys.”

“But this purple froth?”

“I cannot account for that. Hitherto I have only seen one victim of the Hanuman Death, or the Mark of the Monkey as it is known in Burma. Although the man had evidently died in convulsions, the purple stuff was not present. But here, in England, what the devil does it mean, Petrie? You are sure it's poison?”

“I could swear to it. And this”—I brushed the purple dust from my finger—“is the medium used.”

Nayland Smith began to examine the hut with close attention.

“The dog didn't die here,” he said. “He ran in from somewhere else. Look at the trail of saliva.”

I had already noted it, and merely nodded.

“Therefore the outstanding fact is this: someone brought the dog, voluntarily or otherwise, from the cottage to this place or somewhere near it, and poisoned him, presumably, last night. What is the curious point that occurs to you?”

“That anyone,” I replied immediately, “who desired to poison the dog should take the animal four miles to do it.”

“Right!” said Smith. “Any explanation?”

“An obvious one,” I replied. “That the body should not be found.”

Nayland Smith stepped out of the hut and stood looking about him; then:

“I object to ‘obvious,’” he returned. “The widest and deepest mire on Dartmoor lies three miles nearer to the cottage and is more accessible in every way.” He looked at me. “Any other suggestions?”

“No!” I confessed, blankly.

“It doesn't matter now, and I may be wrong, but the significance of this lies not in how it was accomplished, but why it was undertaken. The minor point we must endeavour to clear up first. Work back, Petrie,” he directed, “towards the quarry. I'll take the other route towards the mine.”

“But what am I looking for?”

He stared at me impatiently.

“Purple powder,” he jerked. “Any trace of it, anywhere.”

I set off. For fifteen or twenty minutes I searched in vain. Presently, hot and weary, turning and looking back, I saw Nayland Smith coming to rejoin me.

“Any luck?” I challenged.

He shook his head savagely.

“What now?”

“Back to the quarry, as fast as we can get there—I'll think on the way.”

We retraced the path by which we had descended, Smith trudging along as though on a route march. We exchanged never a word until we had reached that point on the top of the quarry from which we had had our first glimpse of the stone huts.

Silhouetted against the blazing sun, so that details were indistinguishable, a figure was moving over the slope below!

Even as I saw him he disappeared in the direction of the huts. Smith pulled me back from the crest, and:

“Quick!” he said. “I only hope we weren't seen!”

He began to race down the slope at a tremendous pace, and, at last, exhaustedly:

“Where on earth are you going?” I demanded.

“We *must* know who that was!” he returned. “It may be unimportant or it may mean everything. I only wish there were a shorter route. And, by jove! I believe there is. Look!”

He pulled up suddenly, pointing.

A mere goat track it was, steep and boulder-strewn, but clearly leading in the direction of the prehistoric settlement. And so, perilously, we descended by it and presently approached the hut, from the rear, in which we had discovered the dog.

By mutual instinct we pulled up, and stood still, listening. There was no sound. Then, side by side, we circled around the stone building and peered in. . . .

The body of the dog had disappeared!

WE were the only occupants of the bar of the Quarry Inn. Defeated by Smith's taciturnity, our chatty host had retired.

Nayland Smith, indeed, had kept silence throughout our simple lunch of bread and cheese, pickled onions and cider, followed by stewed plums and Devonshire cream.

“This thing is worrying you, Smith,” I said. “After all, the dog may have found some poisonous thing out there on the moor . . .”

“He did!” Smith snapped viciously. “But he was led to it. Whoever threw his body into the mire—for that is, no doubt, where it went—is hiding his tracks. It was our damn bad luck and our ignorance of the neighbourhood which prevented us from getting more than a glimpse of the man.”

“What now?” said I.

“Over to the cottage.”

It was, I suppose, about two o'clock, summer time, when we reached the cottage occupied by the Marsburgs.

To Smith's first question—which I admit astonished me—“Any news of the dog?” Mrs. Ugglestone replied that Miss Marsburg, herself, Mr. Marsburg, and Mr. Pine, had searched all the morning, but nothing had resulted. Miss Marsburg and Mr. Pine had driven into Exeter about twelve o'clock, as the young lady had a lunch appointment there. Mr. Pine was staying the night in Exeter. Miss Marsburg was coming back to dinner. Mr. Marsburg had lunched at home and had gone out only twenty minutes before with his cases and apparatus.

Nayland Smith shrugged his shoulders, thanked the old lady, and we walked away.

“You seem disappointed?” I said.

He glanced at me sharply, and:

“Not disappointed, Petrie,” he said, “but puzzled—very badly puzzled. I'm going to lock myself in my room, with a pint of our host's excellent beer, my pouch and pipe—and *think*.”

And so, knowing that no words of mine could move him from this resolution, I found myself with the afternoon on my hands. I wandered about rather aimlessly, surveying the moor from many points and hoping for a glimpse of that shining topee which rendered the movements of Henry Marsburg conspicuous for miles.

But I never had a glimpse of him. Then, about half-past six, ascending the hillside towards the Quarry Inn, I saw a black and red two-seater speeding along the road below. The bare arms and bright blue hat of the driver told me that it was Isola Marsburg returning to dinner at the cottage.

When I entered the inn and glanced into the bar, there was Nayland Smith in a corner, pipe between teeth and tankard in front of him, talking to Sheldon the landlord.

We dined alone in the little parlour, and an excellent meal it was. Smith and I sat outside the inn afterwards smoking our pipes. Occasional voices from the bar reached us, and presently a light shone out through the open doorway. Dusk was creeping over the moor.

“This Mark of the Monkey, Smith,” I said abruptly. “Was this strange form of death confined to the natives?”

“Yes,” he murmured disinterestedly and obviously pursuing another train of thought, “to the natives.”

Then, as though galvanised, he sprang to his feet, and:

“Petrie!” he said hoarsely, “Petrie! It's time I retired. For a week I have held a clue in my hand—and failed to identify it. Even the appearance of the Hanuman Death on Dartmoor only set me groping blindly—and brought no light. Now I know.”

“What do you know?” I asked blankly.

“I know that there was one victim of the Mark of the Monkey who was *not* a native! And I know to-night that a human life is at stake.”

“Whose life?”

He became silent, gripping my shoulder hard . . . And listening, I heard it—the sound of rapid footsteps, growing ever nearer.

Nayland Smith leant upon me heavily.

“Petrie,” he said, “God forgive me—I'm too late . . . I'm too late!”

And into the patch of light cast by the open doorway Isola Marsburg came stumbling!

She was deathly white; her heavy-lidded eyes were wild. She staggered forward and collapsed at our feet . . .

“Sir Denis,” she whispered, “Sir Denis!” and then, clutching at me, “Dr. Petrie . . .”

“My dear little lady,” I said, throwing an arm about her; she was trembling wildly.

“My father,” she murmured. “He went out to-day, as usual, and . . . he hasn't come back . . .”

“She has fainted,” said Smith. He spoke hoarsely. “Get Mrs. Sheldon—quick!”

By the time that I had revived the poor girl and persuaded her to remain in the motherly care of the good landlady, a barman had been despatched on a bicycle to Princetown. His instructions were to ring up the hotel in Exeter at which Mr. Pine was staying, speak to Mr. Pine in person, and tell him to return to the cottage immediately. Henry Marsburg's big Rolls was garaged there, and he could do it under the hour. This and to advise the police that a man had disappeared upon the moor. Then, with a grimly set face, Nayland Smith set out.

“How can we hope to find him?” I said desperately. “Think of the miles and miles of moor around us!”

“Forget the miles and miles of moor,” my companion rapped. “Concentrate on the stone huts beyond the quarry. That's where we shall find him!”

Nayland Smith had brought a powerful electric torch. Without it, I think we could never have found the way. For that destructive storm which terminated this phenomenal heat-wave had already thrown its ban across the sky, blotting out moon and stars.

We skirted the sheer cliff of the quarry, followed it down to the path bordering the tract of mire. Now Nayland Smith began to search feverishly, right and left. Night insects whirled about the light, and presently came a distant rumbling of thunder. We came out of the artificial amphitheatre of the quarry without having made any discovery.

Next the prehistoric huts were examined, beginning with the one in which we had found the body of the dog. Without result.

“Here's the old mine,” said Smith harshly.

He shone the light

(*Continued on page* 109)

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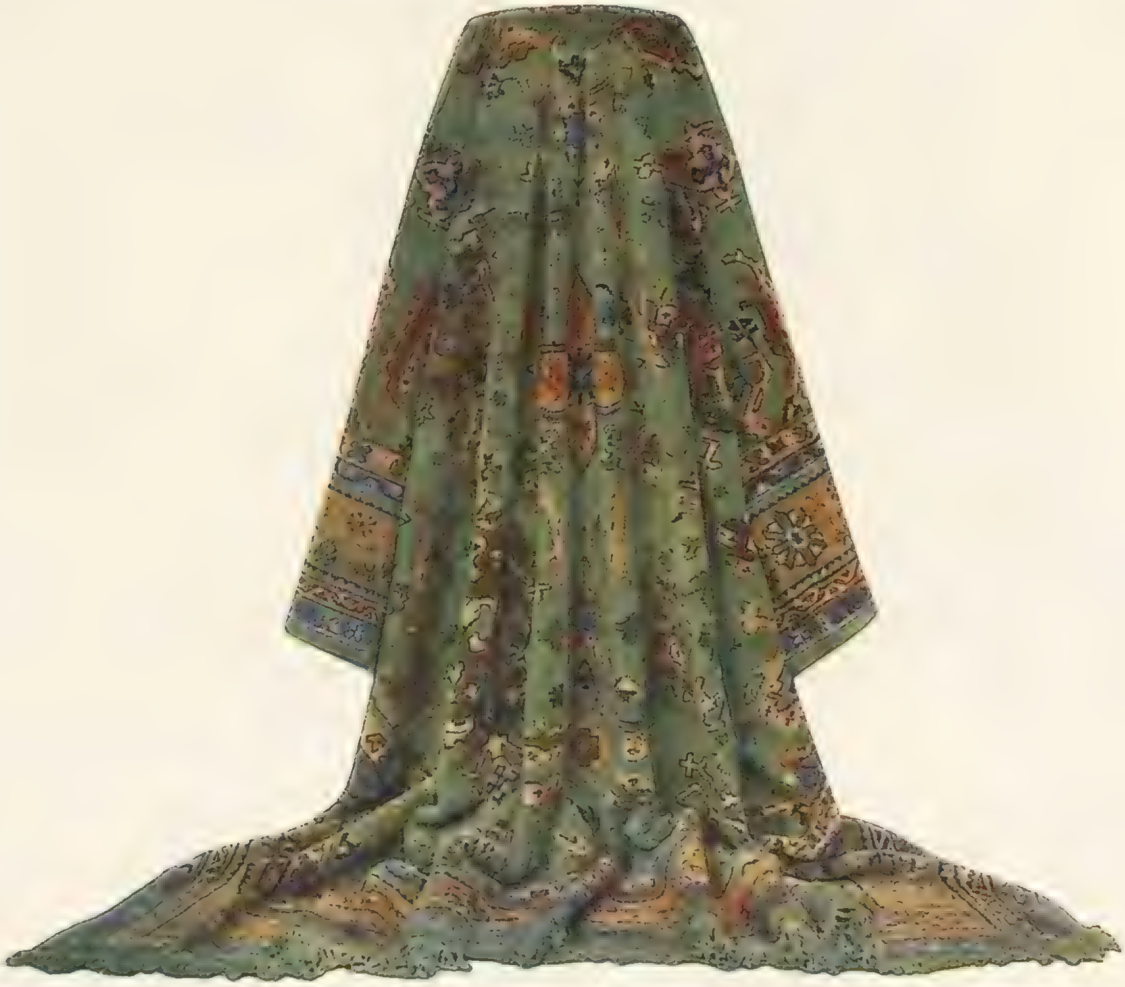

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against a wall of dank vegetation. Somewhere, apparently in the bowels of the earth, water was trickling. I could hear the "drip-drip" of it. We peered into overgrown cavities which presumably penetrated the hillside, but found nothing save insects and bats.

We pushed on feverishly. Suddenly, by the light of the torch, I saw a cave-like gap in the hillside.

"The main shaft," said my friend, moving the ray to right and left. "My God! *There he is!*"

At the entrance to this prehistoric burrow Henry Marsburg lay, dressed in his soft khaki shirt, his sun helmet beside him, the paraphernalia of his craft strewn upon the ground. His grey head was huddled on a bed of some kind of fungus. His pose was stiff and horribly like that of the dead dog. . . . Most amazing and horrifying circumstance of all, the fungus was of a vivid purple colour! And as the light of Smith's torch moved further into the opening, I saw that in fact specimens of the thing grew there—monstrously.

A sort of purple haze lay over the body of the dead man. A glimmering of the truth came to me. These unclean things growing in the tunnel belonged to the genus *Lycoperdon*—the giant puff-ball which breaks at a touch. Into this place the dog had burst—and found his death. Marsburg in his enthusiasm had touched one of the things and shared the fate of the dog.

The heads of this monstrous fungi were probably three feet across.

"Good God!" said I, "these things don't belong to England?"

"They don't!" My friend's voice grated harshly. "They belong to Nepal—though they occur sometimes in Burma. Broken by the unwary traveller and their dust inhaled, they evidently produce what is called in those parts the Hanuman Death, or the Mark of the Monkey. Look!"

He stooped, directing the light of his torch upon Marsburg's face.

On the throat were five purplish marks, like bruises, symptom of that unknown poison, which formed a parallel with the plague of the Middle Ages known as the Black Death.

We were half-way back to the Quarry Inn.

"I have sacrificed the life of a clever and worthy man," said Nayland Smith, breaking a long, gloomy silence.

"For heaven's sake," I replied, "be reasonable! In the first place, you are on a holiday—in the second place, how could you conceivably know that a species of fungi, hitherto not met with in England, had sprung up—no doubt as a result of the tropical heat of the last few weeks—in a suitable location in Devon? That a lost dog found his way to it and was poisoned is an unfortunate fact—but explainable, I think. That an amateur scientist, whose subject it was, chanced upon this phenomenon, and, naturally unfamiliar with its poisonous qualities, broke one of the balls and shared the fate of the dog, is a very simple sequence of events which casts no reflection upon anyone."

Nayland Smith made no reply, and we tramped along for some time in stolid silence—in fact, until the dim lights of the Quarry Inn became visible through the darkness.

"Perhaps I am not fair to you, Petrie," said Smith. "That is why I did not answer your very reasonable remarks. I thought you had appreciated the fact that by no possible sequence of events could the terrier have reached that spot unless he had been led or taken there. . . ."

He never finished the sentence. He stood still—listening. And presently I heard that which he listened to—the throb of powerful engines on the Exeter road . . .

"Petrie!" Smith snapped. "You are hot and tired—so am I. Can you run?"

"I can try."

"Then run!"

With no idea why we ran or where we ran, nevertheless I set out, and, Nayland Smith making the pace, we raced over uneven ground to the Marsburg cottage in what I suppose was fairly good time.

It was all in darkness. Mrs. Ugglestone had probably gone to join Isola at the Quarry Inn. The door was closed, but the kitchen window was open.

"Quick!" Smith panted. "In you go, Petrie!"

I reached up, pushed the window to its full extent and climbed in on to a kitchen table, Smith following. He scrambled on to the floor beside me.

"Into the front room," he panted. "Just in time for a quick look around."

I found myself once more in the indescribable litter of Henry Marsburg's extemporised study. Smith flashed his light about rapidly, particularly examining the littered table, and suddenly:

"Ah!" he whispered. "What's this?"

I looked over his shoulder. The big car was now at the last bend and at any moment would be drawn up in front of the cottage. The light of the torch rested upon a large-scale map of Dartmoor, partially opened upon the table. A pencil ring was traced around one of the squares to which my friend's eye had been automatically drawn, since, as I knew, he had a similar map at the Inn.

And within this ring in cramped characters was written: "Entrance to main shaft."

Smith shut the light off and we stood in utter darkness.

"Do you understand, Petrie?" he asked. "In that square lies the old mine-working—and the writing isn't Marsburg's! Back into the kitchen, quick! Don't make a sound."

The thunder had grown louder now. The lightning was to the east; only its dim reflection reached us. I found myself back in the kitchen, Smith's arm about my shoulders.

The big car pulled up before the cottage.

Followed one of those breathless moments in which I heard the sound of a key inserted in the lock and knew that someone had entered by the front door. I could feel Nayland Smith's heart beating against my ribs. There was an interval, the scratching of a match; then a dim light. The man who had entered had lighted the oil lamp on the table.

Smith, nearer the door, craned forward and looked in. Only by an effort could I obtain a glimpse of the room. I saw enough. Mr. Pine, in dinner kit and wearing a soft grey felt hat, was thrusting the Ordnance map into a pocket of his jacket. Suddenly Smith relaxed; he stepped out into the room.

"One moment, Dr. Gwalia," he said.

Pine swung around like a man stung by a snake. His curious features seemed to have lost character, but his eyes had gained. He gazed at Nayland Smith in a way which told me that this man possessed an enormous force of character.

"Who the devil are *you*?" he asked coolly. "A burglar?" I made my appearance behind Nayland Smith. "Hello!" said Pine. "Two of you!"

"Two of us, Dr. Gwalia," Nayland Smith confirmed grimly.

Pine stared as if puzzled; and then:

"Of course!" he exclaimed, "you are Sir Denis Nayland Smith and this is Dr. Petrie. I'm afraid you rather startled me. But I understand now. No doubt you can explain why I was so suddenly recalled from Exeter, where as a matter of fact I had a very pleasant dinner party. Further," he smiled, a very fascinating smile, "you may perhaps explain why you address me as Dr. Gwalia?"

"Your request is very easily complied with," Nayland Smith replied. "You wore a beard and moustache in those days, but you were known as Dr. Gwalia in Rangoon in 1912. I was Assistant Commissioner of Police at the time, and the death of your wife, a very wealthy woman, came under my notice. She died, Dr. Gwalia—continue to smile if it pleases you—of what was known in India as the Hanuman Death or the Mark of the Monkey. My department was advised, but was helpless. You left Burma, taking your wife's fortune with you."

"Bah! this is madness!" Pine murmured.

"Indeed?" said my friend. "Previous deaths of this kind had occurred only in the jungle—and to natives. I compliment you, Dr. Gwalia, although your reputation in those days rested, I believe, upon your knowledge of poisons and kindred subjects. I compliment you on having solved, scientifically, the problem of what caused this Hanuman Death or Mark of the Monkey."

"Why do you suggest that I solved it?"

"You admit your indentity, then?"

"Have I said so? I am an American citizen, and my name is John Randolph Pine. This is some strange delusion, Sir Denis. Nor do you help me to understand why I have been recalled, and why I fail to find Mr. Marsburg here, and his daughter."

"Miss Marsburg," said Smith grimly, "is at the Quarry Inn. Mr. Marsburg . . ." he turned to me. "The handkerchief, Petrie."

I handed him the tied-up handkerchief which I had been carrying, and he opened it upon the table before Pine. So opened, it disclosed a little mound of purple dust.

As the Eurasian's eyes rested upon it, I witnessed such a change in his expression, although one instantly conquered, as must have told the truth to the purblind.

A brilliant flash of lightning came, followed by a roll of thunder like that of all the devil drums in Africa. Pine, or Dr. Gwalia, glanced towards the door by which he had entered. But Nayland Smith, who had been edging all the time in that direction, now stood squarely in the opening.

In that sudden silence I heard the patter of footsteps.

Smith, his face a study to have puzzled any psychologist, stepped aside to allow Isola Marsburg to enter the room.

She had no eyes for Smith nor for me. She leapt forward to the accused man and threw her arms about him.

"Jean!" she cried. "Jean! Thank God you have come back!"

He kissed her and then set her gently aside, one arm around her shoulders. She sobbed, and looked up at him adoringly.

"You have surprised our secret, gentlemen," said he. "The lady you know as Miss Marsburg has been my wife for the past three months."

"Miss Marsburg," said Nayland Smith, ". . . This is very difficult."

"Why?" the girl challenged, and her dreamy eyes blazed upon him in a way I had never seen. "I am not ashamed of it, and his place is with me at a time like this. Why do you look at me so, both of you? Do you know what has become of my father?"

Her mood changed, and, slipping away from the detaining arm, she staggered forward, looking alternately at Nayland Smith and myself. Smith gave me one rapid glance.

"Miss Marsburg," he said, "my job is a very unhappy one. But I must do it."

He turned his eyes again upon the Eurasian doctor.

"The past comes back to me," he went on. "You possess, I believe, an unusual power over reptiles, animals, and children. It was suspected that this power extended to women."

Isola Marsburg watched the speaker dumbly, in a state bordering upon hysteria.

"You left Burma with a moderate fortune and evidently went to the United States. Miss Marsburg is her father's sole legatee and this was a prize indeed. I suggest that what has happened to-night was in your mind from the first hour that you entered the service of Henry Marsburg. The accomplishment of your plan was delayed. But the conditions which you found upon Dartmoor during the great heat which we have experienced in the last two months gave you new hope. I am inclined to think that you have a correspondent in India or in Burma from whom you recently obtained spores of a rare species of puff-ball. You cultivated this thing in a suitable spot upon the moor, the continued high temperature favouring your plan. It grew rapidly, fungi fashion. You experimented upon the dog."

"What!"

The word came as (*Continued on page* 110)

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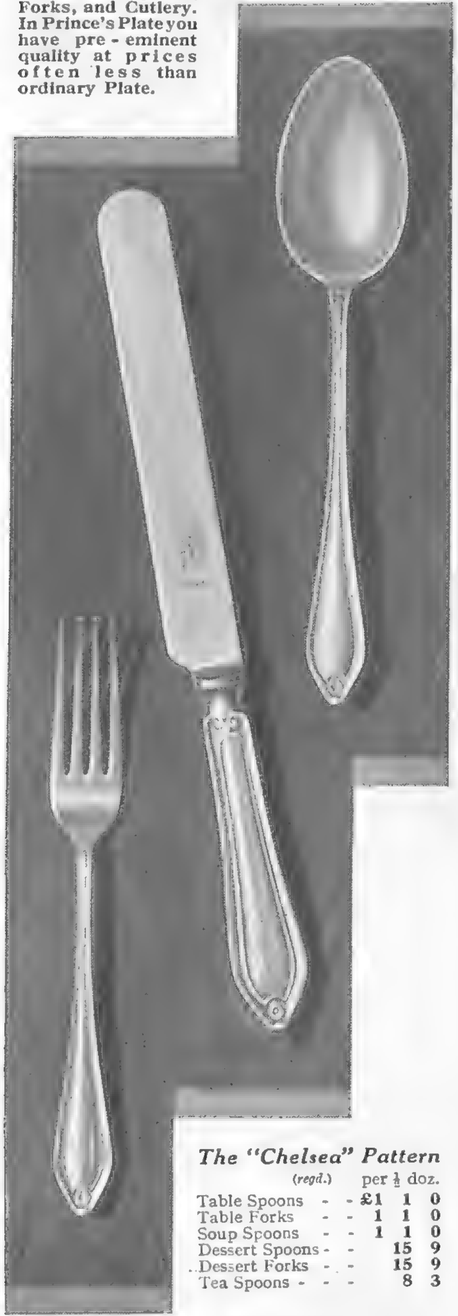

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The Mark *of the* Monkey

a whisper from the girl. Nayland Smith, ignoring her, went on.

"The poor brute, infected with the poison, ran away. You didn't discover his body until the following morning. You recognised then that the Devon-raised fungus was deadly, and consigned the body to the mire. This morning, before leaving the cottage, you advised Mr. Marsburg of an extraordinary discovery you had made in the old mine on the moor, and marked the spot on the map, with a note as to the exact location of the growth. Something disturbed your usual presence of mind—possibly the necessity of preventing Miss Marsburg, your wife, from meeting her father before your departure, and learning of the quest on which you had sent him—the quest which ended in his death . . ."

A low moan drew my attention from the blazing eyes of Dr. Gwalia to the iron profile of Nayland Smith—and I caught Isola Marsburg as she fell.

Distant voices reached my ears as I lifted the girl and laid her upon the couch. A blaze of lightning came, and Smith, turning, stared out through the open door. His voice was drowned in a crashing of thunder, but I detected the words: "The police from Princetown." . . .

A horrible cackling laughter drew me sharply about.

Dr. Gwalia, known as Mr. Pine, had buried his face in the purple-stained handkerchief.

As I turned and Smith sprang forward, the Eurasian had crashed to the floor and was writhing and lashing about in a madness which upset a chair and sent a small table containing photographic apparatus crashing down.

A red-faced police sergeant came running into the room, to stand stock still in the doorway, a man petrified.

Nayland Smith stared at Isola Marsburg, unconscious on the sofa, and:

"Poor soul!" he said. Then, glancing at the writhing man on the floor: "Poetic justice, after all, Petrie . . . the Hanuman Death."

END

Jesting Pilate

(*Continued from page* 15)

assuaged all desires. He questioned his wife what greeting the god had given her. She smiled wistfully, but for a reason beyond his divining discouraged questioning.

When he was growing convalescent, couriers arrived from Rome bearing letters of the utmost urgency. The most pressing was from Tiberius Cæsar.

He was failing in health, the epistle stated. He had engaged soothsayers and magicians, none of whom could cure him. Rumours had reached him that there was a necromancer in Judea, named Jesus, who worked miracles. It had been reported in Rome that he healed lepers, restored sight to the blind and had raised the dead. He therefore commanded his friend Pilate to secure this Jesus, by force if need be, and hurry him to Imperial Cæsar by the swiftest galley.

Pilate shuddered at the narrowness of his escape. He had all but destroyed the life on which the life of great Cæsar depended. Jesus had forgiven him: "Sin no more." But when Cæsar heard of his blundering, would he forgive him? To redeem himself in Cæsar's eyes, he must act with the most tactful promptness. But how to persuade this god of green hillsides to undertake so long a journey? Having crucified him, he was in no position to ask a favour. Cæsar's suggestion that force be employed was impractical; a god who could conquer death was incapable of being made prisoner. Riches, pomp, possessions could not induce him. "Blessed are they which hunger and thirst." "Consider the lilies." But he had also said, "Blessed are the merciful." Pilate took courage; he would appeal to the god's pity. He handed the letter to his wife.

(*Continued on page* 112)

for EARLY SPRING

this model is correct—in town or country. Well tailored from a light wool suiting, similar in appearance to a hand-woven tweed. Pockets and cuffs are smart. Belt is stitched, also collar, which stands well at the back. Yoked back is new, and forms tab for belt, line being completed by a long inverted pleat. Selected from a useful and attractive collection.

6½ GUINEAS
Ready to Wear.

What is to be worn is to be found at

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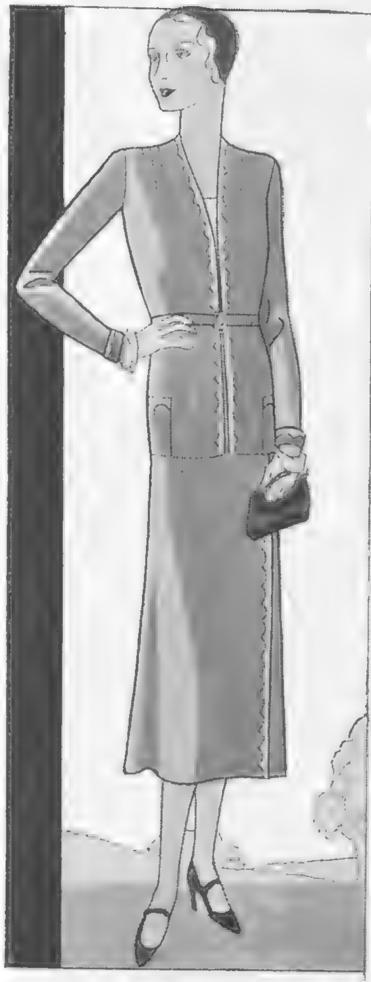
A Smart Knitted Suit is a necessary adjunct to the modern country outfit. Gorringes are showing a delightful selection of these suits in many charming styles. Particularly smart are those with hat to match.

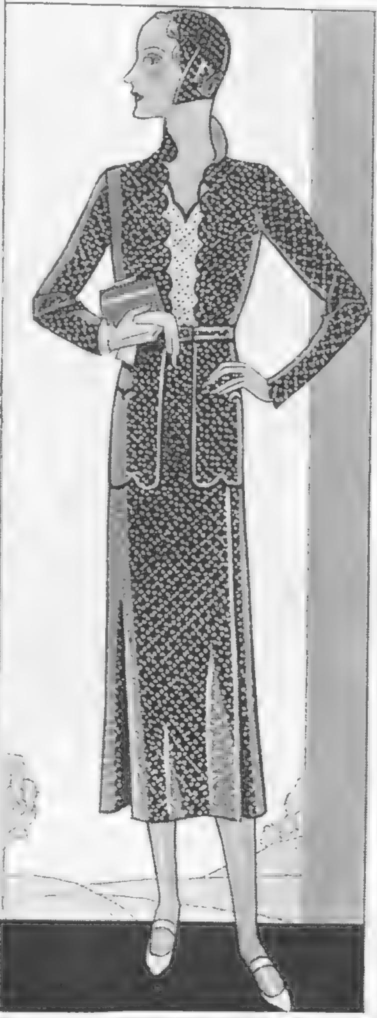


SYLVIA

This Cardigan Suit is of cloth finished Shrunk Wool Stockinette and is effectively trimmed with strappings of a contrasting shade. Supplied in Green, Lido, Heather Brown, Clerical Grey and Wine. 6½ Gns.

O.S., 7 Gns.

From the New Knitwear Salon (First Floor.)



SUSAN

Attractive Sports Suit in a Novelty Jersey material. The jumper is sleeveless and of contrasting colour. In Black/White, Brown/Beige, Black/Pink, Navy/Lime, Bottle/Beige. S.W. and W. Hat and Suit Complete 4½ Gns.

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"Hasten to Galilee. Take the letter with thee. When he has read it, he cannot refuse me."

"Too late," she said.

"Wherefore too late?" He struggled to raise himself.

"While thou wast sick many marvels have happened."

She told him how, at the end of forty days, Jesus had been received by a cloud and carried up to heaven.

PILATE lay stunned. Nothing could make any difference. His only chance was that Cæsar might die before news reached him of what had been done to the god who might have cured him. Meanwhile he despatched a brief reply, that Jesus was not a man and had ascended into heaven. He was silent as regards the crucifixion and the part he had played at the trial. He could trust his enemies to impart that information. While he awaited the next flock of couriers, he composed his defence.

Owing to the slowness of communications, months went by. As time passed, Pilate regained his confidence. On every hand he learned how the worship of Jesus was spreading, how the gift of tongues had descended on his disciples and how even Peter, who had denied his Lord, was performing his Lord's miracles. In Jerusalem it seemed to Pilate that the other kingdom was invisibly about him, eclipsing earthly kingdoms and protecting him. Since his forgiveness he no longer felt accursed. His friends and household forgot that they had avoided him. When at moments his horror of himself returned, he donned the seamless garment; then his heart grew tranquil.

The blow fell suddenly. A newly appointed Pro-Consul landed at Cæsarea, bearing a warrant for his predecessor's arrest. Stripped of his governorship, chained to the deck as a malefactor, Pilate set sail for Rome. The charge against him was that by crucifying Jesus he had conspired against Imperial Cæsar's life. Had he dealt justly with Jesus, Jesus could have healed Cæsar.

Pilate was not unduly distressed. The other kingdom accompanied him. The pomps of this world's favours and the drama of its disgraces mattered less and less. In memory he was again seated on a green slope in Galilee, a blue lake below him, the air musical with the tinkling of sheep-bells. The hurrying galley was forgotten. He heard a voice that was bidding him to triumph, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice."

ARRIVED at Rome, faces were turned from him. No former friend mustered courage to take his side. He was thrown into a dungeon, weighed down with fetters. The helpless agony which he had caused Jesus to suffer was now his. He, too, before his trial was prejudged guilty. He knew the bitterness of the innocent man whose condemnation is certain.

How many days passed? He lost count. In the dungeon where he mouldered darkness seemed eternal. The door was flung wide. Dazed by the sudden sunlight, he was led into Cæsar's presence. His eyesight cleared. Tiberius sat enthroned, robed in purple, his wasted visage pale with malice.

"O Pilate," he fumed in a voice weak as a leaf rustling, "hadst thou spared Jesus, I would not need to die. Hast aught to say?"

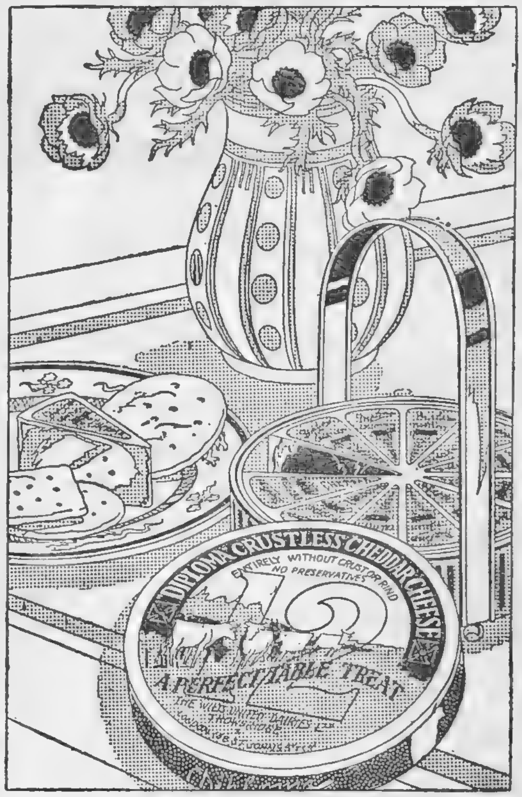
As he raised dull eyes, he saw the man he was accusing. Like a mask his hatred crumbled. His face broke into a smile. Descending totteringly from his throne, he embraced him.

"Friend Pilate," he panted, "I am not well. Forgive me. Thou must return another day."

Believing that he was free, Pilate was led out.

The moment he had left, Cæsar fell into a great passion, demanding what had possessed him to deal leniently with one who had conspired against his

(Continued on page 114)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ENTIRELY WITHOUT CRUST OR RIND
NO PRESERVATIVES
A PERFECT TABLE TREAT
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TROWBRIDGE

D 154

You may think
we are always emphasising
the word English . .

. . we are

and the reason is not far to seek. No Cheddar made elsewhere in the wide world can approach the quality or attain the distinctive flavour of the Cheddars of our own West Country.

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Two varieties—Cheddar and Cheshire.

Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½.

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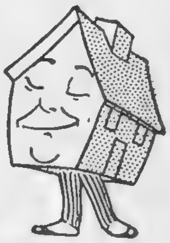

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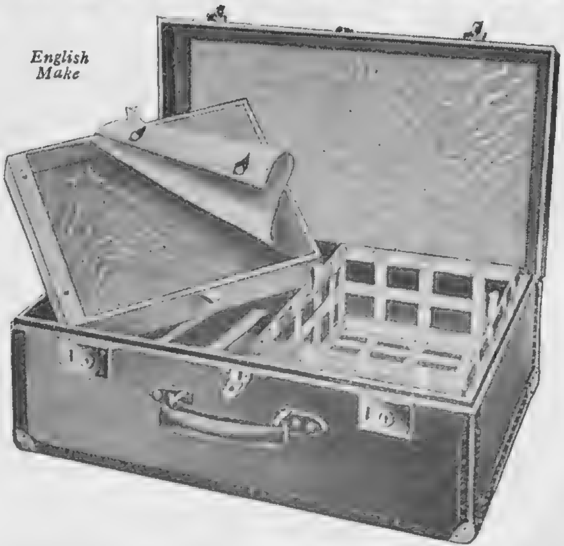
LOOK FOR THE CAT'S HEAD

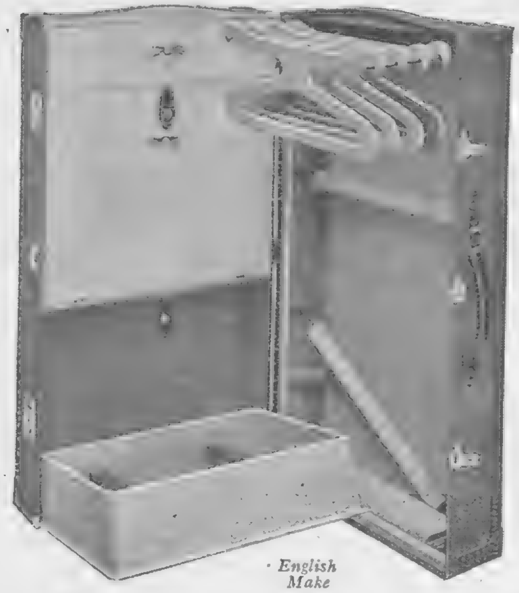
Light luggage for short journeys



Designed specially to carry all that is required for a short journey, this case has separate removable trays for hats, shoes and linen, with full length accommodation underneath for gowns and wraps. Exceptionally useful for private house visiting. Well built in dark-blue vulcanised fibre.

Size: 28 × 16½ × 9 inches **£5: 5 :0**

Size: 30 × 19 × 11 inches **£5:17:6**



No larger than a full-sized suit-case, this new Pullman trunk on the wardrobe principle combines modern smartness with absolute practicality. Each garment can be withdrawn or replaced without disturbing the others. Although strong in construction, it is very light in weight. In blue vulcanised fibre.

Weight: only 26 lbs.

Size: 36 × 19½ × 10 inches **£7:17:6**

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She's got inside information —on this Silk Stocking question

SHE used to think all silk stockings were alike; lovely—till you washed them. She thought she'd just "struck lucky" when her first pair of Morley's came up trim and lovely as ever. But it happened again It always happened Morley's were different—*made* differently, somehow. She began to ask questions. Now she knows quite a lot about Morley Stockings. She knows that only the most skilful handling, the most rigid testing and re-testing of every thread could preserve, through dyeing and fashioning, that fine subdued finish, that smooth lustre of silk fresh-spun from the cocoon. She knows that Morley stockings are not merely shaped, but *knitted* to fit—so pliant, so elastic in texture that wear and washing make no difference; they're always trim. She knows that she can buy Morley's as she never bought silk stockings before—with absolute confidence in the maker.

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"Atora" and hot milk every night before going to bed will make you well and keep you well amid the ills and chills of wintry weather. The wholesome nutty flavour of "Atora" makes the milk very palatable.

All who suffer from weak chests, catarrh and bronchial troubles, will find nothing more beneficial than this tried and tested home-made remedy.

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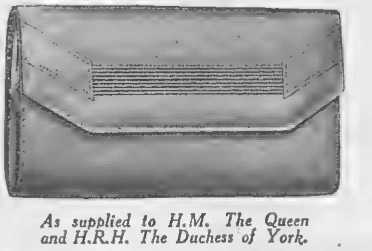

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"OXFORD" Best Morocco Underarm bag with new overhanging Morocco gussets to prevent contents slipping out. Lined best art moiré. Strong British frame, divided centre pocket, large mirror on ribbon. Flap decorated with uncrushable cording. Expanding strap handle at back. Round base made in a soft finish.

Size 10½" × 6¾". Price 21/-

"Shillacraft" Handbags have again been selected for use in the British Artificial Silk Fashion Parades organised by the "Drapers' Organiser."

Stocked everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of "SHILLACRAFT" bags. Write: W. SHILLAKER & Co., Ltd., 8-10, Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1

As supplied to H.M. The Queen and H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

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FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NICE THINGS

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life. Revoking his forgiveness, he issued orders that Pilate should be brought back. But the second time he faced Pilate, he spoke more mildly than the first time, inviting him to sit down beside him.

"I am not well," he repeated querulously. "Yet thou and I are such old friends, I would that I could make a feast for thee. And I will this very night."

At the feast Pilate wore the seamless garment as he had at the two previous audiences. Seated on Cæsar's right, he was flattered and honoured. Conversation turned on his next appointment; the Pro-Consulate of Judea had been unworthy of his talents. Cæsar broke off to remark on the beauty of the garment his friend was wearing.

"Do mine eyes deceive me? It seemeth to shine."

Forgetting precaution, Pilate volunteered information regarding the manner in which he had acquired it. For the rest of the evening he held the banquet spellbound by the report he gave of Jesus.

Next day the dying Cæsar had Pilate brought back a third time for trial; but first he ordered that the seamless garment be stripped from the prisoner before he was admitted to his presence.

This time, seeing Pilate unprotected, Cæsar was able to exact revenge. His anger flamed.

"Blessed are the merciful," he taunted, recalling a fragment from the previous night.

Then he delivered his sentence: that all those iniquities should be done to Pilate that Pilate had done to Jesus.

So in Rome, where he had dreamed that he might one day rule as Cæsar, Pilate was crucified. The last sound he remembered was a voice, calm and soothing as the pealing of distant bells, "My kingdom is not of this world."

Though he died upon the cross, he felt no pain; the mercy of Jesus followed him. Wrapped about his loins was the seamless garment.

END

Success

(*Continued from page 51*)

with little prospect of pleasure or amusement; and as I had an idea in my head for a novel about the war—which had bridged the time between my childhood and late adolescence—I decided to spend the winter in writing it out. I became much more absorbed in this story than I had been in any previous writing; so much so that by the time it was finished it was a good one hundred and twenty thousand words. I called it *The Hounds of Spring*. I sent a copy of it, in May 1925, to Heinemann. I was astounded to have a letter from them saying how very much they liked it and believed in its possible success; would I, however, cut down thirty thousand words? This I proceeded to do (there is no more boring occupation in the world than pruning one's own books). In the following month I met at dinner the head of a big American publishing firm. He asked to see the manuscript which he heard Heinemann had taken. He took it with him on the boat on his voyage back to America, and cabled from there that they were very enthusiastic about the book and would like to take it. . . .

FROM that moment my inexperienced eyes saw the machinery of publicity put in motion. By half a dozen chances, an impulse at school, a following impulse to please a young man and convince him of my uniqueness by writing a novel, finally a melancholy winter without any amusements, had brought me to a situation where I was on the verge of becoming a recognised author. . . .

As I say, the machinery of publicity was put in motion.

The advertising began in America. Photographs of me, paragraphs about me, faintly inaccurate accounts of my hobbies and ancestry, appeared in innumerable American papers, even before the book itself was published in January 1926. In fact, on the day of publication this colossal advertising of a previously quite unknown author had sold seventeen thousand copies of the book. On the day after publication a film company, impressed, I suppose, by the magnitude of the advertising, bought the film rights of my book (and never used them !). The English success followed the American " boosting." Photographs and paragraphs appeared in the English papers ; interviewers of all shapes, ages, and sexes appeared on my doorstep. Some even came from America and asked me questions about God and sex, and the nature of inspiration. I began to realise, as my book sold copy after copy, that once you have achieved a certain measure of public success it matters less and less how you have got it. The thing becomes quite automatic. Success makes publicity, publicity makes success, more success makes more publicity, until one has almost forgotten what the original impulse of this extraordinary sequence was, and whether the success began originally with the writing of a book or the swimming of a duck pond. After a certain point, whatever you may have done, your opinion on babies and the future of the traffic problem, on love and immortality, becomes apparently worth recording ; the lamp-shades in your home, and the breakfast you give your husband.

The sheer absurdity of being advertised into fame has obviously its comic side. On the other hand, there is the real tragedy of great ability which is actually discouraged by being overlooked ; of people for whom a little recognition and a little money is a necessary and terribly lacking encouragement to their work ; and who are, in addition, victims of that ignorance which makes the public imagine that no achievement which hasn't been given some sort of newspaper publicity can have a real value at all. Our Advertising Age, so busy acclaiming its mediocrities, escapes no more than any other period the stigma of making false idols and cheap heroes, and letting its great men go unpaid and unrecognised for work which has a real and enduring value.

END

If It Is Catching

DO you know what to do when an infectious disease has occurred in your home, or how to recognise the preliminary symptoms ?

The answer to these questions and a great deal more equally valuable information is contained in a book recently published by Newton Chambers and Co., Ltd.—" What to Do If It's Catching." Many distinguished medical men and hygienic specialists have contributed to the compilation of this useful volume, which is given free by all chemists to any purchaser of a 1s. 9d. bottle of Izal, the well-known disinfectant.

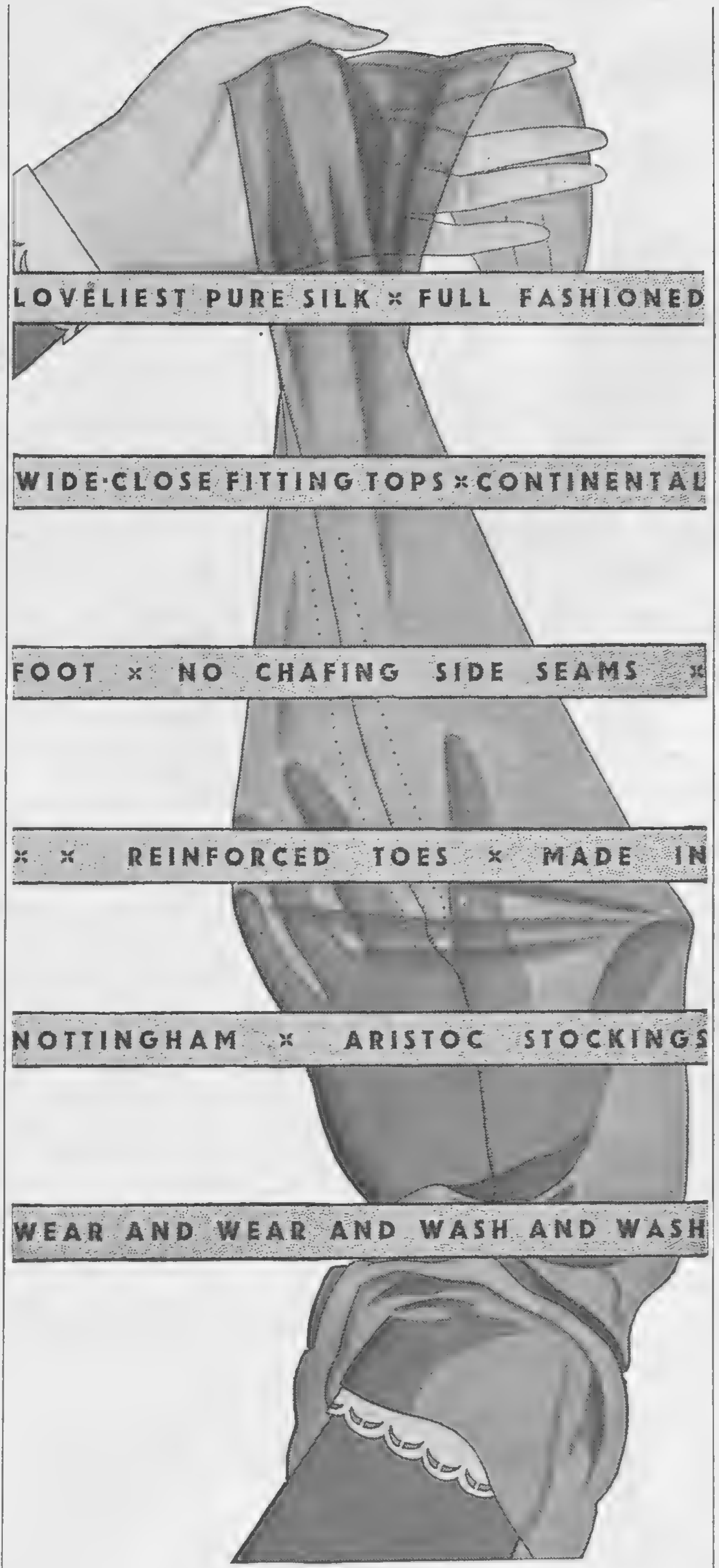
The main object of the book is to give in straightforward, simple language practical information regarding infectious diseases, to afford safe guidance in preventing infection and its spread when the illness has appeared.

A table, setting forth the quarantine and incubation periods of infectious diseases is included, together with the most usual attendant symptoms.

The book is delightfully illustrated throughout, and the final chapter is devoted to some useful household hints. Another chapter deals with the subject of personal hygiene, whilst another portion gives valuable advice as to the best way to build up one's resistance against disease.

" First Aid in the Home " is the theme of yet another chapter, in which practical advice is given to the reader as to what to do in an emergency, in a form which should not be difficult to memorise.

In short, " What to do if it's catching " is a book which should find its place in every home where health is recognised as the secret of happiness.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What is the first food the doctor allows? "A little fish." The food that brings you strength is the most British of foods, caught in our own seas by British ships manned by British fishermen. Fish is rich in nourishment and more easily digested than other solid foods. Tempts when other foods fail. Fresh besides, as too few of the foods we eat nowadays are fresh. Comes straight to you from the clean icy depths of the ocean. 32 different varieties at all prices from a few pence a lb. There's all the health of the sea in fish. Make fish a daily dish and see how much better you feel.

EAT MORE FISH

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THE A.B.C. OF FISH COOKING

24 pages—recipes, guide to fish buying, cooking hints, coloured cover, illustrations on every page. New, entertaining, up-to-date, packed with fresh ideas. Shows you the way to become an expert in fish cooking.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Enclose in ½d. unsealed envelope or send a postcard

To British Trawlers' Federation, Ltd., Dept. 140EG,
27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, free and post free, "The A.B.C. of Fish Cooking."

Name ....

Address ....

....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS 206b

Who Killed *the* Waiter?

(*Continued from page* 33)

his mind and memory for anything that could serve as a clue. A curious thing to note was his inveterate distrust of two among the witnesses. He didn't like Warner, and he didn't like Miss Plant, and after the facts were put before him, he was always at me to see if any unknown link might exist between them. I paid special attention to this suspicion of his, only to find no shadow of reality was hid in it.

George Mostyn made no secrets about himself. He told us he was a bookmaker on the Australian racecourses, and a follower of sport in general. He claimed to be a straight man of business, who got a fair living and no more out of his pursuits. All that we checked through the Sydney police, and there wasn't a bad mark against him. As for his father, he had always kept upon the best terms with the dead man, and he brought a sheaf of old William's letters, extending over a good few years, to prove it.

Not one of the letters hinted at a difficulty or an enemy, and you could see the old waiter had lived a life of close concentration on his job—lived for it alone, you might say—and pursued his task for love of the work long after any need to do so was ended.

I spent a lot of time with George, and when I went on my way about other matters in and out, he'd look me up and come along with new ideas and fresh suggestions. But all in vain. I didn't like the man very well, and sometimes thought there might be something up his sleeve; yet, in justice and fairness, I could not admit there was a shadow of reason for prejudice. He proved dead straight in every particular, and though I did my best to get a line on him and find some sort of loophole through which it might be possible to rope him in as a suspected character and the only man who could have got advantage out of William Mostyn's death, I failed most signally to do so.

For my part I never worked harder, and when George Mostyn went back to Australia a rich man, I kept tags on him for six months, and had a very clever Sydney detective interested in that quarter; but not a whisper ever was heard against him.

Nothing ever happened at this end either, and that's the tale I set out to tell you.

Midwinter stopped talking, picked up his pipe, and beamed upon us. Then he laughed at our blank faces, while Franklin voiced the general dismay.

"Surely to God, Harold, you ain't been pulling our legs? A crime story without the criminal don't get us very far."

The older man smiled upon him.

"Just a corrective, John," he said. "I want these chaps to know that all our yarns don't end like yours, and that we are not the infallible birds you claim for us to be. So, for a change from your successes, I thought they should have one of my failures—see?"

I had Midwinter there, however.

"But you said half-way through your yarn that it was the murderer himself who taught you something worth knowing," I reminded him, and he admitted it.

"Most certainly I did," he answered; "and I have learned other things from murderers besides that one, though I may never have set eyes on 'em; but I wouldn't have wasted your time with a blank cartridge so to speak. I wanted you chaps to hear how dismally I failed, just to show up John here in brighter colours. I wanted you to see what a first-class crook can do when he's got the perfect nerve and the inverted genius to turn his hand to a bit of wickedness. Yes, it was the murderer who went to the trouble to give me every particular of the case—just for sheer joy of life and the vanity of knowing he'd wiped the eye of a man held pretty smart, and one old enough to be his father."

"Vanity, eh?" asked Franklin. "He slipped up on that?"

"Oh, no, he didn't, John. He took mighty good care not to slip up. Whether he's slipped up (*Continued on page* 118)

MRS. RADIANT talks on Health.

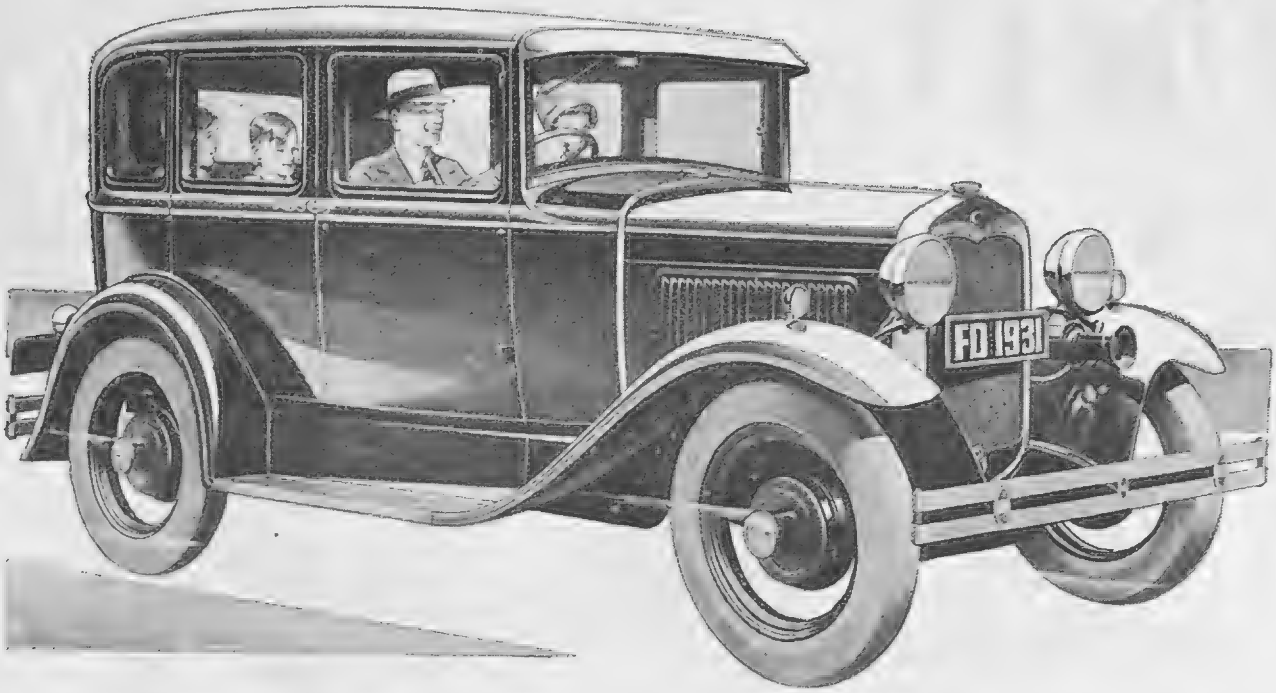
Don't be a martyr

Some women have quite mistaken ideas about pain. They suffer agonies from headaches thinking that it is "their fate" to have their work or domestic duties hindered and their leisure hours spoilt by such pains.

There is no need for any woman to be a martyr to headaches, if she takes the right steps to relieve the pain and to remove the cause. Headaches are often due to overwork, worry, anaemia or stomach troubles. Your doctor will be able to tell the particular cause and to advise on its treatment; but when a headache develops the pain may be relieved promptly and safely by the use of a reliable pain-reliever which is used and prescribed by thousands of doctors.

This is Genasprin, the *safe* brand of aspirin, which banishes headaches without endangering the heart or disturbing the digestion. If you would like a free sample of Genasprin and a useful book on pain relief send a postcard to Genatosan Ltd., 24, Derby Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire, the manufacturing chemists who also make Sanatogen, Formamint (Wulfing Brand) and Genozo brand Toothpaste.

Freedom from "Tail-wag"!



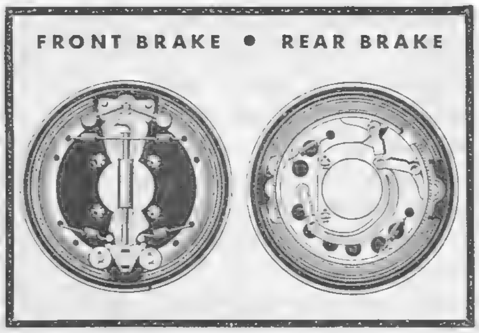
New Ford 3-window Fordor Saloon, 24 h.p. **£210** *at Works, Manchester*
(*14.9 h.p.* **£5** *extra*)

IN THE NEW FORD you are *free* from tail-wag—that uncomfortably helpless feeling when the car seems to slide from beneath you, as soon as the brakes are applied.

The New Ford 6-brake system is positive in action, instantly responsive, silent and smooth in operation. Expanding shoes on all four wheels. Sturdy drums of 11-inch diameter, giving a generously large braking surface. All working parts fully enclosed—protected against dust, grease, weather or road dirt.

You can travel in the New Ford at any speed, safe in the knowledge that you have at your command a braking power that will bring your car to a standstill, without strain or jar, in a few yards, because of the perfect balance of the car as a whole.

Try the New Ford out on the road. Your nearest Ford dealer will be glad to arrange a demonstration run.



Entire braking surface contacts immediately. Shoes are self-centreing. Brakes are of the mechanical type, internal expanding.

NEW FORD PRICES

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Touring Car ,, -	**£185**
Standard Coupé ,, -	**£185**
Cabriolet ,, -	**£210**
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AIRCRAFT

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Maddening Moments

The man who dared

The manager was furious. The young man scrunched. The waitress was flabbergasted. The young man went on scrunching. Over the faces of his fellow lunchers stole a look of horror mingled with admiration at his sang-froid. Still he went on scrunching . . . He didn't care. How delicious they were, these "Ovaltine" Rusks. How subtle their melting crispness . . . how piquant their unusual flavour. He took a drink. What an admirable lunch he was having. Why should he order anything else when he had got these perfect rusks? He toyed with the idea of passing them round. Perhaps it was hardly fair to keep such pleasure all to himself. And yet, dash it all, there were only a few left . . . No, he couldn't spare them. Certainly not . . .

'OVALTINE' RUSKS
APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R75

since, under another name in another hemisphere, I couldn't tell you; but if he has not, there's one of the most highly talented and accomplished rascals still going strong that the earth is likely to hold. I'll read you a letter. I keep a typed copy by me, but the original is the fine flower of my little collection at home. That was typed too."

He opened his pocket-book and read us the following extraordinary communication:—

"Address and date,
"No Matter.

"Dear Detective-Inspector Midwinter,—

"You may look back through your triumphant career to the curious business of William Mostyn, and perhaps wonder where your wits failed you, and why you came such a mucker on that occasion. When I tell you that I killed the old waiter, there is really nothing much to add, because, given that fact, you will be able to reconstruct the crime for yourself with your usual smartness. Even the reason for the murder is sure to become apparent when you see the postmark upon this letter; but I needn't tell you I shall have left Sydney long before you do.

"My success was the result of very careful preliminary preparation; and when a murderer beats you again, you can always take it for granted that his preliminary hard work and his tireless attention to detail were such that not a clue remained, or a thread was left sticking out which you could twist into a rope for him.

"There are two sorts of successful murderers, Midwinter. The man whose genius is devoted to involving an innocent person in such a manner that circumstantial evidence converges upon him and not a shade of the limelight is left for the actual criminal. When that happens, though the law may not actually hang the suspected being, he alone focuses attention, and while you people concentrate upon getting your conviction, the doer of the deed steers to safety. The other sort of murderer is finer and more distinguished. He commits a crime that apparently lacks any shadow of explanation, offers not a clue, involves no human being, and appears absolutely devoid of any motive. You soothe your ruffled feelings before that sort of perfect murder by saying a madman did it; but you know that madmen very seldom commit murders really.

"A few details occur to me which may interest you, and I may set them in order.

"My arrangement with George Mostyn was fifty-fifty upon his father's death, and when the old man wrote that he was now good for over ten thousand pounds, we got on with it. I bargained for two years and possibly more before I struck, and George helped to finance me during that period. My first care was to create a good character for myself, and I purposely kept out of London for eighteen months and established a record for high quality with my Liverpool employers. I then came to London and waited until just the right work was available in the neighbourhood of old Mostyn's job. I got under his guard and contrived sometimes to be on his lonely road home by night. From a friendly occasional word I came to better our acquaintance, and after three months he invited me to see him home on a night when there was frozen snow on the ground and the going was dangerous. Three times I did this—took his arm and looked after him—and on the third occasion he invited me in and gave me a drink. Now I knew his room and the fact that he let himself in with a latchkey to a sleeping house. Nobody, of course, ever knew I had been there but himself.

"William kept his latchkey in a little outside pocket of his top coat, and it was easy on a later occasion, when giving him an arm home, to pick his pocket, take an impression upon wax ready in my hand and return the key to its place.

"I continued to give my employers complete satisfaction, and was now in a position to fix the approximate time of the murder. I trusted George

(*Continued on page 120*)

FLOOR POLISH
SHELL

ONE DROP DOES IT!

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M.C. 245

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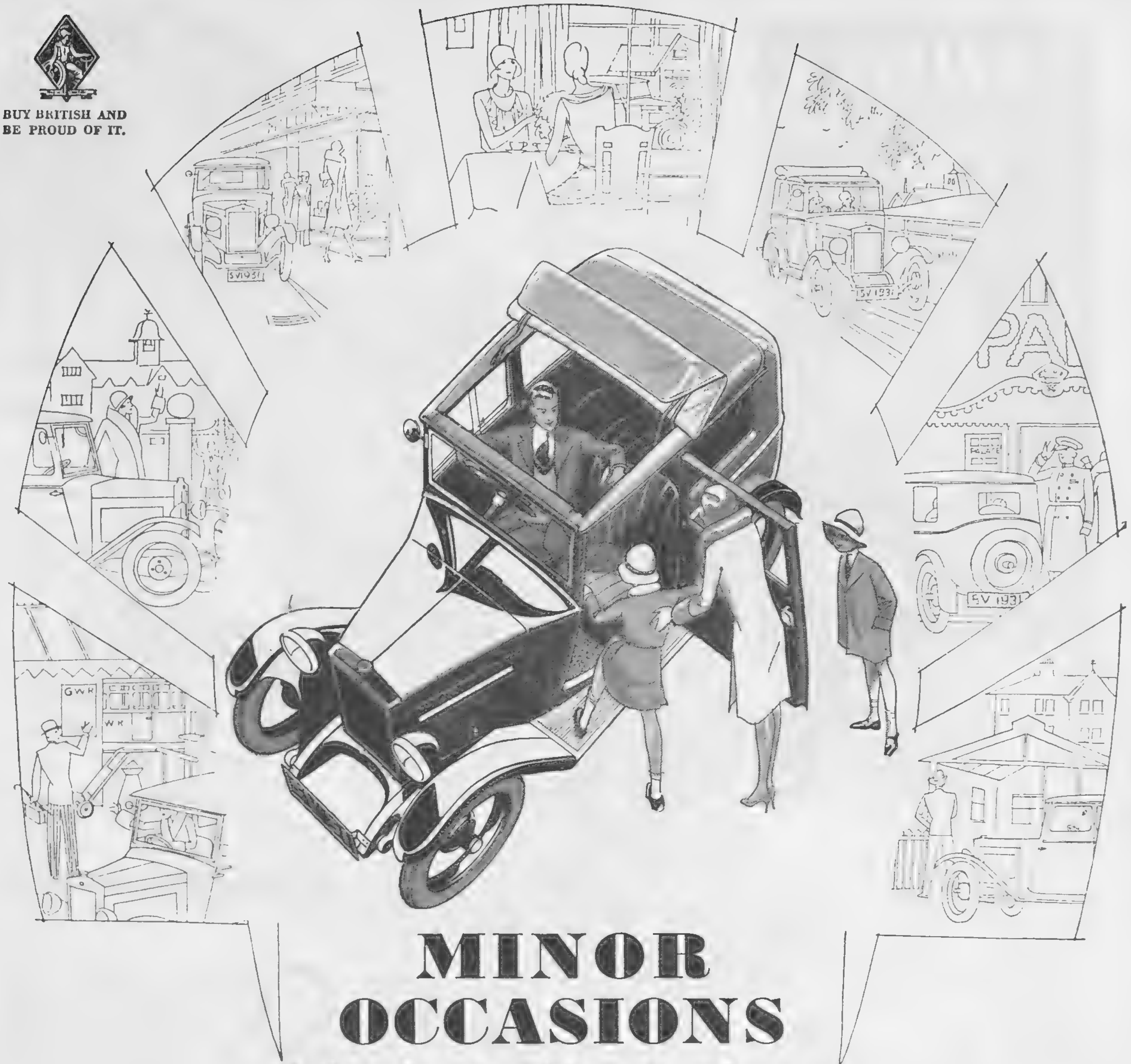

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Every Minor gives approximately 45 m.p.g. and has a comfortable speed of over 50 m.p.h. Write for Catalogue and full details to Enquiries Dept., Cowley. Triplex Glass, Dunlop Tyres, and full detailed equipment standard. Prices ex Works. Any model can be purchased out of income; terms including tax and insurance.

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Prices from **£100** to **£119**

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MORRIS MINOR S.V.

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TANGEE

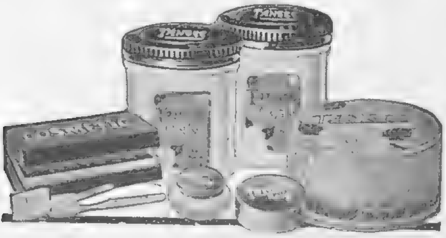
Paris decrees more natural make-up < <

THE SKETCH SAYS:

"This season, with the return of ultra-feminine fashions, a too-vivid, artificial-looking 'make-up' is entirely out of harmony. The first essential in achieving a perfect complexion is to choose a rouge for cheeks and lips that blends perfectly with your own colouring."

"The *Tangee* rouge and lipstick change their colour miraculously on the lips and cheeks to exactly the right tone of the natural colouring of the skin. They suit the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette, or Titian-haired, and they give a lovely complexion."

Tangee ***Lipstick,*** 4/6. The same marvellous colour principle in ***Rouge Compact,*** 3/6. ***Crème Rouge,*** 4/6. ***Face Powder,*** blended to match the natural skin tones, 4/6. ***Night Cream,*** both cleanses and nourishes, 4/6. ***Day Cream,*** protects the skin, 4/6. ***Cosmetic,*** a new "mascara," will not smart, 4/6.



SEND 1/- for TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")
CALMON & NEATE, LTD. (Dept. 18),
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Name

Address

Mostyn in Australia, and it was understood that as soon as letters had passed with his father, fixing his return upon a visit, that the old man should die. To be at the hub of a murder is often the safest place after the event, and feeling absolutely secure in my own preparations, I determined upon the exact course which you will admit I followed with such brilliant success. I knew the times of the policeman's beat in Parson's Square, also knew that William Mostyn's punctual nightly return home as a rule fell clear of the officer's proximity. I arranged my alibi for the night by attending my social club, leaving it through a private door known to the members only after I had been there a quarter of an hour. Then I went to his home near midnight, let myself in with a latchkey made for the purpose and created the appearance of a resolute and thorough search, that material to work upon might await you bright lads next morning. This was done, of course, before I killed William Mostyn, as my movements afterwards were planned to lie as much in the neighbourhood of the police as possible. I figured that a murderer's safest place is at his victim's elbow; a tip for you. I returned to Parson's Square then, waited for the old man, overtook him when he had passed, saw Foster far off coming down Cann Street, and welcomed the useful touch he would be able to give. Then, when we had passed Cann Street and were out of Foster's sight, I shot William, gave the alarm, chased the imaginary criminal, and presently returned to the dead man and the police.

"My object was to keep in the picture as much as possible after that; and it was arranged between George Mostyn and me that when he came to England, he should pretend to suspect me. He played up all right, as you will remember. For another eighteen months I remained at my job in Edgware Road, while Mostyn returned to his old life.

"THE old man, as you may remember, had cut up to the tune of rather more than twelve thousand pounds; and when I left England and returned to Australia, long after the Mostyn case was forgotten, George had six thousand of the best waiting for me with interest. He left Australia for a destination unknown six months ago, and I am posting this in Sydney before taking ship elsewhere. I admired your painstaking methods, Midwinter; but I had gotten every detail of the case so carefully worked out before the actual event, that I knew each step you would take before you took it, and had prepared the necessary counter long before. That was easy.

"You may be interested to know that I am going to kill another man—probably two years hence; I am starting to follow him to-morrow; but my technique has improved and there seems no just reason to imagine I shall be confronted with the least difficulty.

"Your well-wisher,
'FREDERICK WARNER.'"

Midwinter smiled upon us and folded up the copy of his letter.

"Did you do anything?" asked Franklin.

"Oh, yes. They combed Sydney; but both men had vanished to the Void of course, and nobody knew any special friend of George Mostyn's. Trust them to leave nothing to chance. Mostyn had left Sydney six months before, and as no sailing in his name could be traced it was impossible to say where he might be. Of 'Frederick Warner' nothing whatever was known."

"We'll hope the blackguard has been hanged long ago," I said.

"Hope by all means," answered Midwinter; "but for my part I picture him a highly successful and prosperous man, well thought upon, perhaps even well-doing. There's many have had a statue put up to them, only because they never gave their fellow man a chance to put up the gallows."

THE END

Growing time is Benger time

Doctors advise a cupful of Benger's Food for children who are overgrowing or backward. Benger's is extra nourishment. Serve it at lunch time and bed time.

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The booklet of Benger's Food is a medically approved little work of especial interest to those who have the care of growing children. Please write for a copy, post free.

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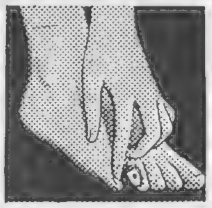
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS

For instant, assured relief from pain apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

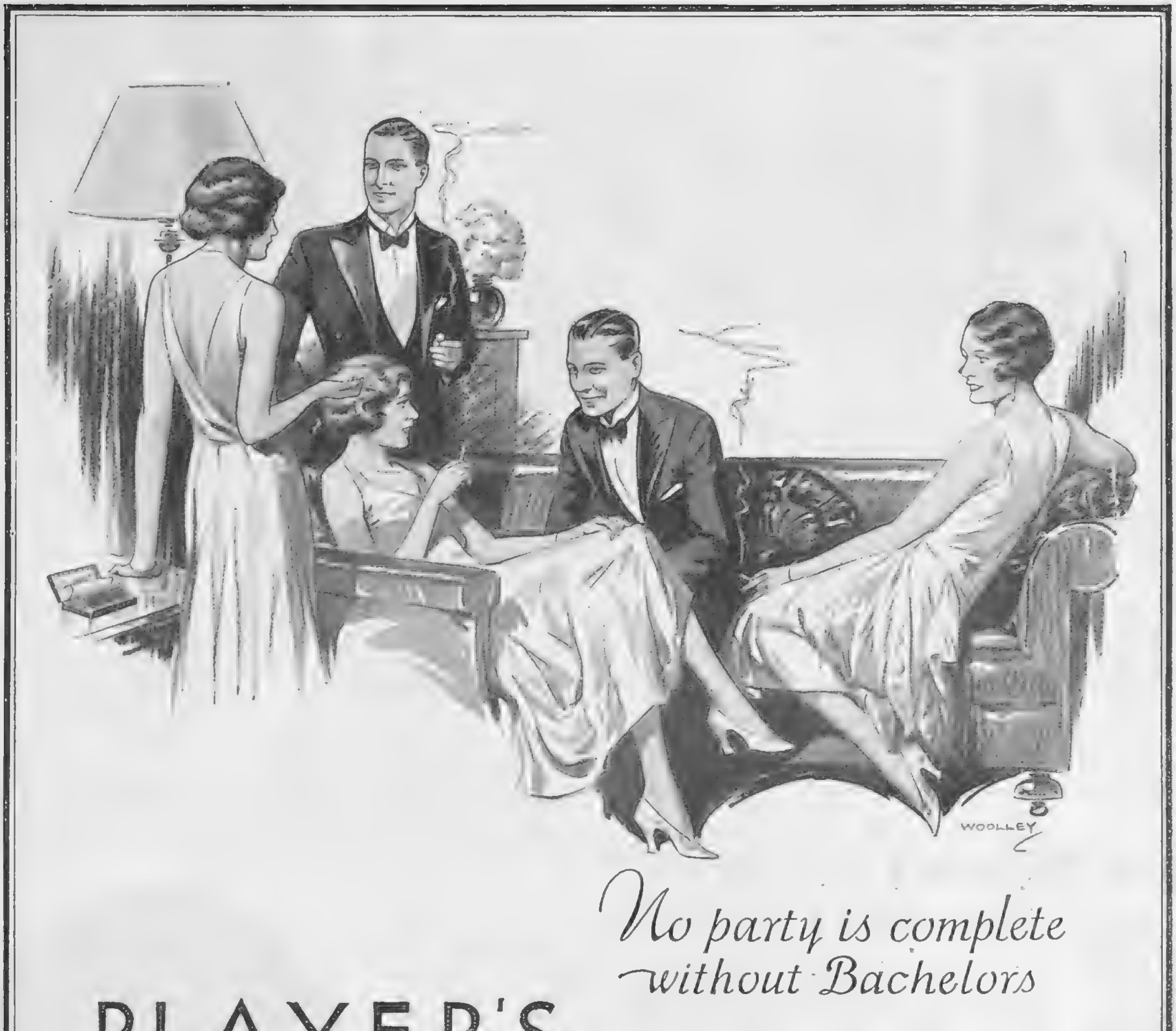


These world-famous, medicated, healing pads remove corns by removing their cause - shoe pressure. Safe, antiseptic, wafer-thin and waterproof. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are easily applied and adhere firmly. Sizes for Hard and Soft Corns, Callouses and Bunions. Price, per packet, 1/3

Call or write for free sample and Booklet on "Care of the Feet"—Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.
(Depots and Agents throughout the Country.)

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!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Better Smoke Bachelors

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Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

'Such peace of mind is invaluable"

Miss "V" *
SINGER

"Anyone who has been on the concert platform will tell you of the terrible part nerves play in their profession. It is very important to be free of those worries that undermine the constitution.

Since using Kotex I am convinced that I am singing better. The peace of mind that Kotex gives me, its comfort and its security, enables me to forget everything but my art and I cannot say how grateful I am for that. Kotex is invaluable."

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Made in Canada

**Miss "V" was introduced to Kotex through "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." Your Draper or Chemist has a copy for you; or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Kotex Ltd., 78, Salusbury Road, London, N.W 6.*

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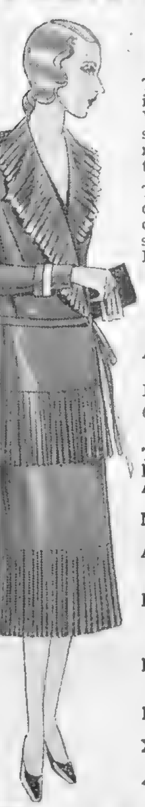

The Treasure Cot Company specialises in smart and becoming Maternity Wear at really moderate prices. The special adjustment with which each model is fitted can be expanded by the wearer as required.

The model illustrated is in wool crêpe-de-Chine with a pleated collar of georgette edged with a contrasting shade. Colours: Navy, Brown, Saxe, Bottle, Wine and Black.

Model M.410

3 GNS.

Also in plain coloured crêpe-de-Chine **4 Gns.**

Printed crêpe-de-Chine **4½ Gns.**

Customers may order by post with confidence.

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M.—MATERNITY WEAR (*Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.*).
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TREASURE COT
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Specialists in Everything for Mothers, Babies & Children.
(Dept. S.V.15), 103, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.
(Nearly opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's).

Flynn's

Other People's Houses

(*Continued from page 81*)

minutes unless you are bold enough to put back the hands! Pink and blue are contrasted and repeated in the mat, clothes basket and etceteras, while a glass towel rail is a labour-saving innovation. Every type of powder box and toilet necessity adorns the kidney-shaped dressing table hung with rose rubber curtains, and tiny French coloured prints in gold frames add a note of flippancy. This bathroom conveys the impression that it has been stolen from a doll's house and enlarged to suit mortal requirements. Such is the amusing effect of a deliberately "baby" colour scheme. . . .

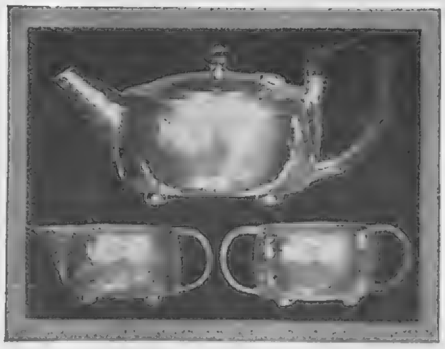
Mrs. Van Neck's bedroom is situated over the dining room, and shares the same triangular shape with the added attraction of a recess near the door. This is linked to the room by a wide archway and to the outside world by a French window opening on to a tiny balcony. A small gilt writing table stands in the recess, its accompanying chair covered in peach-coloured velvet to match the pale peach of the enamelled walls. Beautiful golden damask is inlaid under the glass top of the writing desk and of the dressing table and low occasional table. A flower study by Blanc, limited in size but sure in colour, and a modern bowl lamp complete the fittings of the recess, which is carpeted and curtained in "Nattier" blue like the rest of the room. On closer inspection or by lamp light the curtains prove to be shot with rose in sympathy with the moiré divan, which has blue pipings and a pile of cushions presided over by a silver-wigged doll in flowing black velvet, like Doris Keane in "Romance," though really an effigy of the owner in her favourite fancy dress.

Simplicity distinguishes the mantelpiece of marbled wood, the wrought-iron grate and the low firestool. The latter is covered to match the dressing-table stool and the small bergère in a silk damask where warm peach-coloured flowers ramble across a golden field. Both beds have peach taffeta covers and moiré heads to match.

CUPBOARDS are dear to the heart of every true woman, and Mrs. Van Neck is no exception. In fact, she has utilised the passage-way from her room to the studio as an entire cupboard room, fitted with every depth of shelf and variety of hook, including a graduated boot chest and a home for hats which is the envy of all her women friends. The normal entrance to the studio is from the stairs, but it strikes one as equally unusual from either door, or from its own musicians' gallery.

Two rosewood pianos occupy the space below the gallery without seeming to crowd even one corner of the studio. On the walls a gilt mirror divides cone-shaped light brackets, and a modern Spanish landscape reverses the theory that Spain is a land of sombre distances. Other features include wrought-iron lamp standards, an Italian desk, a flower picture which is almost put out of countenance by the profusion of real flowers (whatever the season) and a gilt fire stool covered in dull green velvet.

One is loth to leave such a striking room where there is so definite a sense both of colour and comfort, but upstairs there is a servants' suite and an unusual room of Captain Van Neck's, uniting the characteristics of a dressing room and a study. Buff and green colouring, mahogany furniture, cream paintwork and concealed cupboards with inside lighting are some of the features, while a painted screen of different game birds gives the right atmosphere for a sportsman's den. There is also a buff-covered divan with one-tone cushions and a severe leather writing-table set in emerald green. . . . A man with a room to furnish and the need for space economy would do well to take a leaf out of Captain Van Neck's notebook, though I suspect that in this, as in every other room, Mrs. Van Neck had more than a little to do with the wise selection and rejection scheme.



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Distinctive Tudric Pewter does honour to your table. Its dignity is centuries old; its leadless purity is maintained as in the days of ancient Guilds; its durable lustre is one that will last for generations—*not* being dependent upon a superficial plating.

The charming Three-Piece Oval Tea Set, illustrated above, comprising Tea-pot, Sugar-basin and Cream-jug - £3 0 0

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If any difficulty in obtaining, apply for name of nearest Agent.

Tudric pewter ware

Write for free Art Brochure illustrating many beautiful designs.

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SOLID DYED CANDLES
for Illumination & Decoration
THE PERFECT GIFT ON ALL OCCASIONS

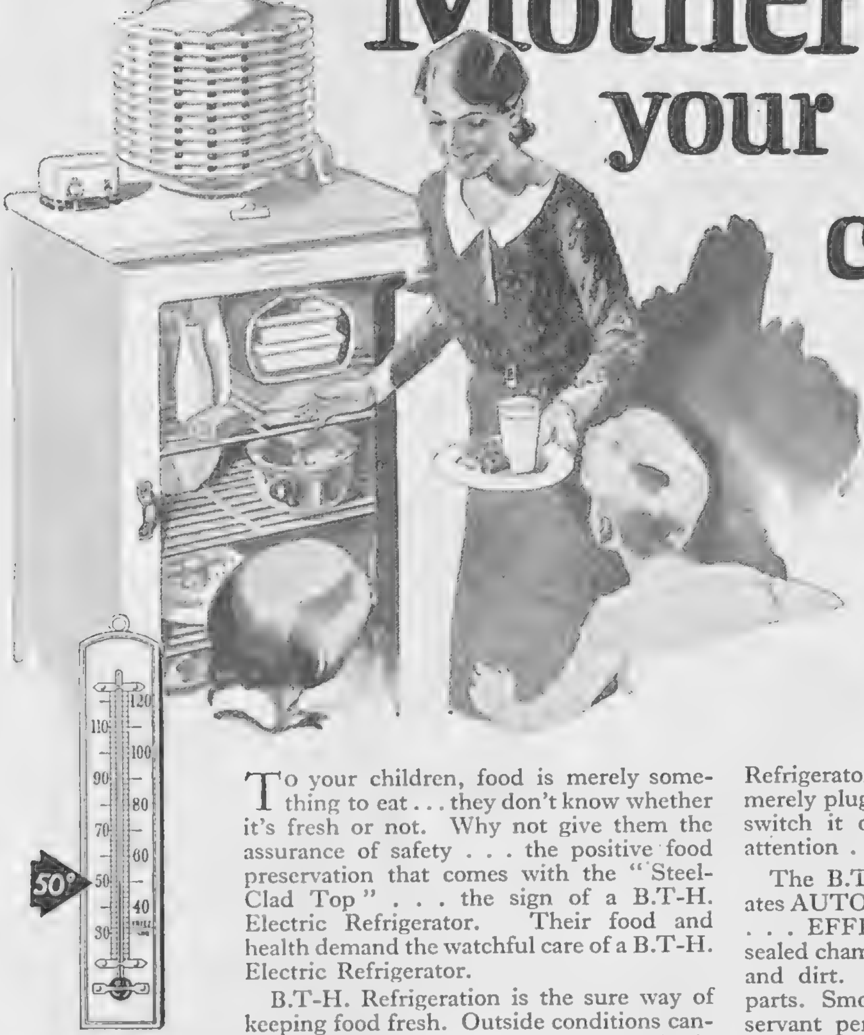
The special new Gift Box containing four 14-inch Candles with four flat Candle-Sticks to match and costing only 5/-, makes an ideal prize for Bridge Parties and Competitions.

FREE: A booklet "Lights of Other Days" will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. L, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

Mother! your *children* can't tell!

YOU must *safeguard* their food



The temperature in the B.T-H. Refrigerator is kept always below 50° F., the bacteria danger point, to ensure that your food will be perfectly preserved and your health safeguarded.

To your children, food is merely something to eat . . . they don't know whether it's fresh or not. Why not give them the assurance of safety . . . the positive food preservation that comes with the "Steel-Clad Top" . . . the sign of a B.T-H. Electric Refrigerator. Their food and health demand the watchful care of a B.T-H. Electric Refrigerator.

B.T-H. Refrigeration is the sure way of keeping food fresh. Outside conditions cannot interfere. Food is always perfectly safe and wholesome . . . kept always below 50° F. — the bacteria danger point. Your children's food is safeguarded by electric refrigeration; their health is safeguarded, too.

Assured Economy

Prepared today, food will be appetisingly fresh tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, and the day after that . . . you will be amazed to learn how long you can have good food — well kept. Waste is eliminated. Shopping worries are reduced to a minimum and menu-planning is simple. Think of these advantages brought by B.T-H. Electric Refrigeration, and of the saving of money, time and worry. B.T-H. Electric Refrigeration is an economy, not an expense.

The "Steel-Clad Top"

The "Steel-Clad Top" is the sign of simplicity . . . the trouble-free Electric Refrigerator. It is so simple that you merely plug in to the nearest wall point and switch it on. After that it never needs attention . . . NOT EVEN OILING.

The B.T-H. Electric Refrigerator operates AUTOMATICALLY . . . SILENTLY . . . EFFICIENTLY, in an hermetically sealed chamber which excludes air, moisture and dirt. There are no exposed moving parts. Smoothly and effectively this perfect servant performs its work under all conditions and at all times . . . bringing food preservation, delicious dishes, ice cubes . . . all contributing to perfect health and assured economy.

Because the unit is on top there is more shelf space. Inside, the B.T-H. Electric Refrigerator is roomy . . . spacious . . . with rounded corners to make cleaning easy and assure perfect sanitation.

There is an authorised dealer near you. Why not consult him regarding the generous hire-purchase terms? He will give you full particulars about a gleaming white B.T-H. Electric Refrigerator. There is a model to suit your exact requirements. Or if more convenient address a post card to **International Refrigerator Co., Ltd., 169, Regent Street, London, W.1,** and a brochure will be sent you describing the full line of B.T-H. Refrigerators which "make it safe to be hungry."

ALL-STEEL B T-H ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Lucky

(*Continued from page 25*)

Now, seeing him for the first time grown, Palmer was forced to realise his fatherhood. Here was a man. Dark, smiling, self-contained, fearless, and perhaps a shade arrogant.

Leighton looked at his father as if he found him a first-rate show. They clasped hands, and Leighton went at once to his room, taking Mary with him, his arm about her waist. Palmer was left alone.

"By George!" Leighton said. "I'd forgotten there was so much of father. He's overpowering, isn't he?"

He took his mother's hands, turned her to the light. "And you? Happy?"

"Yes, now you're here."

Leighton released her and went to the window.

"George! It's good to be home. I *am* well. Keen about the work for one thing. Archæology isn't all looting, you know. For every king, dozens of empty tombs. I like the engineering, the patient reconstruction, the hope, the reward."

He paused, looking down at the terrace.

"Who's that, Mother? Come here. The loveliest girl I've ever seen."

"That's Kitty Felixstone."

"You're awfully solemn. Who is she?"

"Your father met her in Shanghai. She's staying here with us for a month or so."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Mary smiled. "I'm afraid I was being maternal. I wanted you to myself for an hour or two. Kitty Felixstone has a way of being—well, fascinating."

"You mean Father?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then what? I say, Mother, you've changed. You've never before been deliberately mysterious. Is Father making you miserable?"

"No?"

"I mean—concretely miserable—about this girl?"

"She's really very nice, Leighton. I like her."

"Who the dickens is she?"

Mary met her son's eyes.

"The widow of a petty official who died in Borneo. I'm sorry for her. I'm trying to help her. She hasn't a penny of her own. Nor any friends."

"Is she decent?"

"Of course."

Leighton turned away from the window. He was quick and graceful. "Then I'll take her off your hands."

"Leighton!"

"You think I can't? Well, it's a wise mother knows her own son. I have a certain persuasion of my own."

At dinner that night Leighton took the floor and held it. After dinner he carried his monologue into the library. Straddling the hearth, Palmer listened.

Leighton sat cross-legged on the floor at Kitty Felixstone's feet. He was as concentrated on her loveliness as he had ever been on ancient treasure. The firelight flickered on his lean-cheeked face, his dark shining hair, his teeth, white when he smiled. No. Palmer hadn't a chance.

In the morning, before breakfast, Palmer heard horses in the courtyard. Leighton and Kitty Felixstone were riding. From behind the curtains of his room Palmer watched them set out. They were of the same height, the same age perhaps.

Palmer turned away, surprised at his sense of angry resentment. He dressed hurriedly, and went down to breakfast with Mary on the terrace.

"How nice!" she said, smiling up at him.

"Glad to have me home again, are you?"

"Very. I hope this time you'll want to stay."

"You've never said so before, Mary."

"No. I wanted you to be free. It was best for you."

Suddenly they stared at each other.

"I've wanted you here with me for thirty years."

"I'm sorry," Palmer said. "I had to go. Mary, I'm not a squire. I'm a wanderer, like Marco Polo. I enjoy danger. The war was good while it lasted. When it was over I had to experiment in other conflicts. I'd rather run a tu'penny-ha'penny country from behind the throne than sit in our own Parliament."

He reached forward tentatively, and with his big, awkward hand caressed her hair, an unfamiliar caress that brought the warm blood flaming to her cheeks. She saw the wound in his wrist, a deep cross.

For a week Palmer saw nothing of Kitty Felixstone. She rode with young Leighton. They played tennis together. They lay under the apple trees, talking, laughing, while the dogs waited, panting and bored, in the shadows. Or else they rode cross-country to lunch at some farmhouse, on coarse bread and jam and cheese, returning at dusk flushed and happy, the wind in their hair, their cheeks and eyes bright. Or else they drove one of Palmer's monstrous cars, all the way to London, where they danced through the night and back in the dawn . . . singing endless verses of foolish songs. And sometimes Palmer ran across them in the library, reading aloud to each other, taking turns. In the evening she played for him, singing in a strange haunting voice songs of the East. Palmer listened, his nerves on edge. Mary listened, her eyes lowered, her smile fixed and meaningless.

Watching, Palmer saw Leighton's expression change. He had seen it before; subalterns in India, caught by the station temptress.

Palmer went to Mary. But before he could speak she disarmed him by saying that she believed she had found a way to help Kitty Felixstone.

"I'm not sure yet, but there is a vacancy in a school in Kent. An opportunity, really. She would be a member of the faculty——"

Palmer interrupted. He was mad with impatience. "Have you told Leighton?" he asked sharply.

"Leighton? Of course not!"

"He's falling in love with her."

Mary's eyes darkened. "Does it matter?"

Palmer was trembling in spite of his effort to remain calm. He was aware of inconsistency within himself.

"Do you want Leighton to marry her?"

Mary hesitated. A shadow crossed her eyes. Then she lifted her head.

"Why not?"

"It would ruin him."

"I like her," Mary said. "I like her very much. She doesn't beg for admiration or pity. And how lovely she is!"

"Now you're being obstinate," Palmer said. "You're being deliberately perverse."

He stalked away down the room, turned and came back.

"Since this girl came here you've changed. You've closed your mind against me; as if you'd slammed a door in my face; as if there were some mystery, some antagonism between us."

She faced him, her hands clasped tightly together so that the knuckles showed white.

"Don't tell Leighton what you know of this girl's past," she said. "If you do he will never again respect you."

"Tell him? Of course I'll tell him. It's my duty. Do you think I'm going to stand by and let my son lose his head——"

He rushed out of the room, crashing the door. Failure always goaded him to desperation, a sort of destructive recklessness.

Leighton was coming up toward the house, taking the stone steps two at a time, whistling.

"Kitty's in the orchard," he said. "She sent me back for her coat. Chilly down there when the sun sets."

"Wait. I want to speak to you. Are you in love with this girl?"

"Yes," Leighton said. "Why?"

Palmer remembered another, a physical blow a long time ago; a blow over the heart.

"I thought so," he said. "I feared so."

"I asked her to marry me just now. I think she will."

"Do you know," Palmer asked heavily, "who she is?"

Leighton made to pass. "I'll let Kitty tell me, if there's anything to tell!"

Palmer blocked the way.

"You're old enough to know the difference between the sort of woman you can marry and the sort to keep clear of."

Then he told Leighton where he had met Kitty Felixstone—the whole sordid story.

Leighton listened, his eyes suddenly cold.

"Let me by," he said at last, "I've heard enough."

Palmer stood aside. "I'm warning you for your own sake. You're at the beginning of your career. I don't want you to make the mistake of compromising it now."

"No," Leighton said with a sudden renewal of the fire in his eyes. "You wouldn't."

He ran up the steps, wheeled and came down.

"You've had your own way all your life," he said. "I suppose it's too late to change a habit like that! Lucky Palmer!"

Leighton laughed.

"Now you go down to the orchard and tell Kitty that I'm going back to Egypt to-morrow!"

Palmer went down to the orchard. He had never before been conscious of his weight; he moved slowly, trying to control the hard beating of his heart. He had always been lucky. Proud of it. He could handle this! At any rate Leighton was clear—the young fool! Egypt, eh? The sooner the better!

Kitty Felixstone was in the orchard. She lay beneath an old tree, the dogs all about her. With her arms crossed upon her breast she was like the Lady of Camelot.

She heard Palmer and opened her eyes. "You? Hello! I didn't hear you. I must have been asleep."

Palmer stood over her. He thought, "She looks like a little girl."

Suddenly she sat up, clasping her arms about her knees. "Is it late? Leighton has gone for my coat."

Her use of his son's name released Palmer. He sat cross-legged on one of the rugs, letting his great body down with ease.

Kitty Felixstone lifted her head. "I wonder if you know how happy I've been? Bees and clover and sunshine." She leaned forward to touch Palmer's hand. "You've given it back to me. Do you know how grateful I am?"

Palmer did not answer. He stared at her, flushing a dark uncomfortable red.

"And Leighton," she said, "your son. He has let me see into a world I knew nothing about. He is making me believe again—in myself and in life." She sank back against the tree. "I wanted to change myself. Wasn't that a sort of absolution? Well, I changed! And here I am! Happy! Do you know how happy I am?"

She laughed and stretched up her arms, lifting her body toward the trees and the sky, like a young sapling.

Palmer did not believe in evasion.

"I met Leighton in the arbor," he said, "a moment ago. He told me that he asked you to marry him. Of course, I couldn't allow that. You are not a child. You understand the reasons. I told him the truth. He asked me to tell you that he is going back to Egypt to-morrow."

Kitty Felixstone grew rigid as if suddenly turned to stone.

Palmer got up. The orchard seemed cold. There was wind in the branches. "I'm sorry," he said, "but what we sow, we must reap. There are certain things you may not have. Leighton is one of them."

She looked wildly around as if for a means of escape. Then swiftly, noiselessly, she got to her feet and ran between the trees away from him.

For some reason, obscure even to himself, Palmer rode a hard ten miles cross-country before dinner. He returned in full possession of his self-esteem.

Mary was the first to appear in the drawing-room.

"Leighton is going back to Egypt to-morrow," she said.

"Yes, I know."

"You told him, then?" (*Cont. on page* 127)

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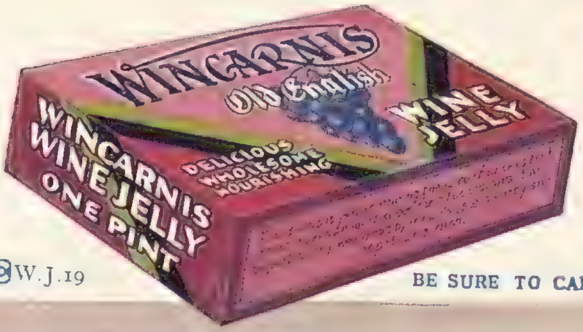

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"Of course."

She met Palmer's eyes squarely. Her lips trembled. "Then you have lost him."

Palmer laughed. "On the contrary, I've saved him."

When Leighton came in Palmer greeted him with his most Jovian smile.

"Off to-morrow, are you?"

"To-night," Leighton said shortly.

Mary caught her breath.

"Isn't Miss Felixstone coming down to dinner?"

But Kitty Felixstone was already at the door. She was wearing the hat, the dress, the short blue coat in which she had made her first appearance.

"I have come to say good-bye," she said. "Will you be good enough to drive me to the village? There is a train to London in half an hour."

Mary rose. To steady her trembling hands she held them clasped together on her breast.

"We promised to help you," she said, "and you're going away alone, unhappy, far more unhappy than when you came. Because we've failed you."

"I'm going away because I see that no one can help me. I must help myself."

Suddenly Mary held out her hands and Kitty Felixstone took them. They stood together, their eyes bright with tears.

"Thank you," Kitty Felixstone said, "and good-bye."

"Nonsense," Palmer said. "You can't go like this. Don't you see you're making us very uncomfortable? Let's be sensible and go in to dinner."

Kitty Felixstone turned. But Leighton leaped forward. He closed the door and stood against it.

"My car's outside. With my luggage. I'm driving to London to-night. Kitty, will you go with me?"

She lifted her head.

"I asked you this afternoon to marry me," Leighton insisted. "I want your answer here and now. I want the truth."

They regarded each other steadily. They might have been alone in the room.

"Do you love me?" Leighton asked.

"I love you with all my heart."

"Will you marry me?"

"Your father said——"

"Nothing my father said matters. You and I are at the beginning of our lives. In love."

"But you are going back to Egypt?"

"I want you to go with me. I love you more than anything in this world."

Kitty Felixstone caught her breath. She turned to look at Mary.

"Yes," Mary said. "Yes, I trust you."

Then, slowly, Kitty Felixstone turned to Palmer.

Palmer flushed.

WHEN Leighton and Kitty had gone, Palmer came back to Mary.

"Well," he said, "we're alone."

"It will seem very quiet," Mary said, "without them."

"Nonsense, I'm here. I'm here to stay. I'll not leave you again, I promise."

"No, no!" Mary shook her head. "Don't promise anything! Promises are chains. I couldn't be happy in that sort of prison."

"Then what? Women! Don't you ever know what you want?"

"Yes," Mary said. She smiled. "We want, most of all, love. Belief in the reality of our dreams. Faith in our gods."

"You've got me," Palmer said.

In spite of herself, Mary laughed. "But to-morrow—you'll be gone again!"

"No! I've had enough. Since I can't be king, I'll be lord of these acres of mine. This will be my kingdom. I'll rule—with you—here at home. The oak; the ash. And the green bay tree!"

He pinched her chin between thumb and forefinger, tilting her head back so that she could not avoid his eyes.

Then they went in to dinner.

END

The Dark Cloak *(Continued from page 61)*

sea. Napier plunged down the stairs, stumbled over a coiled rope, dodged a canvas-covered winch and laid his hand on Peter's rigid shoulder.

"Peter!"

"Naps!" But Peter kept his face averted.

"You've been on this ship all the time and I didn't know it!"

"I saw by the passenger list that you were aboard."

"And never looked me up! You blighter!"

Peter turned; in the light of the blazing stars his face looked like a camouflaged ship, all faintly patched with green and purple, horribly scarred. Napier felt ill.

"Liquid fire," Peter said in a voice emptied of all emotion.

"Hell! I never dreamed that you were——"

"I wouldn't mind so confoundedly much, Naps," Peter said, taking a fortifying breath, "if it weren't that I can't possibly go back to her"—he hesitated for an instant—"looking like a—gargoyle."

"I don't know where to begin, Naps," Peter said, the night before the ship was due to arrive in Tahiti. They were standing in the bow of the ship, lifting and falling rhythmically against stars and sea. "I've been dammed up so long that I've got to thinking in circles."

"Begin at the beginning, old man."

"Too long a story, but I'll give you the pith of it. When I finished college my family sent me off for a trip around the world. I was the only son; they had great hopes for me, for what I might do. I sailed from San Francisco and got as far as Tahiti. I was just twenty, and had never had even a bowing acquaintance with islands, and when you bump whack into the most beautiful one in the world—well, it bowled me completely off my feet. The cruise went on without me. I bought a cottage, just outside of town, built on a lagoon. Behind was the towering green island."

There was a slight break in Peter's voice, and he strained forward.

"Tiare was Tahiti to me. In her was all the loveliness of that soaring island."

Napier glanced at the livid whiteness of Peter's ruined face.

"One afternoon I was lying on the beach and saw her, all amber and gold, walking into the glassy water of the lagoon. She stopped, raised her bare arms, tossed back black hair and yawned. Then, seeing me, smiled. She was slim as a palm tree, delicately and gaily young. From that moment I was lost—found, rather. When I left for the war I promised her that I would come back, and here I am, alive, and unable to go to her."

"Peter, were you married to her?"

"Why, Naps, of course."

Peter waited for an instant as though unable to proceed, then continued:

"She begged and begged me not to go, insisting that white men never come back. Secure in the beauty of that island, she could not realise why I must go to war. Why did we, Naps?"

"God knows, Peter; I fancy we went for something beyond ourselves."

"Peter."

"Yes, Naps."

"After all, if she loves you, nothing should make any difference."

"You don't, can't understand. Tiare was born in beauty, cradled in it. I could no more go to her looking like this than I could deliberately walk up to a child knowing I would terrify it."

"Peter," Napier began, "has it never occurred to you——"

But Peter was keeping tryst with memories and did not hear, and Napier was glad. Perhaps, after all, life had wisdom in making it impossible for him to go back. Fidelity such as was Peter's was hardly likely to find its counterpart in a half-caste girl, delicately and gaily young, as Peter had expressed it. Probably she had had a dozen lovers during his absence, perhaps she had grown fat.

Feeling Peter's eyes upon him, he turned.

"Naps."

"Yes, Peter?"

"There's something I've been wanting to ask you to do for me." Peter hesitated.

"Fire away, you ass; you know damn well that there isn't anything——"

Peter gave him a long, strange look.

"To-morrow, when we get to Tahiti"—Peter paused—"will you—will you——"

Napier's heart missed a beat.

"Will I what?"

"You know what I'm going to ask you to do for me. You are the image of what I used to be——"

"A bit more battered," Napier interrupted with a mirthless laugh.

Peter gripped the railing.

"Will you go and see her, Naps? Keep my promise for me?"

After a silence Napier said:

"But hasn't it occurred to you that she might want, expect, me to stay?"

Peter did not answer, but Napier saw his soul looking out of splendid eyes set in a ruin of a face.

(Continued on page 128)

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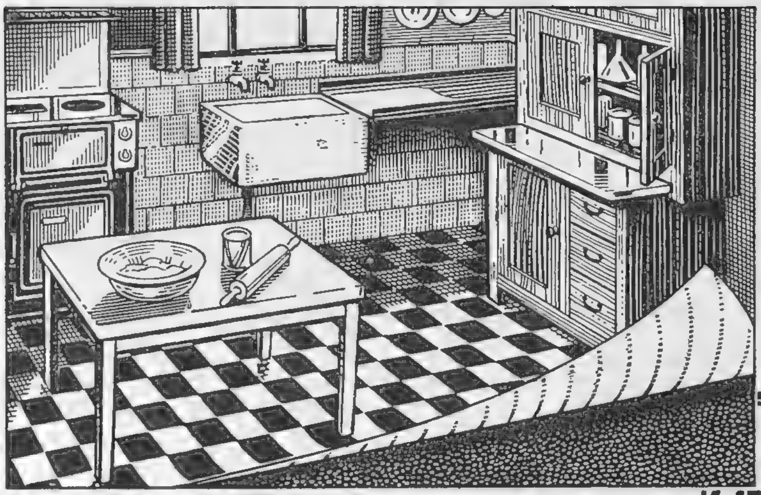

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NAPIER halted at the fork of the white coral road. Green and blue, blue and green, air like glass and gold. A shining silence, a shining loneliness, smoking white line of surf.

A sort of terror swept him. No man could lie in the face of beauty: it would be like blaspheming God. And yet he had left the ship with the full intention of lying, to spare Peter and—himself. He would go ashore, spend the day seeing the island, and return, telling Peter that the woman he so passionately and faithfully loved was dead. Better that than ghastly revelations, better that than possible, more ghastly complications. But Napier knew he could not do it now with the awe-inspiring island above as witness to his perfidy.

He stared at the fork of road leading towards the sea.

He saw a house built on the edge of the flaming green shallows of a lagoon, and stopped dead. From within came the thin, tinny sound of a worn-out phonograph. In the garden a woman walked slowly. His heart clenched; then he started forward, face and body one great determination. When he reached the little bamboo gate the woman glanced up, and he was faintly shocked at her obesity

"Tiare"—he tried his voice.

The woman froze.

"Tiare is inside," she said in French. "Wait! I will tell her that—you have come back!"

With almost indecent haste she hurried across the coral-strewn garden, Napier following. Seeing him at her heels, she ran up the steps and the dim coolness of the house engulfed her. Napier halted, looking about him. Peter's pathetic Paradise. A simple, roomy structure built, mostly, of bamboo. He went up the steps, entering a large apartment which faced the water. From an inner room came guarded voices in tense, hurried consultation, blurred by the sound of the phonograph, which, in the excitement of the moment, the occupants within had forgotten to turn off. He listened, trying to overhear what was being said, heard a cry, quickly stifled, and the sound of bare feet hurriedly leaving the house by a back door. His face hardened. Some lover sent away!

Well, the lie he had made up his mind to tell would suffice.

The sound of a door opening brought his heart into his mouth with a sickening leap. A woman, who was still lingeringly a girl, in some extraordinary way, stood across the room. Her exotic face, faintly stamped with a strange, moving terror, was framed by clouds of black unbound hair. Above the crimson and white *pareu* wrapping her slight body, bare arms reached for him.

"Tiare!"

"Pierre!"

Napier was moved at the suppressed passion in her voice, which seemed to hold all the beauty of the waiting island, sunshine and the sea. He expected her to rush to him, but she waited in the doorway, motionless. He went to her. Fragrant arms clasped him, a head thumped down upon his heart. He was deeply affected. Instinct told him that this was love which had known life's threshing floor.

He thought of the steps he had heard hastening away.

The blood in his veins tingled fiercely and bitterly as though it had suddenly turned to acid. He looked at the face now upturned to his and felt that life had completely betrayed Peter by keeping this woman beautiful, as children are beautiful, in a lighted way. He estimated she must be about twenty-six and that she must have been fifteen when Peter married her.

All the morning he felt as though he were betraying this girl who clung to his arm, leading him slowly through the scantily furnished house, showing him this and that. They came to the battered phonograph on a table beside what he suspected was her bed. She laid an affectionate hand upon it.

" Remember, you buy this for me when you go away ? Always I playing these songs you sing to me," and her expressive fingers lingered upon a pile of worn records.

" I forget." She clasped her fingers about his arm. " I forget, I am so happy ! Now you want to take off your shoes and put on *pareu*. They hanging behind that curtain where you keep them before. Never I let anybody touch."

Napier felt himself growing red. She expected him to remove his clothes and wrap himself in a width of red cotton flowered in white, such as she was wearing. He had not the remotest idea how to put it on.

" You have forgotten, Pierre, how to put it on ? " the girl asked. " You like I show you how again ? "

Napier broke into a profuse perspiration.

" No, Tiare, I will not wear a *pareu* to-day. I have a cold."

" Never mind. Sit down and I take off your shoes."

" You shan't wait upon me, Tiare. I will take them off myself."

" Pierre, you just like before, never letting me do anything for you, but always you doing things for me."

They went into the garden and sat on cool white sand facing the peaks of Moorea.

" You come back, Pierre, just like you say, and always people telling me that never you come any more ! " the girl kept repeating, lashes weighted with happy tears. There was a tragic quality to the beauty of her face which was that of a person who has stared into darkness. What on earth should, could he do ? Peter was entirely right : a being like Tiare, born amid such lavish beauty, an integral part of it, could not help but recoil, shocked, from such ghastly disfigurement as was poor Peter's.

" Now you staying with me always, Pierre," the girl whispered, as though she feared to awake sleeping gods. She held his hand against his heart, staring with unseeing eyes before her. "I am shame and sorry that I have curse God when I have sorrow. My mother always telling to me, if I do like that God punish me—more. But—I am bless ! Always the good Fathers telling He have mercy, and now I knowing it is true ! "

The large brown woman who was Tiare's mother appeared at the steps and called out in French.

" *Ma mère* say now we go in and eat."

Napier rose, with the girl clinging to his arm, and started for the house. She seemed dazed with happiness and twice he saved her from falling.

" Oh, Pierre, I can only see you ! Am I not a silly girl ? "

ON any other occasion Napier would have enjoyed the simple meal of crisp French bread, red wine, and a salad dressed with coconut cream and lemon juice with a hint of garlic. Tiare's mother waited upon them. He heard her conversing with people in the kitchen, and saw a small girl, quite evidently Tiare's sister, peeping shyly at him from the door. He smiled and recognised from the sound of her footsteps that she had been the person who had left so hastily when he entered the house that morning. Tiare's fingers found his and clasped them.

" You have enough to eat, Pierre ? "

" Plenty, thank you, Tiare, but you have eaten absolutely nothing yourself."

" I am full of—happiness," she laughed. " This evening you will go back to Papeete for your things. Why did you not bring them ? "

" I was afraid that perhaps you had forgotten me or might not be glad I came back."

" You think I want other man after wonderful lover like you ? " she laughed. Then more solemnly : " And I am your—wife. The priest have marry us."

All the afternoon he felt as though he were moving under an intolerable weight. There was no doubting the quality of Tiare's love. It was kin to Peter's. He was unpleasantly aware that Tiare's mother, little sister, and a noble, grizzled old man who showed traces of French blood, whom he suspected to be Tiare's (*Continued on page* 130)

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father, watched him in a tense, peculiar way. Did they suspect him of being the impostor that he was, or were they all trying to keep something from him, or only afraid that he might board the steamer and sail away? They kept passing through the garden, occupying themselves with trivial tasks, but Tiare did not appear to notice it.

Napier watched the coconut trees. Moving under the light wind, they looked homeless and sad. Then he looked at the girl beside him.

He sat silent, frightened to attempt to make references to the past in which he had had no share, lest he betray himself and Peter.

His fingers found and crunched a handful of moist sand. What to do! He prayed. God, find some way out! Help Peter and this girl!

He realised, shocked, that while he had been praying he had dropped the sand and been fiercely kneading Tiare's fingers. She smiled up at him and his heart went to water. Napier shivered as though a reminding hand had been laid on his shoulder. The ship sailed in three hours. No light ahead. No way out. He felt tired and old, useless.

The girl turned towards the breeze, then laid a bare arm across Napier's knees.

"Better now you go get your things. The ship sailing at eight. You will come back, you will not leave me again!" Then, in a different voice: "But God not like that. He have forgive me because I have curse Him when I have sorrow."

Napier was relieved, though he thought it strange, that she made no attempt to accompany him. Her presence halted the working of the machinery of his mind. They returned to the house, filled with sombre twilight. Tiare's mother looked at him in a peculiar, expectant fashion, and he felt drowned in guilt. Tiare, divining that he was about to make a move to go, clung to him. From some distant point of the shore curving along the lagoon, he heard the thin, blue note of a conch shell being repeatedly blown.

After a little he disengaged himself and went down the steps. Flying footsteps sounded and Tiare fell in a small, crumpled heap down the steps. He picked her up, realising that she was terrified, like a child caught in something.

"Are you hurt, Tiare?" he asked, holding her for Peter, closely, comfortingly, as he would have held a child.

She shook her head, disengaged herself and sat down, slowly and carefully, on the lowest step. Napier laid his hand on her head and walked away.

Following footsteps halted him. Turning he saw Tiare's mother coming, and felt ill and tired. She took violent hold of his shoulders and spoke fiercely and vehemently in French. Napier understood sufficient, and a sort of shocked relief swept through him. To his utter astonishment he embraced the woman's yielding bulk. He talked to her in French; she looked unbelieving, but when he started off made no effort to prevent it.

He hurried towards the lights of Papeete, winking like jewels through breaks in coconut groves. He won the streets of the gay and shabby little town, saw the gleam of polished water, broken by groups of small pearl and copra schooners tethered to cannons on the grey sea wall. Beyond was the huge black shape of the liner tied to the only dock, its lighted portholes like a line of hot, staring eyes.

He hurried up the gang plank.

Down the deck, in a shadow between two lighted cabins, he saw Peter.

"Peter."

"Yes?"

"You can go to her."

"For God's sake, Naps, explain!"

"Peter"—Napier commanded his voice with difficulty—"she is—blind!"

When the ship steamed out it was dark, but Napier could distinguish the diadem of peaks against the stars. He straightened up, feeling as though he owed life an apology, and a dark cloak which had seemed to wrap him slipped off and sank into the sea.

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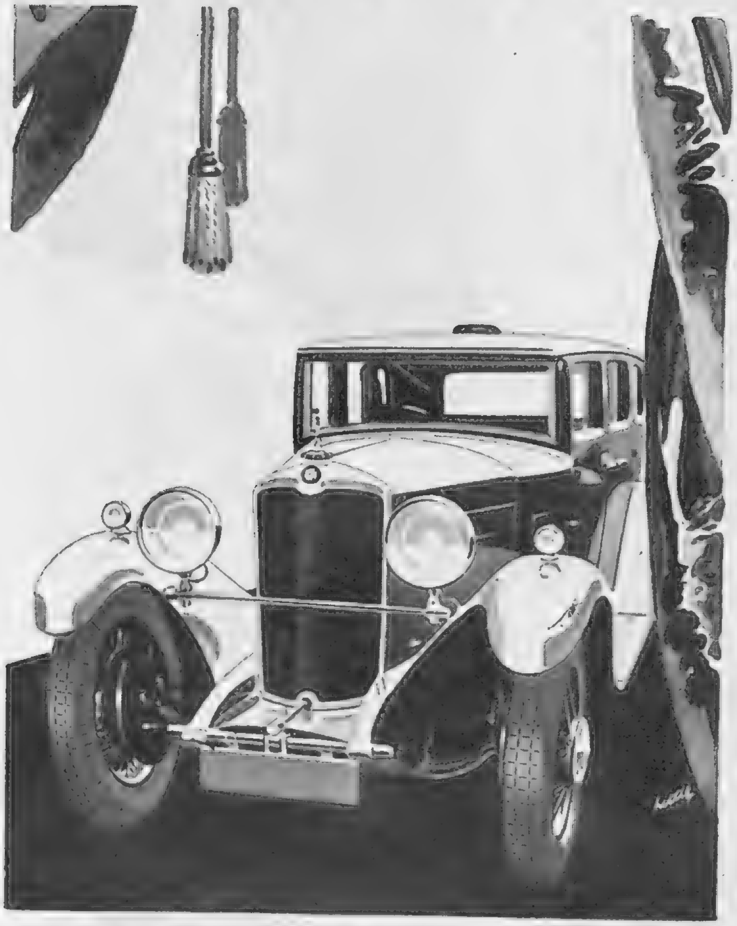

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(*after Thomas Hood*)

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A house where I had tea,
The little widow with a son
Who brought his car for me.
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His engine ran so well;
His secret was SHELLUBRICATE,
His only oil was SHELL.

I remember, I remember,
How soon I realised
That only mugs need have their plugs
So oft decarbonised.
No engine troubles come your way,
And you can laugh at Fate
And get much nearer heav'n to-day
If you SHELLUBRICATE!

By Harry Graham

SHELLUBRICATE!

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At all Chemists

M-O
MAGNESIA-OIL
(Musterole Brand)

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

La dame aux Camélias

(*Continued from page* 21)

she responded. "Think of it! Here we are in the middle of June, and I haven't tasted one yet!"

He bought her a sackful and stood beside her to enjoy the pleasure she found in the fruit . . . and to watch the quiver of her lips and the sparkle of her teeth as she bit into every new morsel. Thus, six months after her descent upon Paris, Alphonsine Plessis had already found admirers. It was at a *bal* where students mingled with gentlemen of the Right Bank and women of every sort that she met the Duke de Guiche. It was he who changed her from Alphonsine to Marie.

SOMEBODY had to teach the girl where she might best have her lovely hair arranged into that rustling waved coiffure which was the mode. Somebody had to see that she had masters in even such elementary subjects as writing, conversation, music and manners. It was the Duke de Guiche to whom this credit goes.

Marie Duplessis had come into being, metamorphosed out of "La Belle Normande," Alphonsine Plessis. The perfect oval face was framed in "raven locks" and the dark eyes had somehow acquired a mysterious dignity made up of serene and yet passionate expectancy. She had come to know real gentlemen, and to appreciate a man's fortune from the cut of his waistcoat.

Marie had one great unrequited love . . . the theatre. She followed the theatre in the criticisms of the reviews and in the gossip of the stage-door. She met several of the younger actresses through those arbiters of elegance, her friends of the Jockey Club. But she wanted to become an actress herself.

Marie turned first to an actress. Mlle. Judith was famous. Mlle. Judith fell ill. Off went Marie Duplessis to purchase flowers and have them left every morning without a card at the door of the sick woman's home. What could be more calculated to rouse curiosity and interest? Marie Duplessis' stratagem with her own sex seems as sure as that which she deployed to win mere men. Of course Mlle. Judith begged the unknown friend to reveal herself and visit her.

Mlle. Judith was delighted to meet her. Already, however, Marie Duplessis was suffering from a severe trouble with her lungs.

Nothing daunted, Marie searched for other sponsors. She met Dumas *fils*, and allowed him to fall in love with her. She permitted him to bring his father into their loge at the theatre one evening, literally by the coat-tails, so that she might kiss him and scold him for never paying any attention to her.

Dumas had refused to make himself ridiculous—at his age—waiting round for some beauty before the clock at the opera. But he now promised to do what he could to aid her career on the stage. Had his son enjoyed the slightest perspicacity, he might have seen that he was being held in golden chains not only for himself, but for his father. But Dumas *fils* was in love.

He remained faithful to Marie until one day, when she had cancelled an engagement with him, he saw the carriage of a rival draw up before her door. Then he broke off their affair, and two months later the friendship between them ended when she quarrelled over his inability to obtain a loge at the *première* of his father's *Three Musketeers*.

WHEN Dumas heard that his Dame aux Camélias was dying, he was in Spain. Dumas started back to Paris. On the way he imagined the poignant scene where at the last he might take her in his arms and forgive her for having misunderstood and used him, only to cast him aside—for already he had forgotten that it was he who had written: "I am not rich enough to love you as I wish, nor poor enough to be loved

(*Continued on page* 134)

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"MOTHERSILL'S" quickly stops or prevents all forms of travel sickness by relieving this strain and strengthening the organs of balance so that they are able to function in a normal manner. You can travel by sea, train, auto or air in perfect comfort through its use. 62

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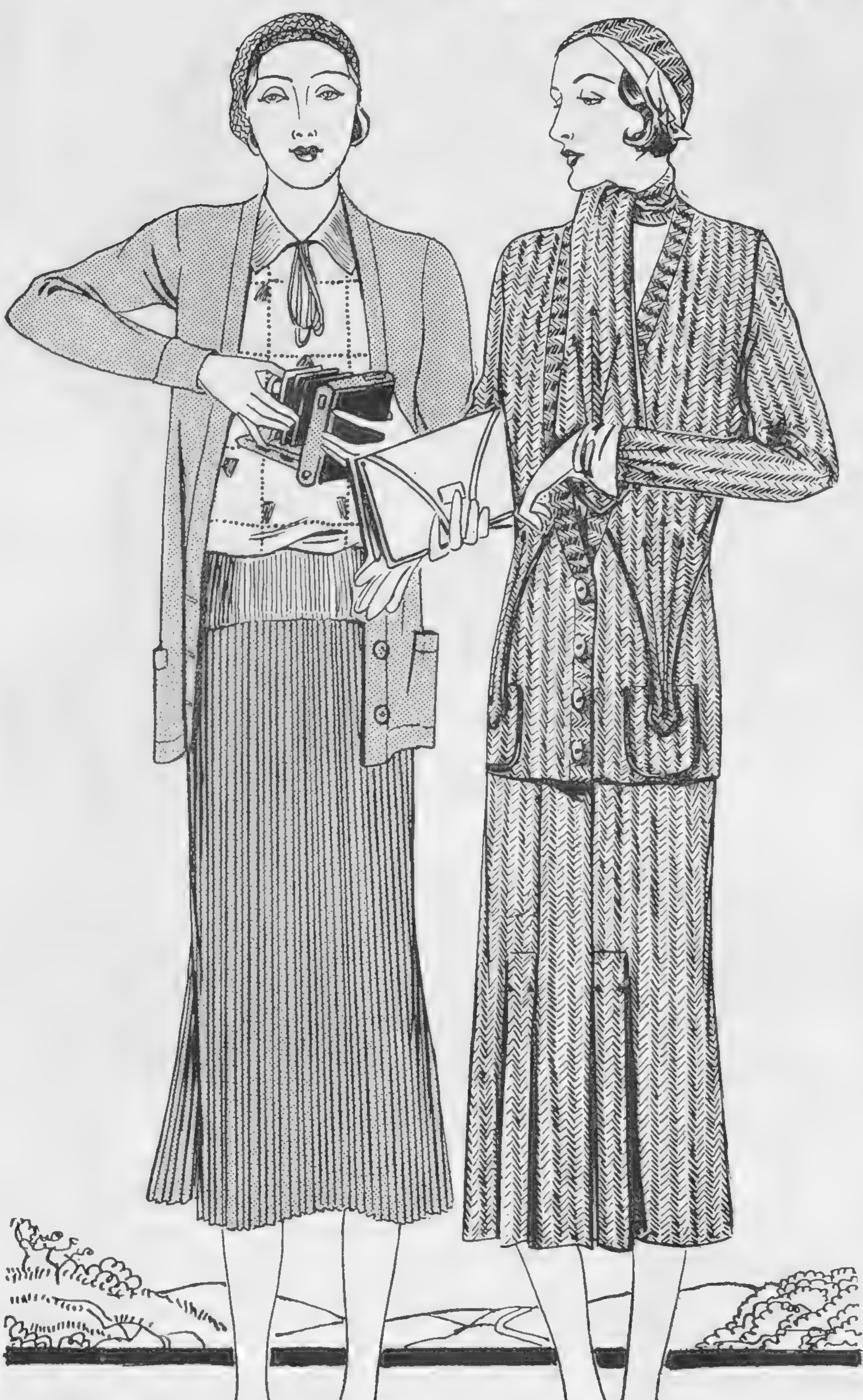

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS

USEFUL THREE-PIECE SUIT (as illustration No. 1), for early Spring wear, knitted in a featherweight woollen yarn, the cardigan and finely ribbed skirt in a plain colour: attractive natural jumper embroidered to match the suit, with new short sleeve. In navy, black, green, cherry, saxe, beige and grey. In Small Women's and Women's sizes **79/6**

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Sizes: 24—36 ins.

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as you desire." He would be alone with her at the supreme moment, finding in her look of gratitude the recompense for his unselfish return, his faithfulness unto death. In reality, he wasted two months in Marseilles, and arrived too late.

Marie Duplessis was dead when Dumas came posting back to Paris. He visited the apartment on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, glowered at the curiosity seekers and went home and wrote a poem to "M. D." in a single burst. When, within the next few months, first he and then his father went bankrupt for hundreds of thousands of francs, he heeded the elder man's advice: "The best way for you to pull out of this, you young scamp, is to write something and sell it." First he wrote a novel, and then he wrote a play, about his Dame aux Camélias. To the purely private financial troubles of the Dumas family Marie Duplessis owes her immortality.

Alphonsine Plessis, "La Belle Normande," had reached the stage at last. Her ambition, however, had been granted her in that same back-hand manner that fulfilled Macbeth's. If she has ever looked back from beyond the grave she must have felt that Dumas had made her far more romantic and warm-hearted than she really was. Marie Duplessis had created herself complete out of the somewhat unpromising material of Alphonsine Plessis, the country girl! That was perhaps a greater achievement than to have acted with all the noble self-sacrifice which Dumas foists upon her in his drama. Not even George Sand was her superior in choosing the greatest men of the day to be her lovers, and in imposing herself and her personality upon a scandalised but fascinated world.

End

Underdogs *of the* Sea

(*Continued from page* 49)

there hasn't been a fish fished since that night."

It must (although they would hit you for suggesting it) be the beauty of the sea that keeps many of these under-dogs at it. I was fishing in a drifter off the Shetlands. One night we "shot" off the Skerries, and a last slant of sun coming from a rift in the clouds lighted up the high rocky headland so that for an instant it flashed like an opal. A Swedish fisherman rolled past, "shooting" between us and the shore. We lay to two miles of net. About midnight I left the cosy cabin and came out into the darkness. It was cold. The seas were black and shiny. There was a moon somewhere, and looking under our mizzen I saw a silver pool far astern of us, and the riding lights of some of the drifters on the edge of it. Beside me sat a Shetlander who had served on a mine-sweeper.

"Get a land job?" he said suddenly. "Yes—in a minute—to-night, to-day—this minute!"

He growled that he was fed up with the sea. It had only one virtue: on it a man who had part share in a ship was his own boss.

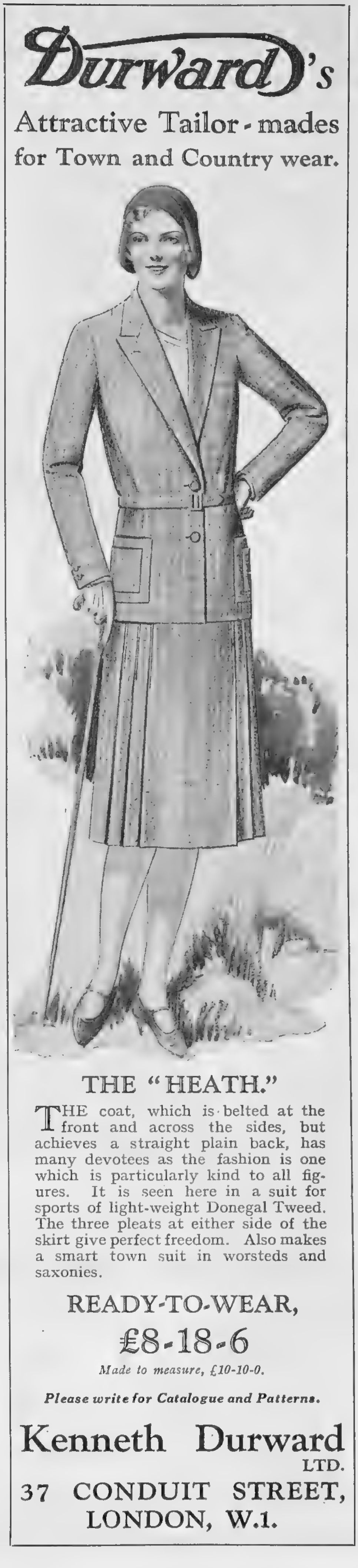
Steam hissed, the capstan went chuggle-chuggle-chuggle, and four men in the well began to haul in the two miles of net.

I was aghast at its emptiness. It came in black and glistening, phosphorescent. A few herring fluttered in its meshes and were snapped into the well or on the deck, where they glowed like iridescent chips of metal . . .

"Four crans," grunted the Shetlander, looking at the silver chips. "We've been working for nothing!"

The grey clouds became opals. Coral. And then their ridges glowed with yellow fire. For a minute, as the sun passed a rift, sky, ship, fish, and the slanting seas were shot with warm gold—and then it was a grey, rainy day. "Orient," "Children's Trust," "River Nile," "Venus Star," "Camperdown" and "Kitchener," we raced back to port.

End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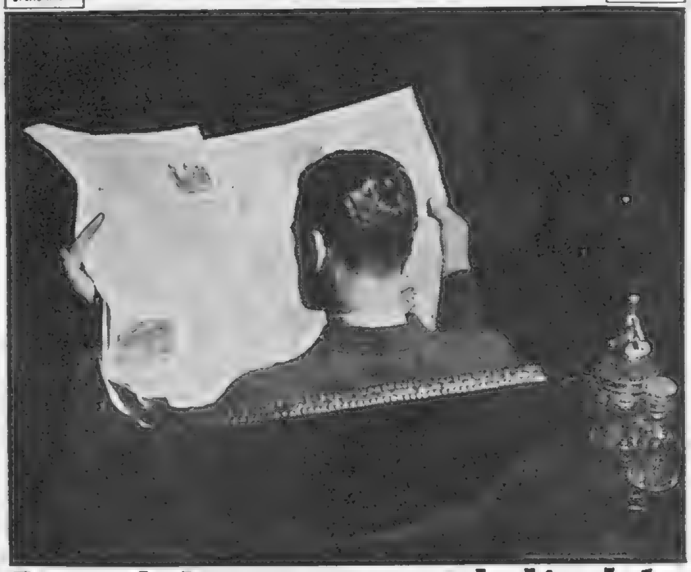

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To Account Rendered

(Continued from page 39)

Well, then, a week later, we had two failures in one night, "Frailties" at the Phœnix, and "Bed Rock" at the Apollo, both dismal efforts, the first one a venture on which Dion Titheradge, the author, had staked some of his own money, and the second an adaptation by H. F. Maltby of something written years ago by Basil Macdonald Hastings out of something planned by Eden Phillpotts.

Anyway, I did not object to "Frailties." I knew that being there stopped me from going to "Bed Rock."

A dramatist friend of mine, who was with his wife at "Bed Rock" that evening, said, "How lucky Hannen Swaffer is to be at 'Frailties.'"

Little did he know two of the year's worst plays had failed on the same night.

"Frailties" ran for four nights, and "Bed Rock" lasted for another week.

Then, on the Monday and Tuesday, came a respite. At the Criterion, we saw "After All," which was nearly a really good play. Since "Milestones" gave us the same sort of incidents in three periods, we have had other plays like that, that prove the truth of the French proverb, "The more things change, the more they remain the same."

John van Druten, with a little extra craftsmanship, would have turned something that was human and appealing into something really out of the ordinary.

ON the next night, I dreaded the worst. They made me go to the Lyric at quarter to six at night, when I found all sorts of silly Bright Young Things in evening dress, shut out from the first act, as I was, there because they thought it was "the thing" to see a play which had run in New York for two years, even although it lasted for nearly five hours.

I went prepared to sneer. I resented the idea that a dramatist should make a play longer by making us listen to what people thought, as well as to what they said. I objected to the idea that an author should go back a century for his scheme, and turn on asides to interfere with action.

The truth is that, after being bored for an act, I discovered, at the end of the ninth, which finished the play, that a large audience had sat patiently through a deep-searching analysis of a human heart in all its emotions.

"Strange Interlude," for that, of course, is the name of Eugene O'Neill's mighty work, was the great dramatic experience of the first two months of 1931.

Then, a few nights later, we saw "The Rocklitz," which was the first George Preedy play that Marjorie Bowen admitted she had written. My heavens, how dull! The actors were given speeches to say which were clumsy and old-fashioned in phrasing.

It proved, again, that what you can say in a book you cannot put upon the stage.

Well, that ran just over a fortnight, although it was reprieved once, for a week.

Even "Kong," too, only had a three-weeks' run—"Kong," which Oscar Asche had been talking about for years, "Kong," which was said to stage old-time China perfectly, "Kong," which had Oscar Asche and Lyn Harding and Godfrey Tearle, "Kong," which was put on in the beautiful Cambridge Theatre with exquisite scenery and most beautiful dresses.

Frankly, it was terrible. The management was angry with the press. It could not understand that the press had much more reason for being angry with the management.

There were tortures. Oscar Asche, who, at the end, almost apologised, said he was old and fat but he hoped there would still be work for the aged and the adipose, committed the unconscious humour, half way through, of dying as a mandarin in his rickshaw while his enemy, Godfrey Tearle, incarcerated in a cage, hurled maledictions and then someone *(Continued on page 138)*

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Here is a fine Spring model, a shapely shoe fit for all outdoor occasions, carrying with it the Norwell guarantee of "perfect satisfaction or money refunded."

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State size and send pencil outline of foot on paper. Your money will willingly be refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied.
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You will find it useful and interesting. It is replete with guaranteed footwear for all occasions.

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women of all ages
men both old and young
join in praise
of
MADE IN 3 SIZES, OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE PRICES 3/6, 7/-, 10/6
RED FOR DARK HAIR, GOLDEN FOR FAIR AND GREY HAIR
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Shelley CHINA
Write for a Copy of the Silver Book with coloured Illustrations to SHELLEY POTTERIES LTD., DEPT. B, LONGTON, STAFFS.

said, speaking of the mandarin's death, "Chang-King has passed into the upper air."

A few unkind people laughed at this, and so, on the second night, the line was cut.

Well, after being talked of for years, "Kong" ran three weeks.

"Supply and Demand," which followed immediately afterwards at the Haymarket, ran even less.

This is the sort of comedy which, ten years ago, would have run six months—the story of Anglo-Indians, who, returning to the mother country, find things changed. The humour of Aimée and Philip Stuart seemed babyish to us, but we might not have thought so ten years ago. American wisecracks, I believe, have spoiled us for boy-and-girl humour.

Next night, we saw something even worse, a long and boring play called "The Man Who Pays the Piper," written by Gladys Stern, a novelist.

The management read the notices and, in half an hour, decided to take the play off at the end of the week. So it ran five nights.

Next night, we had it even worse, "The Ninth Man," a so-called thriller, was so ingenuous that, when a doctor shot at a detective, he walked up to him and, after examining him, said he was dead, whereas, not long after that, the detective crept out of his coffin and went on detecting again. Not even in melodrama of the silliest old-fashioned provincial type, have I ever seen such a ludicrous incident as this.

Once again, members of the company blamed the press for what they said.

I must place on record that this drama was not written by Hannen Swaffer. It was written by Frederick Jackson, who must bear all the blame.

THEN, the next night, came "The Gay Princess," which imported into the London theatre a Viennese actress who need not have worried, which was boring, one of those Viennese operette sort of things which started with a cocktail bar, of course, and went on with an imaginary kingdom.

That lasted just over a week.

Now that was a nice week, wasn't it—four dreadful plays and that was all.

Then, fortunately, London saw a bit of Marion Lorne again. After all, she is one of the sights of London. She has only to come on the stage and be stupidly fatuous, and whatever play it is, the play is redeemed while she is there. This time, it is "Good Losers." This new Marion Lorne play, "Good Losers," was written by Michael Arlen and Walter Hackett.

Then, the next night, "Etienne," a nasty play about a dirty little boy, and brought specially from Paris, nearly proved, by running only just over a week, as "Topaze" did, and "Desiré," that the French theatre has nothing on the English stage, bad as ours is. They are made of Paris, not plaster of Paris. You cannot cart them about.

Well, then, "Who Goes Next?" came next. Two journalists made the "Journey's End" idea dull.

Do not worry. I am nearly at the end.

There was "Money, Money," adapted from the Italian, in which Leon M. Lion enjoyed acting an eccentric part so much that he ought to have paid me for going to see him, and "My Sister and I," a musical comedy, which merely brought back Joe Coyne and George Grossmith—this ran exactly a week—and "The Venetian," which will please any highbrow person sufficiently lowbrow to go to a theatre.

Now you wouldn't believe it, would you, that the year of grace 1931 had merely done that to us in two long months?

The London stage is not an inspiration. It is an abyss. It moves on, not from wonder to wonder, but from blunder to blunder.

First nighters go, now, to see their names in the papers—and then they go away and laugh.

When will the Great Idea be born?

END

What a demonstration on your lawn will prove

Whilst the famous Atco Motor Mower has proved itself unrivalled for use on the largest and finest stretches of turf in the country, thousands of owners of small lawns have proved conclusively that Atco is also unrivalled for use in their less pretentious gardens. Among the fourteen models—which include a new De Luxe range—there is a convenient size for every lawn.

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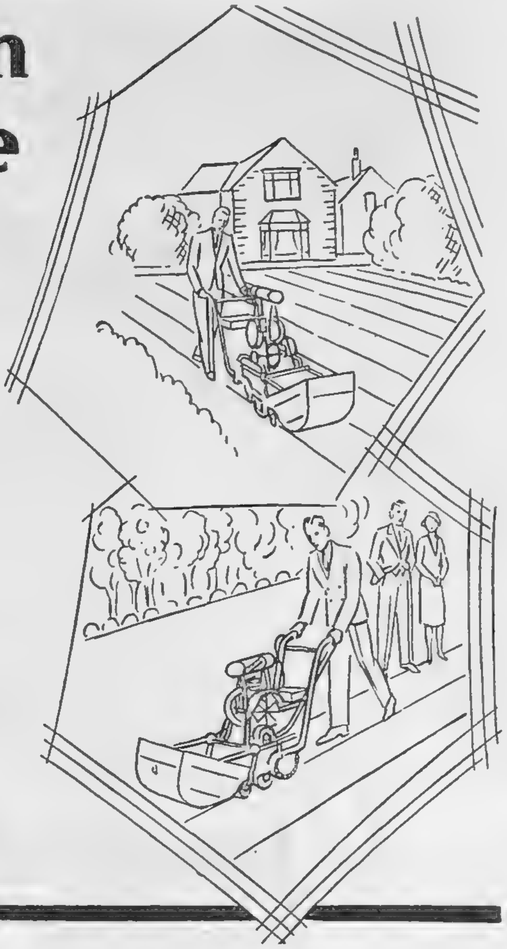

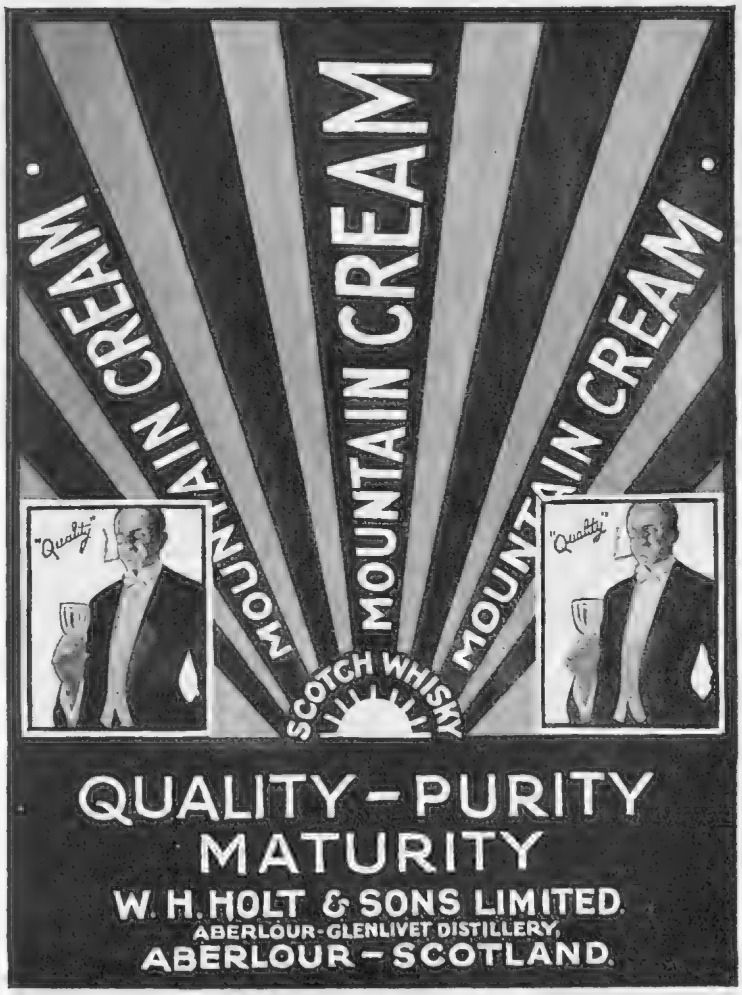

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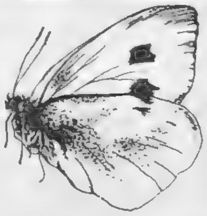

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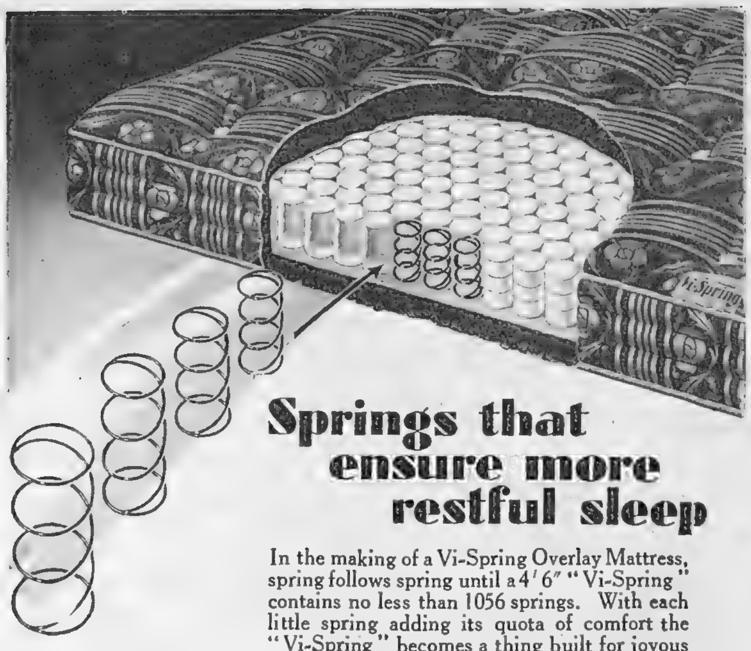

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Vi-Spring Mattress

The Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress is stocked and recommended by all reliable House Furnishers.

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See Stand No. 63, Ground Floor, Grand Hall, Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, April 7—May 2.

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IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA

and see the—

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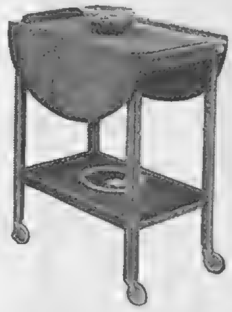
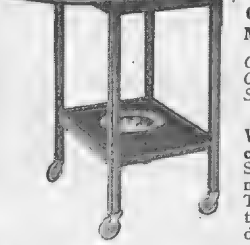


When the flaps are down, flanges prevent china and glass from slipping off. Made in two heights: ordinary table height, 2 ft. 7 in. high; lounge table height, 2 ft. 1 in. high, suitable for serving tea from a lounge chair or settee.



When opened as a Table the flanges fit down into grooves in the top, leaving a perfectly smooth oval surface, 2 ft. by 3 ft. Prices, either height, mounted on 3-in. rubber castors:

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Write for free pattern card of "Sunshot" Artificial Silk, 48 ins. wide. British made. Our own speciality. The brightest fabric for interior furnishing yet produced. Per yard, **2/11**

Write for our Booklet—"The Charm of Style"

SPRIGGS
Complete House Furnishers

Wm. Spriggs & Co. Ltd.,
238, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.

Twenty-four Hours

(*Continued from page 27*)

Not all the French have thus been trapped. General de Wimpffen and a gallant few thousands are still on the field of battle, stoutly trying to maintain a hopeless position, in imminent fear of being surrounded.

5 *p.m.*—The carnage is now indescribable. The Emperor Napoleon stands in the shelter of a church. Before his eyes a party of seven officers are mutilated beyond recognition by a bomb; everyone is saying that the Germans must have closed in upon the sides of the town.

The moment has come. . . .

"It is my turn to pay the penalty," says the Emperor. "Hoist a white flag." Two men move unwillingly up the stairs of the church steeple carrying a bed-sheet.

Colonel Fauve has just heard the Emperor's awful order. He tears after the men and the white flag of surrender has fluttered but for a moment before it is violently torn down.

"God forbid that we have forgotten how to die bravely!" cries Fauve.

General de Wimpffen, galloping back to the town, sees the white flag disappear. As he hurries orders are issued to his staff for a retreating movement that may yet extricate his army from the appalling disaster into which they have been thrown by lack of good leadership.

But look—the white flag flutters again above burning Sedan! The firing is ceasing.

5.30 *p.m.*—A certain Lt.-Col. von Broussart, in his Prussian breast-plate and high boots, has just ridden to the gates of the town and been confronted by the Emperor himself, leaning on a heavy stick—a sick and aged man.

"Your Majesty," he says in French, "I have come to demand your surrender."

"Apply to General de Wimpffen," the Emperor replies abruptly. "He is in charge now." And then turns back into the town's battered gates.

7 *p.m.*—Adjutant-General Reille has just returned with Lt.-Col. von Broussart to the Prussian camp. King William, Bismarck (the Chancellor), and Moltke the victorious field-marshal, await them. Terms of surrender are discussed.

7.15 *p.m.*—With this flaming day crowned by a crimson sunset, King William of Prussia starts out in an open carriage to drive to his headquarters at Vendresse. Every yard of the road is lined with cheering soldiers.

11 *p.m.*—A letter has just been despatched to the Emperor Napoleon: from the King who will surely soon be Emperor to the man whose empire now seems almost lost.

"Although regretting the circumstances under which we now meet, I accept Your Majesty's sword," it begins, and ends "*je sois de votre Majesté, le bon frère. William.*"

12 *p.m.*—There is much drinking and singing at Vendresse. In Sedan lies a stout little man in great physical agony. Behind him stands the country which—despite all his vainglorious indiscretions—has been raised during his reign to heights of great prosperity.

And around him lie the bodies of 17,000 French soldiers! Will he surrender in the morning?

Or sacrifice the remaining 80,000 that *la gloire* may be appeased?

5 *a.m., September 2nd.*—The Emperor Napoleon has left his sleepless bed early. A coach driven by Prussians awaits him. He is to be taken a few miles away to the Château Bellevue at Frenois. During the night—without reference to either the Emperor or the Government—the surrender has become an accomplished fact. From the wreck of Sedan the Prussians will retrieve 558 guns; and 82,000 French soldiers will be placed in captivity.

8 *a.m.*—A few miles away King William of Prussia sets off for Donchery, where Moltke awaits him. Then, while the King sits patiently on the battlefield's heights, the great Prussian soldier and the helmeted Chancellor go to meet the beaten Emperor on his arrival at Frenois.

(*Continued on page 142*)

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to own a
PORTABLE
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Think what an UNDERWOOD Portable means to you . . .

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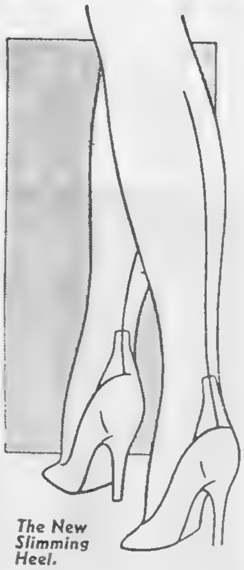
Phyllis Monkman

No Wrinkles—when ankles are Tailored-in-Pure-Silk

The chic woman knows the beauty of pure lines. For pure lines are de rigueur to distinguished appearance.

For this reason clever women will not permit stocking wrinkles to mar the lines of the foot. To do so would be to spoil the tout ensemble.

To eliminate the risk they ask firmly for Jackdaw Stockings . . . the only brand with the Tailored-in-Pure-Silk feature compelling perfect fit and snug sleekness . . . even after repeated washings.


The New Slimming Heel.

Jackdaw Stockings are a dress luxury every woman can afford. Fully-Fashioned from 4/11 per pair. Obtainable almost everywhere. Should difficulty arise apply for address of nearest dealer to: Jackdaw Hosiery, Leith House, 22 Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

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YOUR first Clasmic Pack will be a thrilling experience never to be forgotten. For Clasmic Pack, developed by 13 years of research and improvement in the famous Boncilla Laboratories, is the quickest way known to a lovely complexion.

You smooth a fragrant, soothing, creamy substance on your face. After thirty minutes see the results—your face amazingly refreshed, fatigue lines utterly removed, colour in the cheeks no rouge can bring; crows' feet, blackheads, pimples gone; enlarged pores closed; a smoother, softer, more lovely skin.

Secure Boncilla Clasmic Pack, exactly the same as used in the most famous Beauty Salons of Europe and America, from your chemist, hairdresser, or store ***in tubes or jars from 1/3***. The cost per treatment is a few pence—money refunded if you are not delighted.

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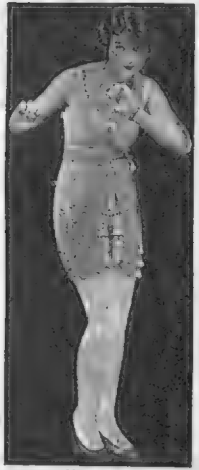
Royal Acta REGD.

Charm & Grace



Thousands of women definitely obtain *charm* and *grace* by wearing the ROYAL ACTA SUPERB SLENDERBELT. It is a perfectly adjustable garment and does actually reduce hips, thighs, and abdomen.

Its lightness and comfort appeal alike to the *Athletic Girl* and the *Matron*.

To realise that youthful poise of figure desired by all women you must wear a ROYAL ACTA SUPERB SLENDERBELT.

ENTIRELY BRITISH!

Obtainable from your usual retailer. When ordering by post state size of waist and quality required.

Ask for Model W24C.

FLESH PINK - - **45/9**

Write for Illustrated Brochure B.E. of this and other models from

THE ACTA CORSET CO. LTD.
8, Well Street, London, E.C.1.

He is escorted to the terrace by Bismarck. "He looks a dying man" is the Iron Chancellor's description of Napoleon.

1 *p.m.*—Just as the clock strikes the hour King William rides up the avenue of the Château Bellevue with a cavalcade behind him. As he dismounts the Emperor Napoleon III appears on the terrace. "Pray be seated," says the Emperor of the French to the King of the Prussians.

They sit down together.

The Emperor has surrendered! Not to save his own life, but to save the lives of 82,000 of his countrymen! It is an act of great humanity; but, alas, it is not the act of a great soldier

EPILOGUE.

It is two o'clock on the afternoon of September 2nd, 1870. In the past twenty-four hours the proud French Empire has been made to bite the dust.

At this hour King William is starting out on a five-hour ride through his victorious regiments, already preparing for the march that will lead them to the siege of Paris, and afterwards to those dreadful hours in the Palace of Versailles when Alsace and Lorraine will be signed away by France by a stroke of the pen.

The news of the greatest military debacle of modern times is already being flashed across the telegraph lines of the world; and in a few hours time M. Jules Favre will propose in the Chambre des Députés that "the Emperor and his Dynasty have forfeited all national rights." No longer the Emperor, but no longer even a Frenchman!

In a few months this last of the great Bonapartes will cross to England to die, proving once again that the path of Napoleonic glory is destined to lead but to—exile!

Agony *of the* Audition

(*Continued from page 47*)

and the low-voiced argument proceeds. Three more girls reach the coveted corner; then comes the polite formula of doom.

"I'm sorry, ladies, but the rest of you are not quite the type we are looking for. Sorry."

The ragged line breaks and a fresh batch is being marshalled forward to the footlights almost before the smiles have faded as the disappointed ones turn away.

The stage manager steps forward, glances at a list in his hand and announces almost apologetically: "This is Miss Avril Winwood."

Avril is small and fair, with wide blue eyes and an engaging grin. She cannot sing and she knows it, but dancing is the passion of her young life. With the first note of her jazz music she throws herself into the complications of an elaborate step-dance, and it is not until high kicks, cartwheels and splits have flowed from her in turn that she ventures upon a piping verse of her song. Levine looks round, like a hostess collecting the eyes of the ladies at the end of a dinner party, and receives a series of nods. Avril is a Casino Girl.

"That will do, thank you."

"Next lady, please, Mr. Edwards!" . . . "This is Miss Mona Richardson." . . . "That will do, thank you." . . . "We'll let you know."

The audition forges its majestic way forward, and towards five o'clock the position has become clearer and the necessary number of girls by outstanding ability or personality have virtually picked themselves.

Then it is that the theatre manager comes up through the iron pass-door which divides auditorium from stage, and his words fall like sweet music upon the ears of the tired girls.

"Well, ladies, you are all engaged. Rehearsals start next week and you'll have calls posted to you. Your contracts will be ready when you come down. The money's £4 a week."

Fourteen bright smiles on fourteen pretty faces. But then a bright smile may mean anything, mayn't it?—a glorious last minute victory over the wolf that prowls forever round Kennington doorways; the prospect of a real good time—and boys; ambition with its foot on the ladder at last. What does it matter? The Casino has picked its chorus.

END

Man of whichever sex, may not fully realise the importance of clothing in relation to health and well-being. Weight alone is not sufficient: it is quality that tells. You are therefore safe in wearing always

HAWICO *REGD.*

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Ride Astride Habit, £9.9.0

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Ladies will be now thinking of their Spring Costumes and Coats. Call and see the largest selection of newest materials.

Remember each garment is cut and fitted personally by Mr. Smee.

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If not able to call send for my self-measurement form with patterns. Same personal attention.

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World-Renowned for Transformations of Exclusive Quality
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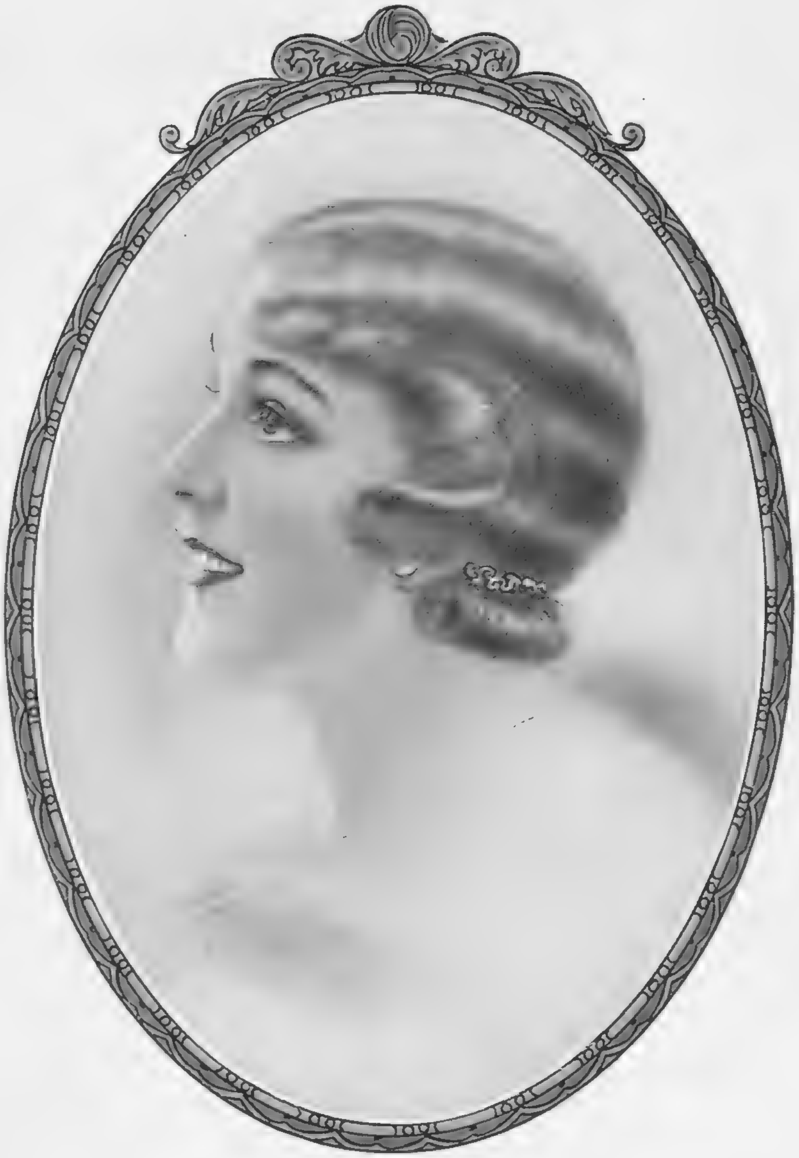
The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15 Guineas. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Guineas.

Shingled Head-dress from 20 Guineas.



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To neglect the appearance of the hair is to relegate oneself to the ranks of the "Uninteresting." A "Nicol" Transformation will provide a coiffure of Charm and distinction for any occasion. Its rare quality of natural wavy hair, inimitable workmanship, exclusive design, and comfort in wearing, render a "Nicol" postiche the treasured possession of the woman with social obligations.

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Beautiful, natural-looking waves—the texture unaffected—no discoloration of the most delicate shade—no discomfort. These are details of paramount importance for a perfect result. This is assured to the woman who has her hair permanently waved at the Maison Nicol. At this house the process is executed from START to FINISH by a SKILLED OPERATOR.

Whole Head from £4 : 14 : 6.

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A Pageant of Fashion in a specially built Fashion Theatre in Olympia—seating a big audience three times daily—the finest fabrics—the smartest Paris Spring creations—by the leading designers—displayed in the most wonderful mannequin parades ever staged—this is one of the new features of the greatest Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition yet organised. A whole floor of the great Empire Hall is devoted exclusively to women's wear

The Pageant of Fashion at the Daily Mail IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

OLYMPIA, W, APRIL 7–MAY 2

Among many other fascinating features of an Exhibition which grows in popularity every year are Monopolis, a vision of a City of the Future, the Gardens of the Counties, The House that Jack Built, Nurseries for all Purses, Famous Rooms from Fiction, "Behind the First Floor Back," and the Village of Ideal Homes. Ten acres of exhibits and displays, including Heating, Lighting, Decoration, Furnishing, Gardens, Houses, Labour-Saving, Food and Cookery, Recreations, Music, and Children's Welfare

10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily.
Admission 2/-, inc. tax.
. . 1/- after 6 p.m. . .

Goupy

The Ideal Home Exhibition

It would seem far too like committing the unforgivable crime of uttering a cliché to say that we are living in an age of change and progress. Yet, nevertheless, it is a truth which must sometimes be written, and especially is it true of the world of art and the world of science.

With the opening of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia on April 7th, we can see the changes that have taken place, the progress that has been made in these fields during the past twelve months. And we are even allowed a peep into the City of the Future—Monopolis it is called, and is situate in the Grand Hall of Olympia. Here one may glimpse the furniture, decoration and sanitation of some years hence.

But to return to the present day. The Housing Section occupies a large portion of the Exhibition, with its nine houses and bungalows completely erected, equipped and furnished, whilst this same section includes a house, "The House that Jack built," built from the prize-winner's design in a "Daily Mail" competition—for husbands only!—an interesting sequel to the competition of last year, which was purely for women.

Another new feature which gives added interest to the Housing Section is "Caravan Town"—a well-staged display of homes on wheels for the lover of the nomad holiday.

The popular garden section in the annexe is known as "The Garden of the Counties," and sixteen gardens are planned to harmonise with the natural beauties of counties of Great Britain.

On the second floor of the Empire Hall an entirely new section is introduced. It is called the Pageant of Fashion, and here, three times daily, the creations of fabric manufacturers and leading designers are displayed, grouped around what is known as the Theatre of Fashion.

The first floor of the Empire Hall accommodates four features of considerable interest. One, "Nurseries for all Purses," stages full-sized nurseries of every description; another traces the evolution of that great institution, the English dining-room; the third section is of extreme practical interest, since its purpose is to show how, by ingenuity of the decorator, the leaded roof which is found over the extensions of first-floor rooms at the back of London terrace houses can be treated in such a way as to provide a delightful extra amenity of the home.

Unfortunately space does not permit of a fuller description of the Exhibition, but in short it can be described as a display of present-day homecraft which will appeal to the æsthetic as well as the practical minded, and it is well worth a visit from all. The Exhibition, by the way, closes on May 2nd.

M. D.

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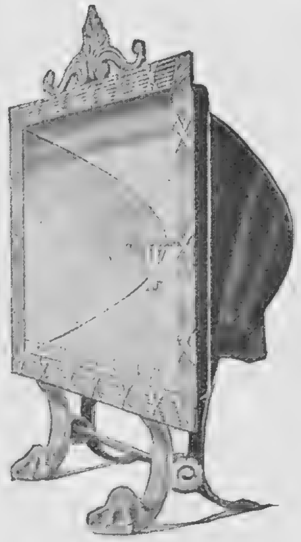

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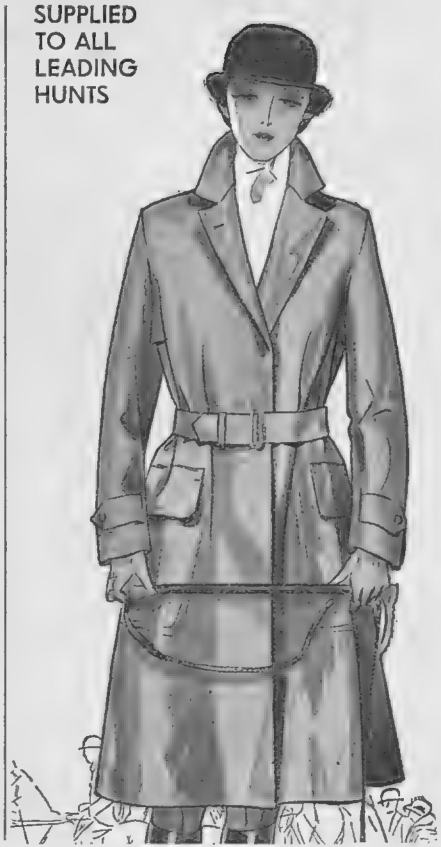
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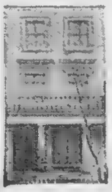

THE CHILDREN'S SALON

AND

Competition Circles

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COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, January 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Sketch for a Pantomime Scene Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty L. Stanbrough, G.C.S. 5027. Hon. Mention: Isabelle Patrick-Wilson G.C.S. 5779; Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s Divided between Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730, and E. M. Simpson, G.C.S. 4986. Hon. Mention: Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; Joyce Dugdale, G.C.S. 5750.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739, and Pleasance Warren, G.C.S. 4949. Hon. Mention: Jean C. H Crawford, G.C.S. 4242; Amy G Haydon, G.C.S. 4316 Annie M. L. Hale, G.C.S. 5760

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Ibbotson, M.C.S. 2823; Sylvia Reed M.C.S. 3087; Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642.

Literature Competition.—A Review of a Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to Margaret Stacey, M.C.S. 3214. Hon. Mention: Dora Malfatti, M.C.S 3217; Gwendoline R. Allen, M.C.S. 3151

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346. Hon. Mention: Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225.

Literature Competition.—"What I Mean to Excel in Next Term." Prize 5s. Divided between Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190, and Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433. Hon. Mention: Stella Bull, A.C.S. 1083; Rena Recaldin A.C.S. 1189.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Colyer, M.C.S 2889.

Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189.

Hon. Mention Nuala Gallivan, A.C.S. 1323.

Award of Prizes, February 2

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s Awarded to Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465. Hon. Mention: Mabel Egan, G.C.S. 5730; Marjorie Webb G.C.S. 4578; Dolly Davies, G.C.S. 5700.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Divided between Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573, and Betty Crowther, G.C.S. 5831. Hon. Mention: Jem Russell, G.C.S. 5824; Muriel Malvern, G.C.S. 5808 Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772. Hon. Mention: Kathleen Bell G.C.S. 5754 Trixi Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s Awarded to Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719. Hon. Mention Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816.

Literature Competition.—A Paper on 'Why are Thrillers' so Popular?" Prize 10s. Awarded to Patricia Hall, M.C.S. 3218. Hon. Mention: Mary Dawson M.C.S 3224 Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—View from a Window. Prize 5s. Awarded to Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir A.C.S. 1346; Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S 1408.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s Awarded to Ursula Scott-Morris, A.C.S. 1275. Hon. Mention: Virginia du P. Forster-Brown, A.C.S. 1188 Betty Adès, A.C.S. 1326: Helen Dixon, A.C.S. 1434.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize, 10s. Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881.

Second Prize, 5s. Dora Langley, G.C.S. 5616.

Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3120

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(January 15)

Joan Marshlain.—A sketch of this type should not be a vignette. Colour and technique are good, but the general effect is too flat. Very promising work.

Diana Seth-Smith.—This shows great progress, and the group is most charmingly arranged, but I would have preferred to judge the original painting. This hybrid effort rather defeats a useful criticism.

May W. Harrison.—The figures are a bit out of scale with their surroundings, and the whole suggestion just misses the atmosphere of the theatre, but the composition and characterisation are interesting and cleverly devised

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.

2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.

3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.

4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where spesially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.

5. Prizes must be applied for.

6. Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

Bobby Woollacott.—Excellently composed, and the whole thing most neatly contrived. Send in again soon.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Much the best thing you have sent in so far. Admirable in arrangement, and if the written satire is stressed a little more the effect should be very good. Keep this. You should be able to do something with it one day. The literature entry also is most satisfactory, the criticism just and very well worth making.

Cynthia Powell.—Good appreciation of colour and line, but a still life study should be a statement of an object or objects in relation to surroundings. A background and foreground should be indicated.

Marjorie Ibbotson.—Very sound in analysis and charming in execution. Some hesitancy in rendering the veinings of the leaves in the larger spray is the chief fault.

Isabelle Patrick-Wilson.—The composition is very good indeed, but the detail, quite excellent in itself, swamps the figures. Broad washes of shadow and the concentrated effect of a spotlight would give at once the required emphasis.

Nora Reed.—Expert work in so far as colour and design are concerned, but the drawing of the figure is weak. The neck of the figure in jersey is not in the centre of the body, and thus the balance of the rest is thrown out.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Admirably seen as colour but a bit woolly in treatment, and surfaces not sufficiently differentiated. Still, very artistic and clever for your age.

A group of clever little players from the Aynesworth School of Acting who will appear in "The Magic Wood" at the Matinée at the West Pier Theatre, Brighton, on April 16th for the benefit of our cot in the Streatham Babies' Hospital Included in the group is Christine Smedley, who is herself a Saloner

G. E. M. Moss.—Technically very satisfying, but the curtain needs a great deal of toning down to avoid such strong competition with the figure. The hand on the chair is charmingly drawn and suggested, but the other needs considerable attention, and below the brows the features lack projection, curiously.

Rena Recaldin.—The lower half of the jug is not sufficiently suggested. Although the other objects cover it to some extent, it should have appeared on the left-hand side. Both apples and orange are a bit thin in treatment compared with the rest, but quite sound as far as they go. You are improving steadily. The literature entry is a jolly little paper, promising well for the others which are to follow, but there are some omissions which a more careful revision would have discovered.

Deirdre Patrick-Wilson.—An over-hard pencil has hampered you, but there are some nicely drawn passages. The features are a bit cramped looking and the head could, with advantage, have been better placed on the paper—always an important point.

Olive Dockree.—Very ably expressed. You have discovered the right way in which to convey a genuine emotion. Take a little more care with composition.

Catherine M. Baldwin.—Quite good, except for that last word in the penultimate line, which destroys the effect of the rest, and also the end of the last line, which—with the present title—seems an unnecessarily blatant explanation.

Dora Malfatti.—As a whole, excellent, conveying a very accurate idea of a book difficult to describe. Take care, however, to employ exactly the right word. Occasionally you use one which sounds very right, but isn't!

Patricia Appleyard.—This straightforward analysis of the theme is well done, but a little more comment would add to the interest. One's personal reaction to a book may usefully be included in a review.

Barbara Elliott.—You have succeeded in expressing yourself clearly and to the purpose, but you have broken some of the rules of good composition, nevertheless Look over your work carefully for little slips.

Clare Ackroyd.—A very interesting paper. Slog away, if I may say so, at those subjects which "come" to you so naturally. Don't be tricked into thinking that we can only do a thing well after tremendous effort. Sometimes it is the case, and sometimes it is *not*.

Diana Wilton.—Rather below the high level of interest and accomplishment to which I have grown accustomed from you. It is freshly written, but with insufficient regard for composition.

M. Joyce Lambert.—The middle verse fails a little in giving an accurate picture. With a surprise of this type in the last line or so, one must be able, when the reader looks back, to justify all the images one has employed.

Margaret Stacey.—Excellently done. It is concise accurate in sequence, and interesting. Go ahead!

Maud Girdlestone.—Find a rhyme for the last line of the first verse; this is essential, as you are strict upon the point elsewhere, all through. I should also be inclined to try for a better finish to the second verse Then it should run very well.

Mary Roberts.—The language is, I feel, a little too tense for the particular evolution described. It is important that a reader should not feel inclined to make such a criticism. I appreciate the beauty of several of the lines, of course.

Kay Herbert.—The rhymes in the third verse disturb the rest. The first verse is much the best, and I would suggest that the rest follow the lead it gives.

Kitty Earp.—Strong effect and very good work in red blooms. The white shading is too monochrome; tonality of figure a bit empty, and pot not quite symmetric, but brilliant work in many respects.

Pamela Searight.—Very good go in right-hand horse the other colt is stiff and rather too human. A very plucky attempt at difficult action and drawing. Nice free pencilling.

Mary A. Jones.—Your little impressions show good appreciation of colour except in the heavy brown cast shadows. You should use less textured paper for work on a small scale.

Yvonne Earle.—Without relief it is difficult to adjust tones satisfactorily; even a quick study should include all visual facts; translation comes later. The figure is well drawn and the colour, though cold, is delicate and well seen.

Violet P. I. Horn.—Excellent colour and some good drawing, though the head seems a bit large. A capital swift effect about the limit of soft surface work, very bright and good in daylight.

John Waterhouse.—An impressive and spacious silhouette which tells its story well. The slung rifles are too high and the rather obvious foreground objects are unduly conspicuous and placed; still, full of suggestion.

Sylvia Reed.—Your primitive style is rather attractive and certainly well devised and full of incident. The effect would be better without any suggestion of direct sunshine, as the figures are in diffused light and cast shadows therefore too strong. Still there is admirable light, space and air in this drawing, and high promise.

Yvonne Price.—There is something odd about the perspective of the dormers and chimney stack, and a too obvious effort to be colourful. The work is clever in its way, but its aim is prettiness rather than Nature's more subtle beauty. You have considerable talent, but should paint from nature more.

The Children's SALON

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—Your bird's head is cleverly managed, but the background intrigues the eye without meaning much. The feathering in the neck is cleverly handled. You should do well at lino cuts as you have style and control.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—A vista always takes the eye, and in this case makes the chief figure look too posed and gives undue importance to the others. Some very excellent work, though the lass is a bit musical comedy. Nice austere colour, but not quite sunshine.

Betty Weir.—Remarkably sincere and delicate work with well penetrated colour and sense of light, a little pale in effect, but full of promise. With better paper you would get more strength of effect.

Amy G. Haydon.—All the usual daintiness and care. My many thanks.

Barbara Reece.—The near front paw needs better definition, but otherwise this is well seized, and charming in feeling. Too much is made of the floral surroundings, competing unnecessarily with the chief subject.

S. Curtis.—Effective, certainly, but one feels that a better word should control the repetitions of line 7 in the first verse and in the final couplet.

Dorothy Binnie.—It is a little risky these days to endow even this exquisite little creature with too moral a point of view, though perfectly legitimate to use its art to stimulate these excellencies in you, as the conclusion foreshadows. Prettily composed.

Yvonne Earle's interesting contribution to the February 16th Art Competition, modelled in "Plasticine"

Helen Mary Lillie.—Not at all badly handled. This is not an easy book to describe, and it would possibly have been more effective to have dealt with it in more general terms; in so short space it is better not to name too many characters.

Joan Wyatt.—Charming in feeling, not quite perfect in technique. It must be "the" sun in line 14. Still, the faults are trifling compared with the promise shown.

Hilda Barrow.—A little prosaic for the theme. Such a subject demands great care in handling. It must have a subtle force however simply expressed. It would be a useful exercise to work at it again.

Annie M. L. Hale.—A very interesting piece of work, rather over-pressed, thus flattening the threads too much. It is better to stretch such work and pin out when wet. Most grateful thanks.

Stella Bull.—It is difficult to be quite sure that you intend this to be taken seriously, but in any case you have succeeded in being interesting. You are making excellent progress.

Gwendoline R. Allen.—Lena should be named when first mentioned for the sake of clarity. The analysis is ably managed, but a neater arrangement of the material is necessary.

Mabel Sanders.—Try to keep both verses in the same metre. The form is interesting in both, so adherence to either will serve. Avoid the double use of "magic," a word to use very sparingly.

Effie Dundas.—A very good theme neatly phrased, if rather unnecessarily scornful of correct scansion. It would gain immensely if the offending lines were put right. When a liberty is taken in this respect it must completely justify itself.

Joyce Dugdale.—The opening half is distinctly good; the rest falls short a bit, not so felicitous, although the interest is well sustained throughout. I appreciate the sincerity of feeling and expression, but I could wish the script easier to decipher!

Patricia Hall.—Good as far as it goes, but too brief. When space forces us to a mere summary it cannot be helped, but when there is opportunity to deal fully with a subject the chance should be seized.

Cornford Bowden.—That you have been rightly impressed is made very clear, although the method, or the composition rather, is a bit halting. It would have been worth while to have subjected it to some re-writing. A very interesting paper, notwithstanding.

Gladys Cumpstey.—One of the best of your recent entries. Get rid of "globules." At once! I cannot think how it got in! There are one or two other weak spots which you should be able to deal with, but the rest is charming.

Alison Ackroyd.—Comprehensively tackled with just the right amount of emphasis on important points. Very well done indeed.

E. M. Simpson.—"Out of the Void" is altogether better than its companion, and if shortened a little would, I think, be much more effective. At present it seems a bit drawn out.

Doris Seth-Smith.—The dismissal of the assembly as soon as the "King" arrives strikes a rather odd note, and makes vain, as an effect, all the preparation for the arrival. Always avoid giving a reader a disappointment of this type.

Muriel M. Malvern.—Very neat and charming—the *envoi* particularly good. It is only a question of *time*, I feel sure.

Bridget Hill.—The size of the figure is too big for the paper and is related in somewhat stiff fashion to the naturalistic surroundings. Some nice, tender colour. Such a subject is, of course, very difficult, and can only be satisfactorily tackled after much study and training. Good artistic promise.

Betty L. Stanbrough.—Flatter washes would have assisted this very skilful drawing. Excellent composition, but colour a bit hot. Study lettering carefully, and pay particular regard to good spacing.

Barbara Stallibrass.—I should imagine the pot of bulbs to be very much out of scale unless they are imitation plants? Some nice passages of colour in the figure, but a better suggestion of surface differences should have been aimed at. Still, very promising.

Betty Metchim.—Finely designed, but colour a bit coarse, and for a drawing of this type the background should have been most carefully indicated; also the natural grey of stone would have given a distinction the gold fails to supply. The head is boldly and successfully tackled.

Gwen Sweeting.—As a whole peaceful and delicate, but the feet are a little large and the hands too small. A steadier line containing the oval is essential. Your work only just falls short of being very good.

Jill Maunsell.—A very good first verse, the quality of which is a bit missing from the others. If this is now apparent to you, I expect you will be able to bring them better into line. The sketch suggests a book illustration rather than a pantomime scene, but is otherwise well composed and very neatly drawn. It was, of course, a subject which asked for colour!

Trixie Ford.—Your charming embroidery will, I hope, reproduce well. A very dainty, well stitched effort. Some rearrangement of the verses would assist the effect, and there is one contradictory statement which should be toned down.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Your decision is most wise, and you should find your excellent photography of the greatest assistance to you. I should advise you to put this matter before your instructors. A more vivid description of the book should have been aimed for, but it is otherwise a clear and truthful outline. Yes, still in the running for the quarterly.

Jean C. H. Crawford.—Many thanks for this lovely little set. These constant kindnesses can never take the edge off our gratitude, but I do feel that my words very inadequately express what we owe to you.

Pleasance Warren.—You can imagine how delighted I was to hear of you again after all this time. The work is beautifully done, and I congratulate you heartily.

Annie M. Waters.—Rather shorter treatment is advisable for a subject of this type. I should certainly cut down the number of verses to six or seven at most. Retain the last but one, which is, on the whole, the best.

Lesley Brooks.—You play fast and loose with rhythms, but what you have to say is very interesting and well expressed. The laws of metre should be respected, for the discipline of submitting to them is magnificent training.

(February 2)

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—Splendidly broad in treatment and good colour throughout, but drawing rather weak and forms a bit lacking in definition.

Norman Berry.—A spirited attempt at a difficult subject. The objects are well realised but badly placed on the paper. The detail of the inkstand needs seeing rather differently, and should have been rendered by light and shade rather than a hard and fast outline.

Margaret Smith.—Pleasant composition, but as an effect very unreal. It is not safe to attempt a sketch of this type except direct from Nature. If you do this you ought to do good work.

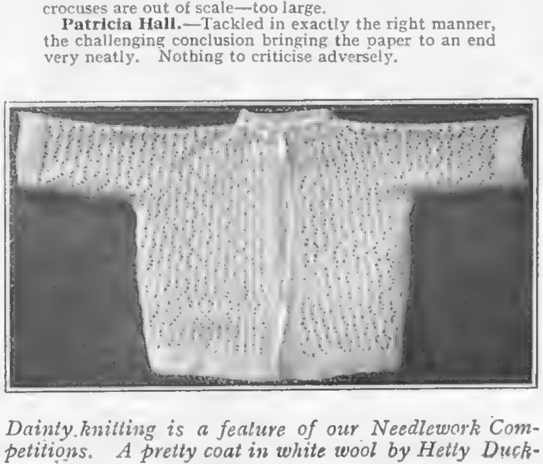
Sylvia Stallibrass.—The leaning tree in foreground does not help the composition, but the general effect is full of delicate truth very charmingly recorded. A few sharper accents would have increased the interest.

George House.—Some suggestion of neck is advisable, especially when the finish is carried as far as this. The mouth a bit weak in drawing and modelling compared with the rest. You have a tendency to work the upper part of faces at the expense of the lower, I fancy.

A cleverly knitted cap entered by Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881, for the February 16th Associates' Needlework Competition

May W. Harrison.—When you stick to a study from nature you do remarkably good work, but working without facts to refer to finds you less apt. Studies of this type you cannot at present tackle without constant reference to a model. Pretty as a design, but the crocuses are out of scale—too large.

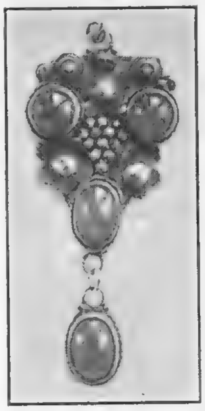
Patricia Hall.—Tackled in exactly the right manner, the challenging conclusion bringing the paper to an end very neatly. Nothing to criticise adversely.


Dainty knitting is a feature of our Needlework Competitions. A pretty coat in white wool by Hetty Duckham, M.C.S. 3155

Dolly Davies.—A first-class piece of design, arresting and interesting. But it would have been twice as good if you had made just one difference—in the faces. A sharp differentiation of character here would not have disturbed the clever design and would have supplied just the touch which it seems to need.

Margaret Recaldin.—A warm welcome You are our youngest competing member, and I hope you will send in regularly. This bird has distinct character, and I shall be very interested to see your next entry.

Jem Russell.—This only just misses being very good indeed. Possibly in the space you could not do more with the idea. It is worth treating at greater length. At present it is too much of a fragment.


A well-designed pendant in oxidised silver set with chrysoprase, submitted by Gilda Fraser-Hamilton, M.C.S. 3100

Muriel Malvern.—Extremely well put together, but the plot too unlikely to be acceptable. A man would never talk thus of an experience of his own. But he might relate it as if it concerned someone else. Then, if he were overheard, and the *husband* realised who he was, the drama might be very much more tense.

Margaret R. Watson.—Interestingly reasoned. Be careful to follow a suggestion out to the foreshadowed conclusion. Your arguments are very soundly based for the most part.

Mabel Egan.—Well put together and, on the whole, skilfully worked, the foreground particularly good. The edges of the pierced lights should be less angular than the outline to give the effect of volume, but this is artistic and expert cutting and pulling.

G. Christabel Richens.—A clever and effective black and white which might be better still all in solids. The right leg and foot don't quite fit, but a telling and well composed effect, full of happy suggestion.

Joyce Bidder.—The effective wave-crest loses impressiveness by its ambiguous background. The figure, though a bit metallic, is good in action and drawing. Should not the flying draperies be dark and cloudy to carry out the idea and get more colour effect? A clever panel design.

Maud Higgins.—Your effect is hurt by the ink lines; the pen might be fed from a brush to be sharp enough without harshness. The angle of the bowsprit is unusual, and she looks overmasted and fits rather tightly in the space, but a charming subject and some excellent work.

Dahlia Anson.—Pleasant though rather tapestried colour from a monotony of brown. The foliage is too much in one plane, and the impact of light not quite consistent, possibly due to sunk colour. Brushing across contours would help the modelling. A good group of sombre charm.

Kitty Earp.—A daring group, and some fine, dashing work. The glass balls don't quite hold their own for texture or glitter, but this is fresh and vivid work, if one doubts some of the values a little bit.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—Well drawn, though rather formal; what is missing is the colour of light in the group itself. Local colour is always modified by this factor. If you will look for this change you will do extremely well. Much good work all the same.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—You have concentrated so much on the reflections that the pot itself has lost substance and projection. Good colour, all but the background, which has no light effect. Very promising work.

Amy Read Russell.—Better differentiation between near and far is essential, the eye always seeing less definition of distant things. Your last cottage is almost as strong in tone as the nearest. Otherwise some very pretty pen work. Use a smooth paper another time for this type of work. The story is excellently titled and the idea charming, but towards the end one sees too clearly just what is coming and the interest of the mystery vanishes, because related in too matter-of-fact a fashion.

Joan Marshlain.—After drawing accurately, which you do, it is effect rather than detail that comes first, difficult with an untouched background, as all the light against dark goes. Shadows must look transparent as well as dark. If you bear these facts in mind you will paint well.

Yvonne Earle.—A very excellent study, broad, simple, and strong, and admirably handled except for the rather stringy shadow on the wall. Really sound and accomplished water colour.

Trixie Ford.—A charming affair, the stitchery particularly good. As a rule I think these rather "morbid" colour schemes should be avoided, but you have blended the shades very skilfully.

S. Curtis.—Here you have a very good idea, but it is under-developed. More must be made of the child's influence, and some explanation of the existence of the safe and the necklace in a house which, in the ordinary way, would not possess such things should be supplied.

Betty Crowther.—With some alteration this would make a good farce. The beginning and end are the best, and the dialogue is always interesting. Still, it shows lack of experience, and the overhauling necessary requires a rather more practised hand. You should do very well presently.

Betty Weir.—A better defined background would have added to the interest of the sketch, which is most truthfully observed, as far as the barn itself goes. It is its relation to fields and sky which has not been sufficiently considered.

Gwendoline Dewsbury.—A simpler vase, innocent of decoration, would have made a better picture. As it is now the vessel competes too strongly with the flowers, which are drawn and coloured with considerable grace and care.

Joyce Dugdale.—A good theme, but some reason for the girl's ignorance of her father should be hinted at on rather clearer lines. I couldn't decipher every word, and may, of course, have missed something in that way.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Rather too sweeping. Round such a title one can argue along probable lines, but it is not possible to claim absolutely that this or that is quite definitely the reason.

E. Simpson.—It is possible it would be better for Joan to let him go away ignorant of her identity and reveal herself to his astonished gaze in the morning—thus keeping the reader's interest keyed up a little longer. Anyhow, if I remember the earlier version correctly, this is a great improvement.

Gladys Cumpstey.—A most original entry, although it puts credulity to a severe test. I should tone down the more improbable passages by giving them a less matter-of-fact treatment. Otherwise remarkably good.

Irene Walker.—Very well argued for the most part, and neatly put together. This is interesting work. I hope you will compete regularly.

Angel Verschoyle.—Keep your sentences a little shorter. There is a tendency to get them a bit involved occasionally, owing to their length. Otherwise very well done and soundly reasoned.

Charles K. Gorst.—I am not quite satisfied that all your surmises are correct, but you have set them down attractively, which is the main thing here. One or two sentences are rather loosely constructed, however.

Jill Maunsell.—The pose is a bit exaggerated, but as design this is admirable and the colour scheme charming. Better lettering would greatly assist this clever entry. Quite a lot of good work in the story, but it would be better if Malcom purposely did not explain Rosalie's identity in the first letter, in order to test her. That would greatly strengthen the plot where it is now rather weak.

Barbara Heaver.—Try to improve the last half-dozen lines or so; they are not nearly so good as the rest, which in places is very good indeed.

Patricia Appleyard.—A very well written paper. You have gone to the root of the matter and have dealt with it both comprehensively and interestingly. An excellent entry.

Joyce Lambert.—The weak point is that no one recognised the Prince in Maurice. To obviate this criticism some suggestion of the form the disguise took is essential. The narrative is very well told, and the invention displayed admirable.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The essay is, on the whole, very well done. Occasionally there is a weak sentence, or a word used which doesn't fit your meaning quite so well as it should, but your work has greatly improved of late. Some indication of a background and foreground should have been given to the still life group. Very strong and satisfactory as regards colour, and a pleasant understanding of the medium.

Joan Colyer.—Very capably written, the analysis interesting and accurate; composition a little lacking in grace in places; a little careful revision would quickly set this right.

Gwen Sweeting.—The mass of dull gold flowers in the left-hand corner is not very satisfying, and strikes an odd note out of tone with the rest, which is excellently done. It would help you, I think, to make some very realistic studies direct from nature, forgetting for the time being your predilection for the purely decorative.

H. Cameron.—A painstaking analysis of these interesting flowers, and worth while because of the accuracy achieved, but not so satisfying from the artistic standpoint. You ought to be able to make a fine study of these subjects now, in the more usual manner against a background.

Rena Recaldin.—A very jolly little sketch. One of the most interesting things you have submitted, and full of promise. Look at some good pencil work to assist you in the handling of this delightful medium.

Ursula Scott Morris.—The last line spoils the rest, which is very prettily put indeed. "Pay" is too suggestive of a good bargain. See if you can discover a better word.

Jennifer Skinner.—Avoid using "now" twice in the second verse, and "show" twice in the last. Then the third line of the third verse needs polishing. Elsewhere some charming ideas and lines.

Helen Dixon.—Very promising. You are a bit out of your depth with this theme occasionally, but I recognise the ambition, and the technique is excellent for your age. Try again very soon.

Maud Girdlestone.—Quite amusing and fresh, but the end is something of a disappointment. A neater finish involving a better surprise is essential.

Virginia du P. Forster-Brown.—The first two verses are so good you must make a big effort to bring the rest into line. I should omit the third altogether. "Traversed" would be better than "did traverse" in the fourth.

Mary Dawson.—Very well tackled; the unusual opening quite right. The paper does not finish quite so well. I think you could improve it.

Marjorie Webb.—Attractively sketched, with clever use of the difficult medium. Too much is made of the outline of the boats instead of treating them as masses, but the general effect is excellent. The cross stitch is beautifully worked, but the edging is out of keeping. It should have been finer, and it would have looked better in the same blue as the embroidery.

Stella Bull.—Not at all a bad attempt in the style of the famous poem. The third verse is perhaps the best, although the second runs it close. There is a good third line in the last, but the rest of this verse wants further attention.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

The Children's SALON

Mary Champion.—What a lovely design, and what endless beautiful stitches! I find it very difficult to say thank you adequately. It is a most lovely piece of work.

Moyra Hubbard.—Both little poems show promise. Write as far as possible of things you have observed for yourself, and take care to spell words correctly by looking them up in the dictionary, if you are not sure. I hope your will compete regularly.

Amy G. Haydon.—Charmingly stitched. I think another time I would avoid introducing a dark line of the type of the deep heliotrope in such a piece of work, but the rest is very dainty.

Betty Adès.—Try for a better last line. The rest is remarkably good for your age, original and cleverly expressed.

Kathleen Bell.—Exquisitely neat. You are a very good needlewoman, and have only just missed the prize. I hope that news consoles you!

Barbara Stallibrass.—Very intelligent use of the medium and a praiseworthy attempt at a difficult subject. Upright lines not quite vertical in places—an important point in such a picture.

APRIL-MAY COMPETITIONS

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 15th. A Poster Advertising "See Britain First." No. II. Closing date, May 1st. A Landscape Study. No. III. Closing date, May 18th. Illustration to any well-known Poem.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {Graduate / Member / Associate} of The
Children's Salon Competition Circle
(*Strike out words which do not apply*).

Full name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. The Synopsis of a Plot for a One-Act Play. No. III. Closing date, May 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 15th. Anything White. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, May 18th. Anything in Colours.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 15th. A Landscape or Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. A Design for a Book Jacket to a "Thriller." No. III. Closing date, May 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. A Letter to a Friend Asking Her to Go for a Trip Abroad with You. No. III. Closing date, May 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date May 18th. Anything in Wool.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, April 15th. A Study of Flowers. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. A Portrait Sketch in Pencil. No. III. Closing date, May 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, April 15th. Invent Four Titles for Short Stories. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. A Paper on "How I Would Furnish a Den of My Own." No. III. Closing date, May 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date May 18th. A Doll's Dress.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, May 1st. Subject left to Competitor.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize 15s. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Closing date May 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

SEVERAL people have recently written to inquire on what date we are holding the Annual Competitions this year, and it has now been decided to make it an early winter function, to take place on Saturday, December 5th, at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge. This avoids the always-much-too-hectic business of running it in the same month as Alexandra Day, and, more important still, we feel that if we hold it a few weeks before Christmas we shall do twice the business at the Needlework Stall on behalf of the Cot Endowment Fund. When a June date is chosen we come right up against the hard fact that people are thinking of holidays, and have to keep a tight hold on the contents of their purses in consequence, seductive as our bargains always are. So put a X against December 5th.

* * *

AND now for a scheme in connection with that sale. I expect all of you who take an interest in the craft of the needle—and it is surprising and delightful to find what an ever increasing number they are—know what I mean by a Community Quilt. For those who don't, it is a bed-cover composed of squares, each of which may be worked by a different person. Now why shouldn't we make one—a real beauty—and sell it at this Sale of Work. If you are eager, and I believe you will be, I shall be most grateful if those Saloners who compete in our Needlework Competitions, and those who haven't yet, will undertake to work a square—or possibly even two! They will be quite small matters, and I will supply all materials and a traced linen square so that the matter will be quite simple and straightforward. But—I shall give a prize for the best worked square. Send me a postcard about it as soon as you can!

* * *

THE "Paisley" doll so kindly given each month by Messrs. Clark's of Paisley is awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, for December, and to Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772, for January.

* * *

SALONERS in the Brighton district are reminded that Thursday, April 16th, is the date of the matinée on behalf of the 14th Salon Cot at the West Pier Theatre, Brighton. The clever little players of the Aynesworth School of Acting, who are taking part, and whom you see pictured in our pages this month, include Christine Smedley, who is herself a Saloner.

* * *

SOME people very kindly remembered their Pets' Club subscriptions when sending along their own at the beginning of the year. Others didn't! I would be glad to get these outstanding ones in as soon as possible, and delighted to enrol any new animals. So many Saloners have joined since I last explained anything about this club that perhaps a word or two is again necessary.

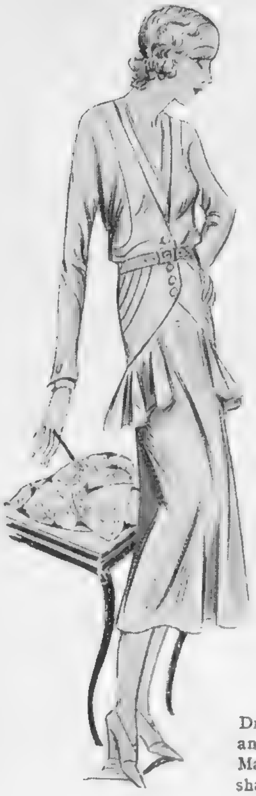
* * *

THE Salon Pets' Club was formed in 1929, as a means of supplying further regular contributions to that very "long stocking" which has to be filled before we complete the endowment of a cot. Members, whose owners pay 6d. annually on their behalf, must be the pets of Saloners or their friends, but it matters not what sort of animal belongs. We have white mice, monkeys, rabbits, donkeys, parrots on our list, as well, of course, as the inevitable dog and cat, and every member is entitled to have his or her portrait published in the Salon pages. Snapshots indeed are welcomed, but they must be clear and, if possible, glossy prints.

* * *

WHICH reminds me—are Saloners shy? And the answer is "Very!" I have often asked for the pictures of members when they join, and out of the last thousand I have had in under fifty photographs—and that in these days when everyone is supposed to hanker after publicity! Well, well, it is very nice and modest of you all, but you can come out of your shell once in a way, and let me have your portrait for publication in the page, but like those of the pets it must be clear, if it is a snap, and if possible not too small.

The Children's Salon
COUPON



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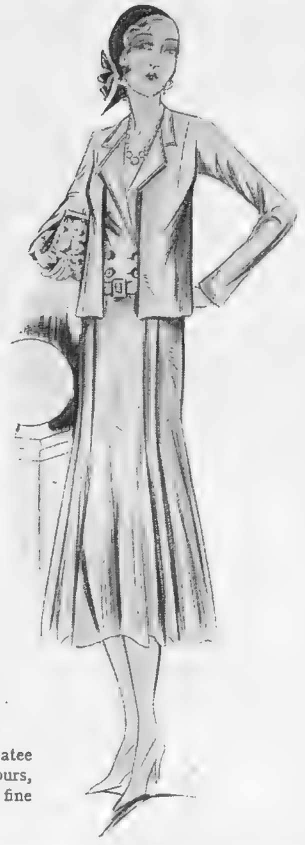

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Our Literary Competition Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FOURTH SERIES

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post April 14th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best political parody in verse of any well-known Nursery Rhyme.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—April 14

HUNDRED AND FIFTH SERIES

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post April 28th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best description in verse of any English town.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of one guinea for the best quotation from classic sources suitable for inscription on a memorial to a gallant sailor.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—April 28

An attractive hat by J. Woodrow & Sons, Ltd. of Piccadilly. In deep Golden Tuscan Japanese Bangkok, it retails at 29/6. The ornament seen on left costs an additional 2/6

Results of 98th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

Awarded to Grace M. Hudson.

Hon. Mention:—E. Heriz-Smith, F. Peel, M. Priestley Redmayne, M. K. McIntosh, May Belben, Mabel Asher, Kathleen Lant, Nell Schofield, M. Scott Morris, Anne da Rua, Ena D. Reynolds, A. M. Waters, "Una," Trixie Ford, "J. A. B.," H. Broadberry Seaman, "Meg," Lettie Cole, "Hannah May," May W. Harrison.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best quotation from Shakespeare suitable for a model kitchen.

Awarded to Phyllis M. Lubbock.

Hon. Mention:—B. Porter, May Belben, F. E. Carson, M. Priestley Redmayne, H. M. Hancock, Trixie Ford, A. Tisdall, Alys Rodgers, "G. G."

The winning entry:—

> "From lowest place when virtuous things proceed
> The place is dignified by the doer's deed" (King).
> *All's Well that Ends Well.*—Act II, Scene iii.
> PHYLLIS LUBBOCK.

Results of 99th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention:—Wrenne Jarman, "C. L.," Vera Manners, K. Gaudy, Lettie Cole, H. Broadberry Seaman, "A. B. S.," B. Porter, M. A. Jacob, Blanche Jones, "N. M. B.," M. E. Young, S. C. Straker, Ena D. Reynolds, "J. A. B.," Edith Sefi, Irene Doxford, M. Asher, "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best limerick concerning ice skating, beginning "There was a young man from the States."

Awarded to Ena D. Reynolds.

Hon. Mention:—Anne da Rua, Edith Sefi, S. C. Straker, "C. L.," Wrenne Jarman, F. Peel, "J. A. B."

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Holy Week. Procession.

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Folding of Bulls.

Holy. Week. Procession.

Romeria (Religious fete).

THE FAIR OF SEVILLE
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VISIT SUNNY SPAIN, the Country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

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YOU may learn to *FLY* now at THE TATLER'S Expense

Ask your friends who fly to tell you how much more they get out of life, and it would be surprising if you did not acquire the desire to fly. Maybe for years you have longed to be able to fly, and yet the chance never came. You could take a pleasure " hop," but then you had no controls in your hand; the instruments and gadgets—all so intriguing—meant nothing to you.

The TATLER is so convinced that amongst its readers there are scores of good potential civil pilots who are yearning for opportunity to decide whether they could fly an aeroplane, that it is launching a scheme whereby regular readers all over the country may take a flight in an instructional 'plane accompanied by a fully qualified instructor.

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In the case of the most promising pupils—of which you may well be one—The TATLER will award scholarships, and undertake (subject to certain conditions) to pay the entire cost of instruction in order to qualify for the Air Ministry " A " Licence. The full details of this scheme, the biggest attempt yet made to popularise civil flying, will be announced in The TATLER issue of April 15th. Make sure now that you secure your copy. If you are not a regular subscriber, place an order with your newsagent to-day. We expect an unprecedented demand for this issue.

THE TATLER

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ONE SHILLING — EVERY WEDNESDAY

NOTE THE DATE — APRIL 15th

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It is contemplated that TATLER pupils will be accepted at the following civil aerodromes, but this list may be subject to final revision on April 15th.

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**Blackpool & Fylde Aero Club,
Stanley Park,
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**Bristol & Wessex Aeroplane Club,
Whitchurch Aerodrome,
Bristol.**

**Brooklands School of Flying,
Weybridge.**

**De Havilland School of Flying,
Hatfield,
Herts.**

**Haldon School of Flying.
Haldon Aerodrome,
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**Hampshire Aeroplane Club.
Hamble Aerodrome,
Southampton.**

**The Hanworth Club,
London Air Park,
Feltham.**

**Hull Aero Club,
Hull Municipal Aerodrome,
Hedon, Yorks.**

**Lancashire Aero Club,
Woodford Aerodrome,
Manchester.**

**Leicester Aero Club,
Desford Aerodrome,
Leicester.**

**Liverpool & District Aero Club,
Hooten Park, Liverpool.**

**London Aeroplane Club,
Stag Lane, Edgware.**

**Midland Aero Club,
Castle Bromwich Aerodrome,
Birmingham.**

**Newcastle-on-Tyne Aero Club,
Cramlington Aerodrome,
Newcastle.**

**Norfolk & Norwich Aero Club,
Mousehold Aerodrome,
Norwich.**

**Northamptonshire Aero Club,
Sywell Aerodrome,
Northampton.**

**Nottingham Flying Club,
Tollerton, Notts.**

**Royal Aircraft Estabmt. Aero Club,
Farnborough Aerodrome,
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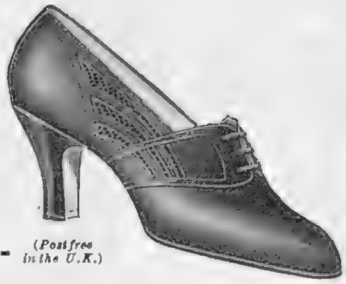

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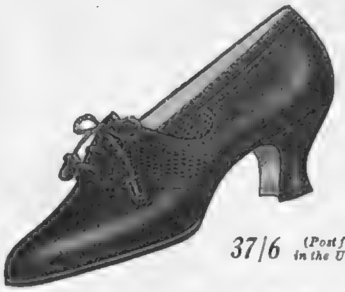

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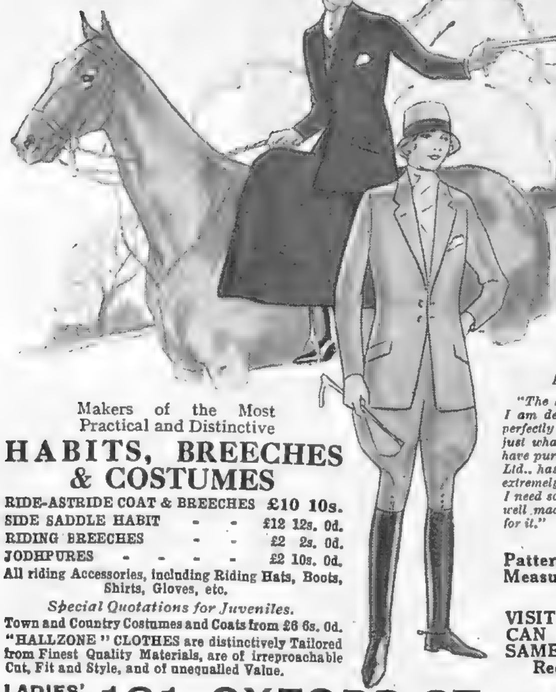

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Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber, World renowned for its beneficial effects on the skin, is still obtainable at all Chemists and Stores. 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6 per bottle.

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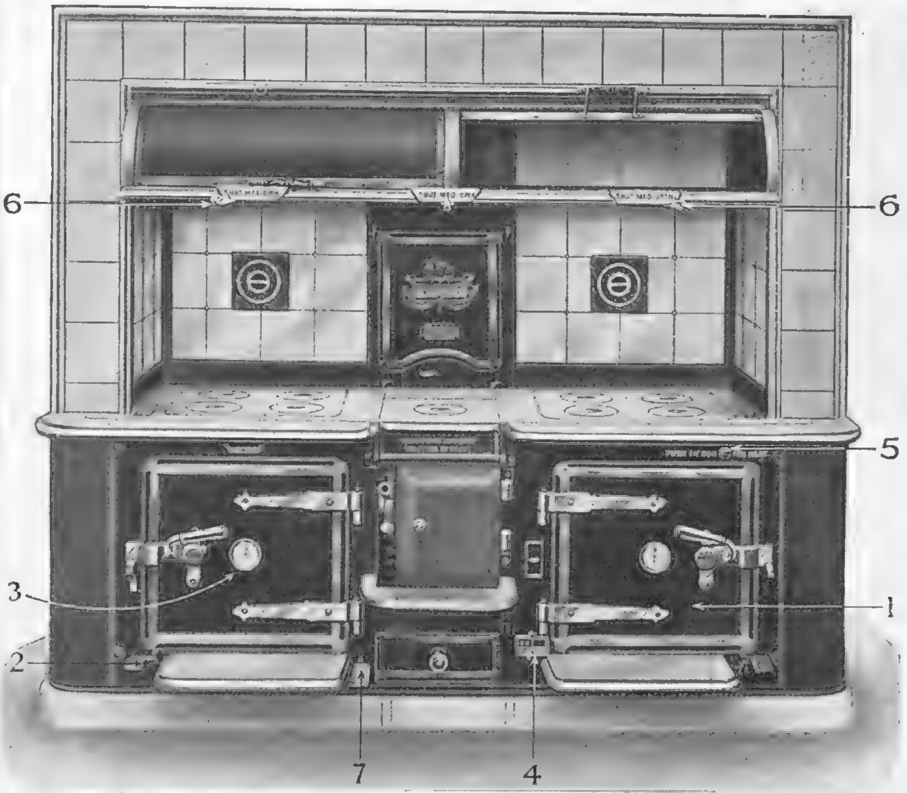

Illustration shows Style S.W.X. suitable for an opening 5 ft. 6 in. wide. Other styles in sizes from 4 ft. to 17 ft. wide are shown and priced in Catalogue No. W.K.23, which may be had on application to the Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.

SUPREMACY POINTS

1. **Padded Doors,** enamel lined, keep oven hot and kitchen cool on half the quantity of fuel.
2. **Pedal Door Opener** allows free use of both hands for dishes. Stands roughest usage.
3. **Oven Heat Indicator**—another invaluable assistant to the cook.
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7. **Dust Extractor** keeps dust from kitchen when fire is shaken or disturbed.

And the latest improvement—"Wellstood" Ranges can now be supplied in "Bonamel" porcelain coating—bright, washable, heat-retaining and durable—the perfect surface finish.

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Smith & Wellstood
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Proof positive

Some letters from thousands

21, Brent Way,
Finchley, N.

Here is a photo of my little girl. Her hair used to be straight and rather thin but since using your "Letrik" Comb her hair is the wonder of the neighbourhood. It is a mass of waves, and a lovely colour.—Mrs. J. Atkinson.

"Queenmoor,"
South Benfleet,
Essex.

I ordered one of your Letrik' Combs on Thursday, it arrived on Saturday. I started using it at once, and by Wednesday of next week a bald patch on the crown of my head was completely covered with short new hair."—
M. Kenneth.

Vorstadt
Matten,
Near
Interlaken,
Switzerland.

"I am getting a splendid thick head of hair and it is returning to its natural colour, and I am soon sixty years of age."—
Mrs. Ott-Jenner.

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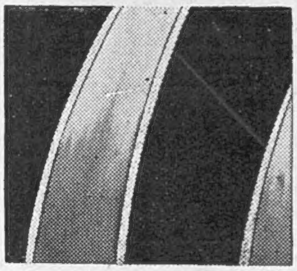
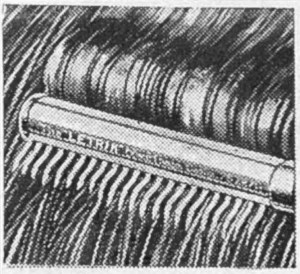
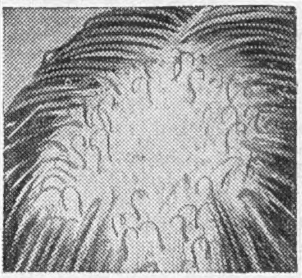
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
APRIL 7 to MAY 2
STAND No. 221B



Under the microscope you can see the new colour creeping up the old grey stems.



See how the hair is automatically waved as the teeth pass through.



Quickly new downy hair grows on bald patches. Stronger and thicker each day.

"LETRIK" REGD No 752871.

NEW HAIR IN 72 HOURS for YOU!

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY
3/6
READY FOR USE

GREAT NEWS FOR HAIR SUFFERERS!

WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE?

GREY HAIR? In 10 days not a grey hair left. £500 GUARANTEE. A BALD PATCH? Covered with new hair in 72 hours. £500 GUARANTEE. STRAIGHT AND LIFELESS? Permanent waves start the first day. Becomes full of natural colour in 48 hours. £500 GUARANTEE. FALLING OUT? Roots are strengthened and falling out stops in 18 hours. £500 GUARANTEE. DANDRUFF? Definitely stopped the same day. Scalp cleansed in 3 days. £500 GUARANTEE. 800,000 LETRIK ELECTRIC COMBS are in daily use—not one has failed to do everything we claim for it.

WHY SUCH AMAZING RESULTS?

Because the gentle flow of electricity from the battery in the comb flows down the hair stems and through the roots—waking them up, bringing them to life. "Dead" roots come to life, and start sending up new shoots of colourful "healthy" wavy hair.

NO SHOCKS OR SPARKS

No feeling at all—nothing but the delightful exhilaration afterwards. A little pocket lamp bulb which lights up when placed on the teeth of the comb. Nothing to go wrong, or break. Use it in place of your ordinary "dead" comb, in the same way. The battery in the comb lasts six months, a new one you can replace yourself in a jiffy, costs only 6d. (Just 1/- a year for this scientific electrical daily hair massage, which would cost you a guinea a time at the hairdressers.) Say "Good-bye" to your hair trouble now. Post coupon below for your

"LETRIK"
ELECTRIC COMB

PHOTOS OF 2 ACTUAL TESTS

Actual photograph of a test by Miss A. Calder, Croydon.

FIRST DAY

"I had a bald patch spreading. My hair was very thin and coming out in handfuls."

TENTH DAY

"My hair is absolutely lovely. Growing fast. It's now wavy and full of colour. My friends are astonished. No need for permanent or water waving now I've got my 'LETRIK' Comb."

Actual photographs of a test by Mr. J. Martin, Forest Hill, London

FIRST DAY

"My hair was very thin and going grey. I looked about 45 and I'm only 35."

TENTH DAY

"That 'Letrik' Comb of yours has done the trick. All the hair I want now, greyness gone entirely. My hair is now wavy and is natural brown. Thanks! I'll spread the news'"

£500 GUARANTEE COUPON

FILL IN AND POST TO

LETRIK LTD., 70, Milton Street, London, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,
I enclose postal order for 3s. 6d. Please send me post free in plain packing one of your LETRIK Electric combs as advertised in "Britannia and Eve," complete with battery and instructions and ready to use. (State colour wanted)
Under penalty of £500 you guarantee to refund my money and postage in full if I send the Letrik Comb back within 7 days and say I am not satisfied with the results. It is on this condition that I order.

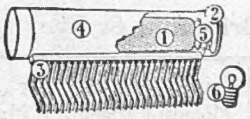
MY NAME ....

ADDRESS..

B.E.317 ....

POST THIS RIGHT AWAY

NOTE.—If a friend also wants a "LETRIK" Comb, two will be sent to you for 6s. post free. Simply mark 2 in Coupon, and alter the 3s. 6d. to 6s.



(1) *The strong little battery in the comb back.*

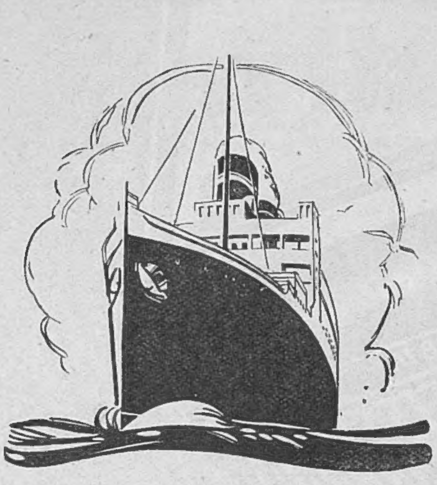
(2) *Nothing to turn "off and on." Everything ready for use. When you want to put in a new battery, simply unscrew here.*

(3) *Double set of double-waved teeth wave the hair as you comb. The teeth are brilliantly nickel-plated.*

(4) *The handle and side pieces are in two-colour harmonies Choose the colour you want—Light or Dark Blue, Mauve, Green, Yellow, Red, or Brown.*

(5) *The small high-tensile spring which holds the battery in place.*

(6) *A pocket lamp bulb will light when pressed against the teeth.*



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June 13th—13 days.
To Ulvik, Eidfjord, Trondhjem, Aandalsnaes, Molde, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen.

TO THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS
and Northern Capitals
June 27th—13 days.
To Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik, Oslo, Arendal, Christiansand, Copenhagen, Gothenberg.

TO THE NORTH CAPE, ETC.
July 11th—20 days.
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Name ....

Address ....

Date 1931

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P. L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and Abroad, 18s. 6d. per annum; 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand; Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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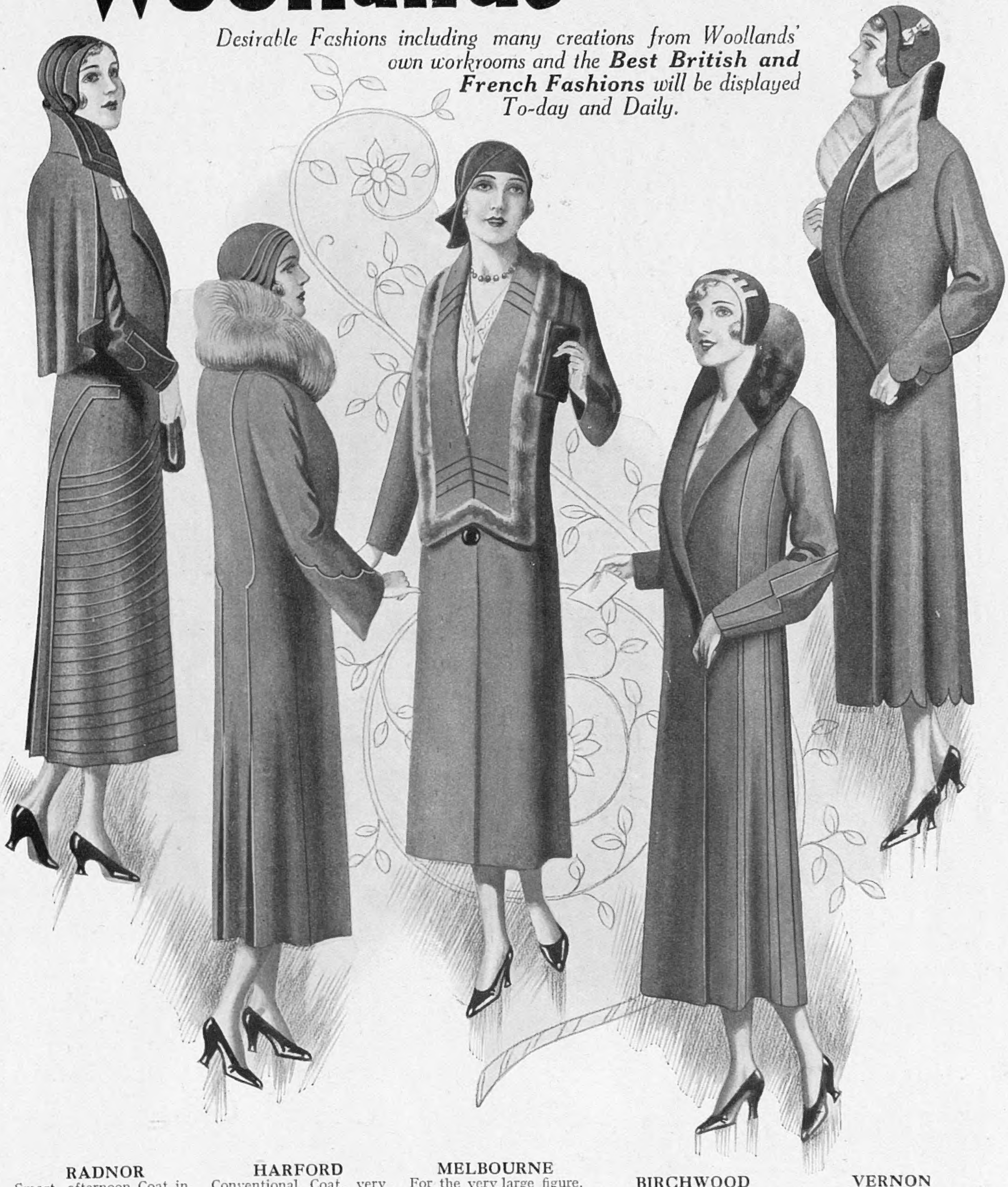

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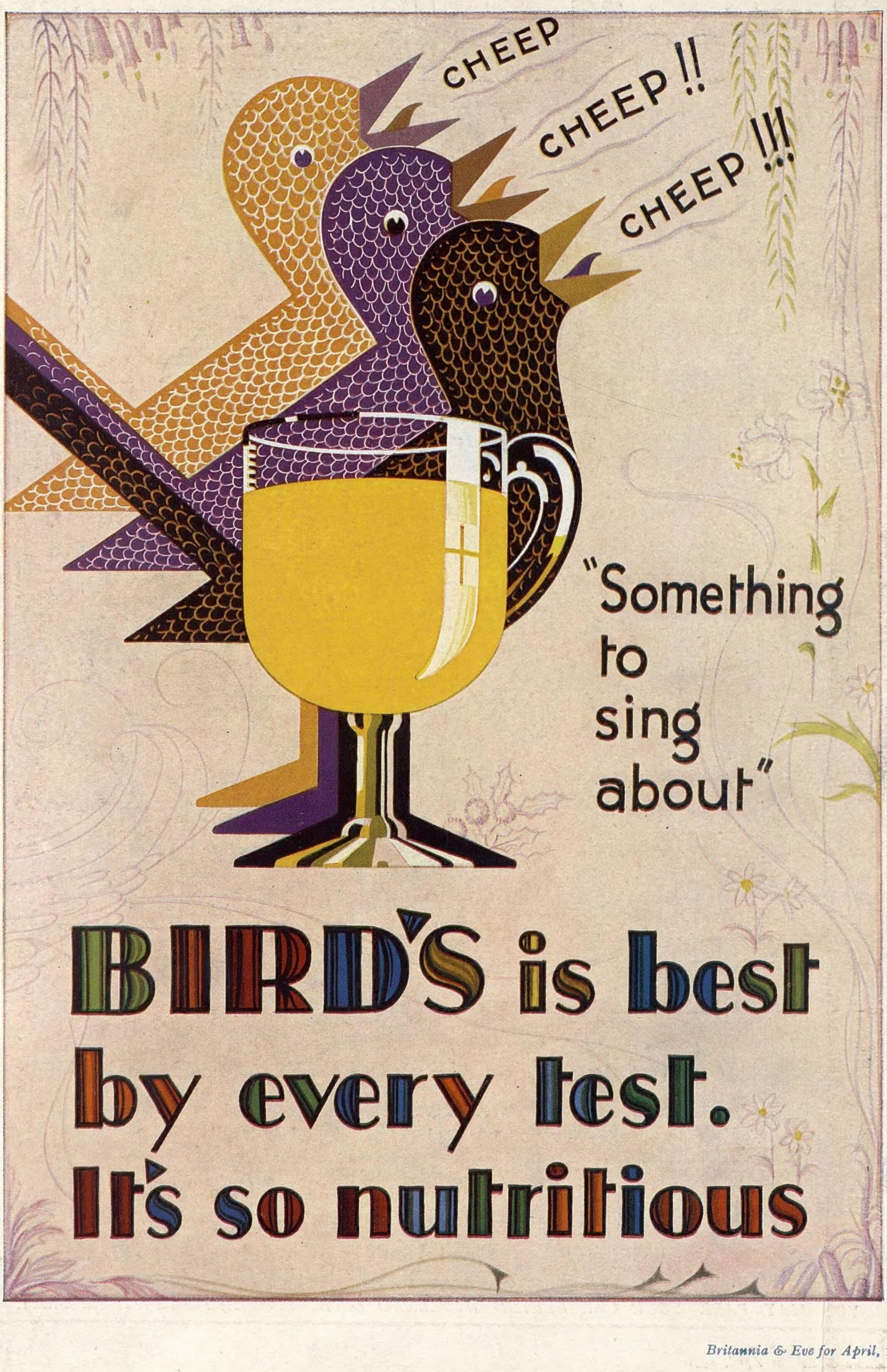
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CHEEP!!!
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